Liberty

JULY 28, 1945 10c

Book:

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Also

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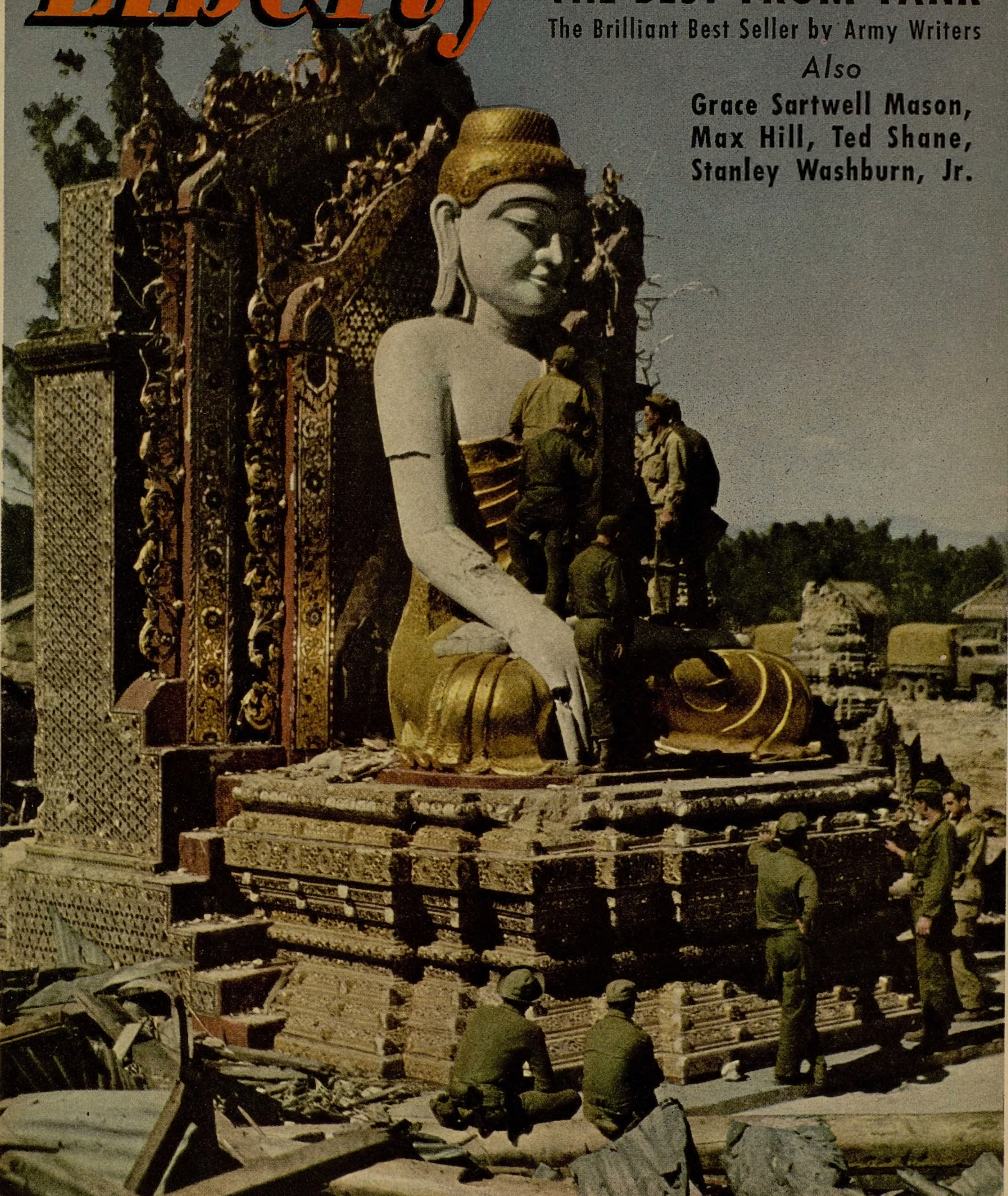

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GOODYEAR

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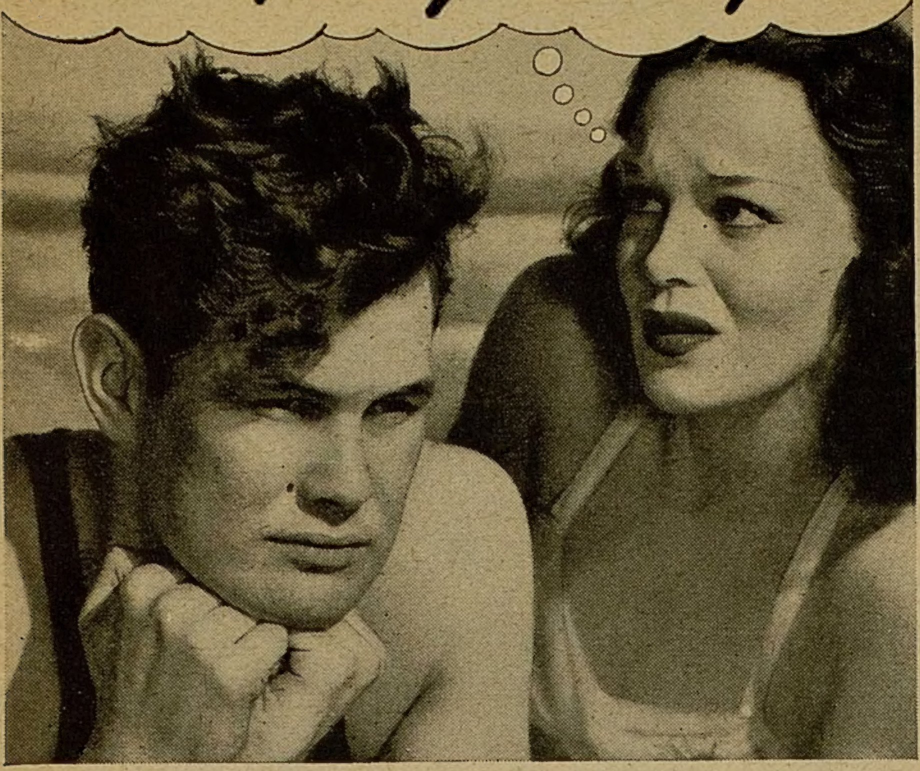
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



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Cover: In the Lap of the Gods

Drivers of the first convoy from India to China, over the newly opened Ledo Road, inspect the ruins of a temple at Namkham, Burma.

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

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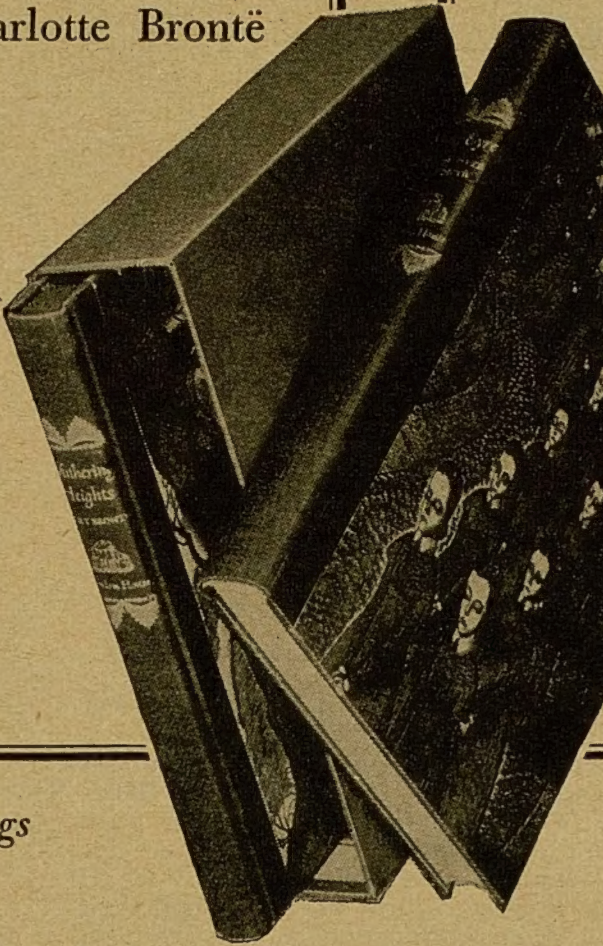

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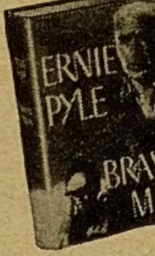

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HAVE WE FAILED?

Lowell, Mass.—I read with great interest America's Island Hell Hole, by Wenzell Brown (June 16), because it happened that I was in one of the first contingents of the conquering army of the United States to land on Puerto Rico in 1898.

I lived there afterward for a year or two and went back forty years later. I am afraid I must say that the island under Spanish sovereignty seemed to be fully as well off and the people fully as contented as with us after forty years.

In 1898 every hill was covered with coffee trees and coffee was shipped under preferential treaties to France and Germany. When we took over, we stopped that and the island's coffee planting has almost gone out of existence because it cannot compete with the Brazilian and Central American coffee which are also duty free.

In '98 Puerto Rico was one of the best examples of a country of small plantation owners who raised either coffee, tobacco, or even sugar up in the mountains. Now all that is gone, and while there are half a dozen large sugar "centrals" which produce much more sugar much more efficiently, the money goes to American investors instead of to the small plantation owners.

Besides that, instead of giving Puerto Rican sugar a preference, she was put on a quota with Hawaii and the foreign sugar of Cuba and the Philippines, so that she was obliged to make rum from much of the cane.

For several years after our conquest Puerto Ricans could not have passports and were a people without a country. We kept our tariffs against them until I and some other lawyers fought out the question of their legality in the federal courts, where it was finally decided that Puerto Rico was not a foreign country but was a part of the United States.

I wonder if our statesmen have really studied the history of our "conquered" island of Puerto Rico with its two million people to consider whether or not they should have merely the status of Burma, Java, or Sumatra, semi-independence such as we plan for the Philippines, or should become another bilingual state like New Mexico. As a governing power or trustee, have we not failed in Puerto Rico?—*Gardner W. Pearson, Brig. Gen'l, Ret'd, Massachusetts National Guard.*

A WAC COMES HOME

San Antonio, Texas—What's the idea of all this talk about WACs being the lowest sort of women? C. R. H. complains about it in Vox Pop (June 9) and I agree with her.

I have spent three years of my life in the service, and just got back from overseas after a year and ten months. I was surprised to hear the people talking about the WACs the way they did. I worked hard while in the South Pacific. I went without food, was rationed a quart of water a month, didn't wash my face for over two months, had lice and mud in my hair, went through all the things our G. I. Joes go through.

We did a darn good job, I think. And if it wasn't for us helping out, a lot more fellows might have lost their lives, for we were in the Signal Corps. We sent messages, notifying the other outfits just what the score was, and that helped a lot.

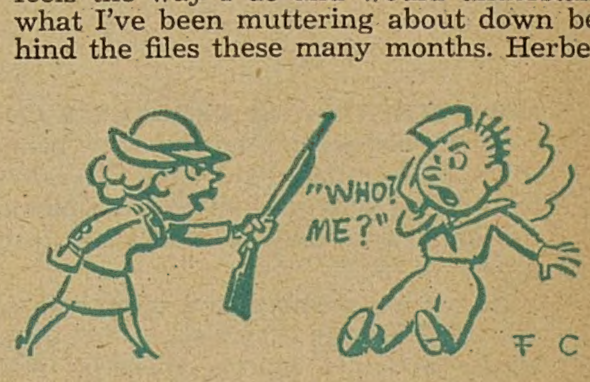
I don't expect a big welcome home or a key to the city, but I do expect some kind remarks about us. We risked our lives the same as the soldiers. I'm not ashamed I have been in the service. I'll talk about it all I please. And if the people I talk to are ashamed to listen, then send them overseas and let them see for themselves. —*WAC Lt. G. L. L., U. S. Army Reserve.*

IN PRAISE OF THE RED CROSS

Sac City, Iowa—We hear a lot about the Red Cross and the wonderful work it is doing, but I think the average person fails to comprehend its greatness. I know I did, until I read your book condensation, At His Side, by George Korson (June 16). I believe I have never read such a stirring account of the Red Cross as this. It brought a prayer to my lips for all those who are doing such a wonderful job for our loved ones, and tears to my eyes when I read of our own boys so far away from home. We all owe much to the Red Cross which we can never begin to repay.—*Iris Jeann Jones.*

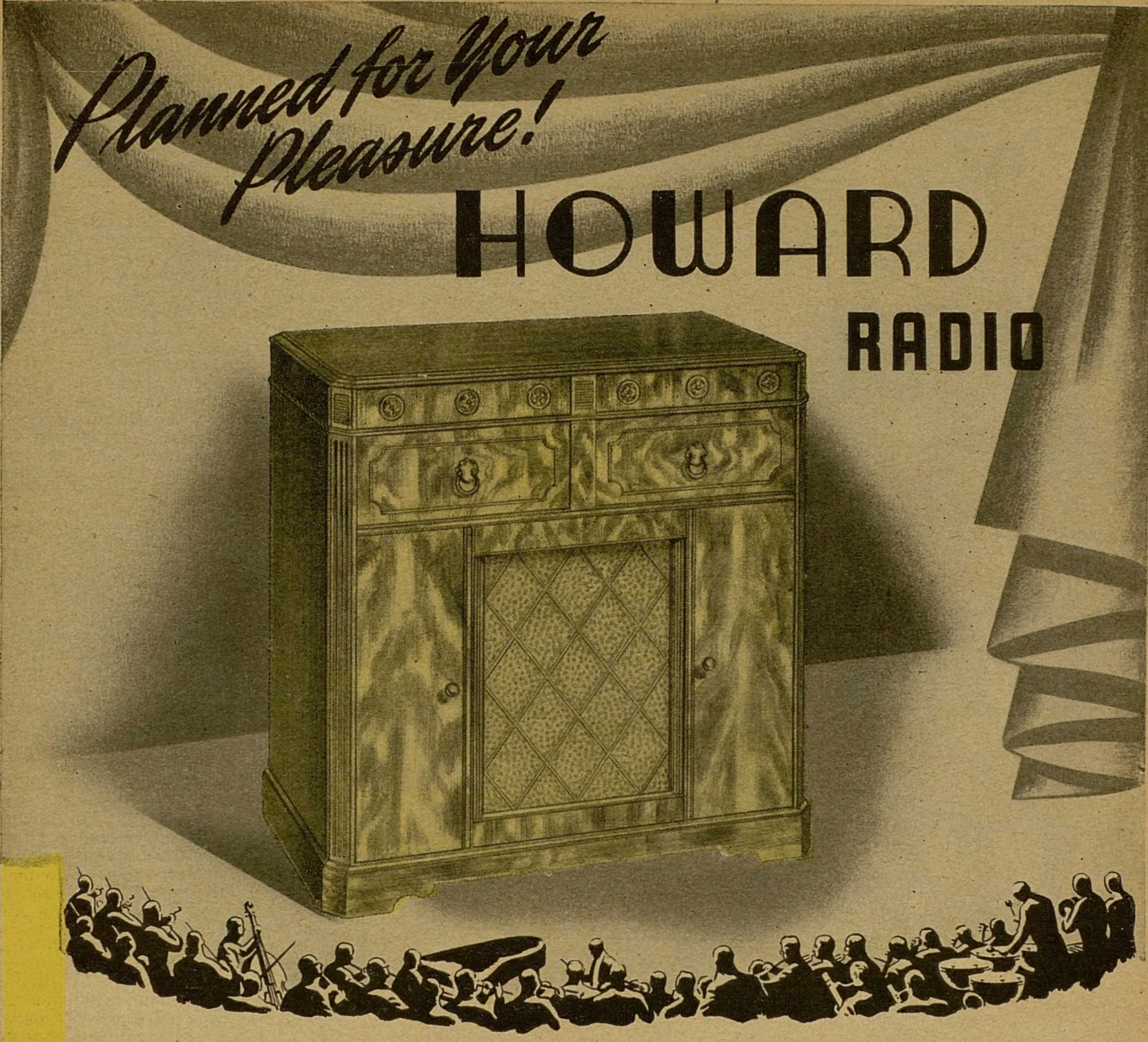
CHAIRBORNE TROOPS

New York, N. Y.—I'm just a lowly G. I. Jane, but thank heaven there's a man who feels the way I do and would understand what I've been muttering about down behind the files these many months. Herbert G. Moore, in his article, Too Many Soldiers Don't Fight (June 16), expresses my sentiments exactly! The only thing is, can't we *do* something about it? He's entirely right when he says it lowers morale.



I feel like a good many of my average cohorts, who entered the service to help "release a man to fight." It's pretty heartrending to receive letters from boys overseas on active fronts for two years or more,

(*Continued on page 8*)



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(*Continued from page 6*)

and have them say they wish someone could replace them and they could get a chance to come home. Of course such a plan takes time, our Subway Sailors must get training, and then, too, there is the matter of the value of a trained combat man remaining in active combat. However, whenever possible, a Spar or a woman in the other branches of service *can* replace a desk man. —*A. W., U. S. C. G. R. (W).*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Herbert G. Moore's article is most unfair to the thousands of sincere business men, like myself, who have left lucrative positions in private industry and have worked themselves up to and, in some cases, beyond the limit of human endurance in order that the lives of fighting men may be spared by getting more and better equipment to the fighting front at the earliest possible time.

I could point out case after case where our group has saved the taxpayers millions of dollars and has shipped better equipment to our fighting forces many months ahead of the time it would have been available if our "chairborne" troops had not existed.

Among those who have done their best I have heard few complaints, even about the red tape, and we are not looking for sympathy or rewards. But we resent being held up to ridicule by an adolescent article in Liberty written by a former officer who was evidently incapable of stepping up to his responsibilities and is evidently trying to make a hero of himself by ridiculing those who had the vision and initiative to do the job.—*Lieutenant Commander M., U. S. N. R.*

LEGS *PER SE*

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—I usually enjoy Margaret Fishback's light verse, but I think I can improve upon her limerick about the hosiery shortage (June 16). Couldn't she have said it this way?

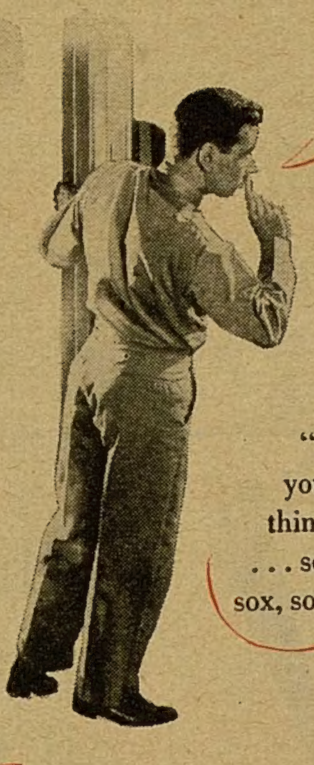
The naked leg is here to stay—
For summer sports it's quite O. K.
So when you shop for hosiery,
And store clerks mutter, "No siree!"
Reflect upon this happy ending:
Your leg *per se* will need no mending.
—*Anne Coppinger.*

PRESS-AGENT STUFF

PELHAM, N. Y.—Had I not served in the infantry in 1898, stood shoulder to shoulder with the marines of the Second Division in 1917, 1918, and 1919, and had my offer to serve in this war declined because I had passed the sixty-five-year mark, I would not dare write this letter which will probably invite a furious charge by a million outraged patriotic lancers.

But the photo showing the raising of the flag on Iwo Jima strikes me as pure press-agent stuff. Study the picture calmly and dispassionately. Why the tremendous effort of six husky marines to raise a staff that any one of them could easily do alone? In my opinion, the photographer rehearsed and posed the cast.—*J. Gardner Minard.*

Over 21 Times Funnier Than The Play That Rocked Broadway!


"Honey, I just came home to change my sox!"

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"I'm not playing Cupid anymore . . . Now I hate everybody . . . especially people!"

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At a baseball game you had a cold
(Your throat felt simply foul)
So someone pitched you a pack of KOOLS
If KOOLS made such a hit with you then
Even when you had a cold)
UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
Why not team up with them all the time?
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
Looking for a soothing smoke?
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT

SINCE 1940, Max Hill, author of JAP WAR LORD NO. I ? has traveled the equivalent of four times around the globe. When war broke out, he'd been chief of the Associated Press bureau in Tokyo since 1939. After six months' solitary confinement in a Jap prison, he returned to the United States. Then, in 1944, he went overseas for NBC and covered about 75,000 miles—broadcasting from Europe and the Near East, invading Greece with British troops, flying to Bucharest to bring back 1,100 rescued fliers, working with SHAEF in Paris, journeying from London and Scotland to the United States via hospital plane. Now he's settled down to being an NBC news commentator in this country.

PRACTICING PROMOTER

STANLEY WASHBURN, JR., has been promoting air transportation since 1931, when he was graduated from Yale. A pilot himself, he organized a company to construct non-rigid air-ships, then became editor of Sportsman Pilot in 1935. Later he began publicizing the Flagship Fleet for American Airlines in 1939 and worked up to national promotion manager. A flier in the Army's Air Transport Command since 1942, his article, LIFE ON THE SPACE MACHINES, is based on nearly three years' experience aboard four-engine transports and fifty-odd round trips across the North and South Atlantic.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: RED FRUIT by TEMPLE BAILEY—Romance in Wartime Washington
THE NEW FOOD CZAR AND HIS POLICIES

MORE than any other people on earth, Americans have counted their calories, doted on their diets, fretted over their vitamins. Now, as we strike the bottom of the food barrel in the lean days ahead, we await the next move of our new food czar, CLINTON ANDERSON. What kind of man is he? What are his policies? Meet the new Secretary of Agriculture and War Food Administrator. . . . It's not a whim that makes you choose the movies you go to see; it's a science. George Gallup knows exactly WHY YOU LIKE THE MOVIES, and Gretta Palmer tells you how he tests your screen tastes. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, RED FRUIT, is Temple Bailey's first novel since 1942—the story of a romantic tug of war between a glamor girl and a Washington Cinderella for the heart of a dashing American lieutenant.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

This ship had no right to live... but she did!

This is your aircraft carrier *Saratoga*—the oldest in the fleet.

She was one more entry on a swelling list of American ships . . . *ships so badly damaged that they have no right to live!* According to all rules and experience, her hurts were grievous enough to put her on the bottom.

But *her crew* of American seamen collectively refused to recognize the rules.

They brought her back!

The survivors of what should have been her death, brought her back more than 5000 painful miles so that her shattered flight decks could be mended, her ripped plates replaced, her seared superstructure and hangar deck renewed. They brought her back because they had implicit confidence in American ability to repair and refit her.

They brought the "Sara" back so she could fight again!

The "Sara" is back in action, today!

But here's the sore spot: A lot of critical ships *aren't* back in action! American shipyards are jammed with battle-damaged shipping. The pressure of repair work on fighting and supply ships mounts every day. The need for skilled workers to keep up repair schedules is terribly urgent.

How soon these ships return to action, depends on us at home. On how well we understand the stupendous naval problems of the Pacific:

✓ It takes 3 ships in the endless Pacific to do the supply job that 1 ship did in the Atlantic.

✓ 6 to 11 tons of supplies are required to place a man in the Pacific theater—an additional ton per month to maintain him.

✓ Yet under ideal conditions, a supply vessel can average but 2 round trips per year.

✓ In taking the shortest route to the nearest base capable of repairing them, some of our ships have had to sail ½ the circumference of the world.

But after 170 years of dealing with the American temper, the Navy is confident that the schedules *will* be maintained . . . that the damaged ships will be put into action again before Japan is whipped. And the Navy knows its Americans.

Didn't they bring the "Sara" back?

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

China-Burma-India ATC travel is almost luxurious now . . . Feathered vultures as suicide fliers . . . And a pre-V-E Day R. A. F. secret

OFFICIAL ATC PHOTO

ATC flight crewmen check in at their base in Britain. They're Radio Operator Wickline, Capt. Russell, Flight Officer Betz. She's Miss Bridgeford.

OVER in the China-Burma-India theater, where life is on the rough side for G. I.s and officers alike, a transformation has taken place in air transport. It used to be tough going out in the "Over the Hump" route. There were no seats in the planes except the hard and very uncomfortable "bucket seats" along the sides of them. Cargo and baggage were packed in all available space.

Today the Air Transport Command is operating what amounts to a de luxe service. Everybody is happy. The bucket-seat planes are fast giving way to transport planes well equipped with comfortable seats, reading lights, ash trays, overhead coat racks, and with all the other trimmings that seemed so out of place in the early days of the war.

No matter whether you are a G. I. or a colonel, you are picked up at your quarters by ground transportation and taken to the ticket office; your baggage is handled for you, and a steward on the plane serves fruit juice, coffee, and meals. The whole program is under direction of Major Sam Lieb, a veteran of United Air Lines' traffic department, who is now special assistant to Brigadier General William H. Tunner, commanding general of the India-China Division of ATC.

Now that fare-paying civilians are flying Air Transport Command planes when they can justify their travel—and this includes foreigners as well—the boys feel that they are helping to spread the word of American air-line service around the world.

In the early days of the war the Army was only slightly "sold" on air transport and feared public criticism if it operated airplanes equipped with comfortable seats. But several years of experience have shown that a little comfort goes a long way in morale and physical condition of the passengers. The long hops—and some of the ATC planes travel 10,000 miles straight through—can get mighty tiring when there's nothing to sit on except a hard bucket seat and nothing to sleep on except the floor.

One sergeant in charge of transient quarters at an airport near Calcutta has improved his establishment to the point where it is almost a pleasure to be grounded there for a couple of days. He has furnished a comfortable lounge with overhead fans, wicker chairs, flowers. Free shoe shines are available for both officers and G. I.s.

Most of the "comforts" at ground stations are home-built by the men on the stations. The American soldier never lacks ingenuity. He can fashion a modernistic flashy light fixture from tin cans.

Kamikaze Carrion-Eaters?

From the China-Burma-India theater we have word of the troubles that are caused by big birds, especially the large ugly vultures that seem to be ever present in that area.

One heavily loaded cargo plane almost came to grief after taking off from India for a base in China. A vulture appeared in the line of flight, smashed through the windshield, and hit the switch that feathers the propellers. The pilot suddenly found himself with all four propellers feathered, which means they were inoperative, and only by frantic manipulation was he able to get two of the engines functioning and make a safe landing.

Another cargo plane was hit by a vulture puncturing a wing gas tank.

It seems that flocks of these vultures like to hang around airports. They are so numerous, and so dangerous to airplanes taking off, that at some periods they have rendered more airplanes inoperative than Jap action has.

One pilot returning from a flight into China wrote on his report form:

"It is recommended that the local Chamber of Commerce instruct their birds to practice aerial maneuvers elsewhere than in the immediate vicinity of airfields."

Life-Saving Blood by Air

One of the most precious cargoes flown from the United States to war theaters is whole blood. More than 15,000 gallons of human blood have been flown to the Pacific battle fronts this year by Naval Air Transport Service, enough to replenish the entire blood supply of 10,000 soldiers, sailors, or marines.

Universal O-type blood is gathered daily by Red Cross centers in the United States, iced, and dispatched in special refrigerator cases to the Pacific fronts. Up to May 24, 310 tons of blood had been air-shipped.

Many thousands of lives have been saved because of the air transportation of blood direct to the battle-front hospitals. Sea transport would be far too slow for human blood, for the time element is most important.

Another phase of saving lives has been the air evacuation of wounded from Okinawa. It has actually happened that a soldier was on his way by air to a hospital at Guam two hours after being wounded in combat. Hardly a casualty has remained on Okinawa more than twenty-four hours. Hospital airplanes have shuttled back and forth over the 1,400-mile over-ocean route between the Marianas and Okinawa with air-line regularity.

Air evacuation has been one of the great achievements of the war.

How the R. A. F. Outwitted Göring

It can now be told how Britain was able to train so many bomber crews even while the British Isles were within the active war zone.

Actual flight training requires much time, much free flying space, and lots of fuel. In the close-packed islands which were under direct attack from the Germans, and with heavy military air traffic of all kinds, there wasn't much available air space for training. And there certainly was an acute shortage of fuel.

The Royal Air Force established a series of training centers equipped with synthetic aircraft in which the trainees simulated actual flying. The instruments were all there, the compartments were blacked out, and stars were simulated by means of spots of light reflected in mirrors.

There were even sound effects to reproduce the impressions of enemy searchlights, flak, and bomb bursts.

Everything was the same as it would be on an actual bombing raid—except that the crew remained on the ground.

The R. A. F. estimates that 20,000,000 gallons of precious gasoline were saved in a year in Britain, and 60,000,000 gallons overseas, by this simulated training. And the plan saved much time, for it was obvious that training could not be carried on during alerts with the Germans flying over the islands. And often the weather was unsuitable, too.

This was one of Britain's effective war-

(Continued on page 15)

Work seems lighter when you're in a happy mood

Your work seems easier when you're in a good mood because you're better able to give it your undivided attention and effort. Your mind is free to concentrate. The more you smile, the more you'll get done.

"Fresh up"— keep smiling!

When you work hard in hot weather, you're bound to work up a thirst. And if you want to satisfy it quickly and completely, do as millions of other busy workers do: Treat yourself to chilled 7-Up. Sip it slowly . . . hold each sip an instant to savor the fresh, clean taste . . . notice how it wakes up your mouth, banishes thirst, and makes you feel like smiling. That's the grand feeling a "fresh up" brings.

So before, during, and after work, keep your disposition on the cheerful side. Enjoy this good-natured, lively drink. You'll like it and it will like you. Any store or cooler displaying the colorful 7-Up signs will serve you.

You like it... it likes you

7up
7up
7up
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MIRTH-QUAKE
EVERY WEDNESDAY! Nail down your radio for
The "FRESH UP" SHOW
Mutual Network . . . 8:30 p.m. EWT—7:30
CWT—6:30 MWT—8:30 PWT.

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

(Continued from page 13)

time "secrets" that the Germans didn't count on.

They Rode Out a Tempest

For years an aeronautical controversy has raged over the advantages of flying boats over landplanes, and vice versa, for over-ocean flying. The flying-boat experts have maintained that there is more safety in landing on the water in a flying boat. The reliability of the landplane over both the Atlantic and the Pacific has been so high, however, that the controversy hasn't amounted to much lately.

But here's a story which bears out the stability of the flying boat in rough water. A group of Martin PBM Mariner twin-engined flying boats recently rode out thirty-five-foot waves and bucked 100-mile-an-hour winds for twenty hours to ride out a tropical storm at their South Pacific mooring. Field engineers of Wright Aeronautical Corporation who were on the spot relate that the engines were kept running despite pailfuls of corrosive salt water sucked in through carburetors from each big wave.

Planes, men, and engines all came through without a scratch—and those waves were about the biggest that a plane has ever had to face at a mooring.

Nest Eggs' Ups and Downs

You can expect just about anything these days, as the following story demonstrates. In Kansas City some tests were being made to determine the effects of altitude and rate of descent on the fertility of hatching eggs.

So two eggs were subjected to extreme tests in the pressure-chamber laboratory of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc. One egg was subjected to a simulated "power dive" at the rate of 1,364 miles an hour, nearly twice the speed of sound. The other egg was "taken up" at the rate of 800 feet a minute, an air liner's normal rate of climb, to an altitude of 60,000 feet, and brought down at the same speed.

The two chicks were perfectly normal when hatched except that their down seemed a little shorter than is usually the case.

New York to India in 46 Hours

Want to fly to India in forty-six hours? It's not only done on a thrice-daily schedule, but fare-paying passengers are carried if you can justify the necessity of your trip.

A few weeks ago the Air Transport Command inaugurated a new "Skyrocket" run between Casablanca, Africa, and Karachi, India, a 4,817-mile trip in less than twenty-five hours. Four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymasters are used.

This flight with its three trips a day connects with a high-ball express from New York, a twenty-one-hour service. Thus the entire 8,590-mile trip from New York requires about forty-six hours.

Buy and Buy at Wright Field

How would you like to spend $75,000,000 a day? It's no easy job, especially when your shopping list consists of 300,000 items.

At Wright Field, the Air Technical Service Command's procurement division handles such a job, paying for everything from fur-lined flying boots for airmen in the north to fungicides to protect aircraft instruments in the South Pacific.

Since 1940 the division has paid out 46 billion dollars for an over-all total of 285,000 aircraft. By keeping a close watch on prices, the unit cost of articles has been reduced 35 per cent.

A PREVIEW OF YOUR
Next trip to Europe

Regularly, for three years, giant flying boats of American Export Airlines have been flying the Atlantic to Europe. Now—whenever space is available — they are accepting civilian passengers. Of course, you won't plan a trip to Europe this summer . . . unless essential business demands it. But look how easy it will be in days to come!

HERE'S THE PLANE . . .
At New York's LaGuardia Field, you'll board one of American Export Airlines' famous *Flying Aces.* Thirty-ton luxurious flying boats that carry a pay load of passengers, cargo, and mail of 9000 pounds, and a crew of ten. The trained nurse-stewardess will see that you are comfortable, and serve you hot meals while aloft.

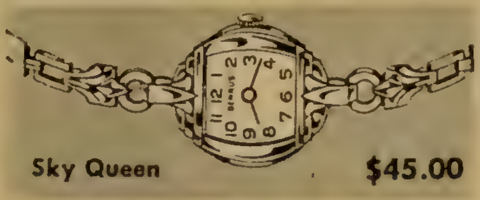
You'll get a good night's sleep in a comfortable berth—while the plane wings along at speeds as high as 250 miles per hour.

THIS IS THE TIMETABLE . . .
Planes leave at 8 A.M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. First—and only—stop before Europe is Botwood, Newfoundland. Then—off over the Atlantic. Get up early in the morning and see Ireland approaching in the distance.

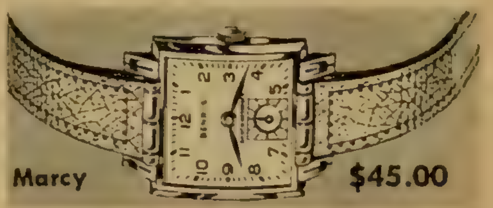
At 9:30 you'll alight at Shannon Airport, Foynes. A connecting plane will get you to London for an early lunch!

HERE'S THE WATCH . . .
All AEA flights are timed by this special Benrus Watch which is worn by all flight personnel.

Benrus was chosen by AEA as its *official* watch because it is *"The watch of guaranteed accuracy."*



Sky Queen **$45.00**

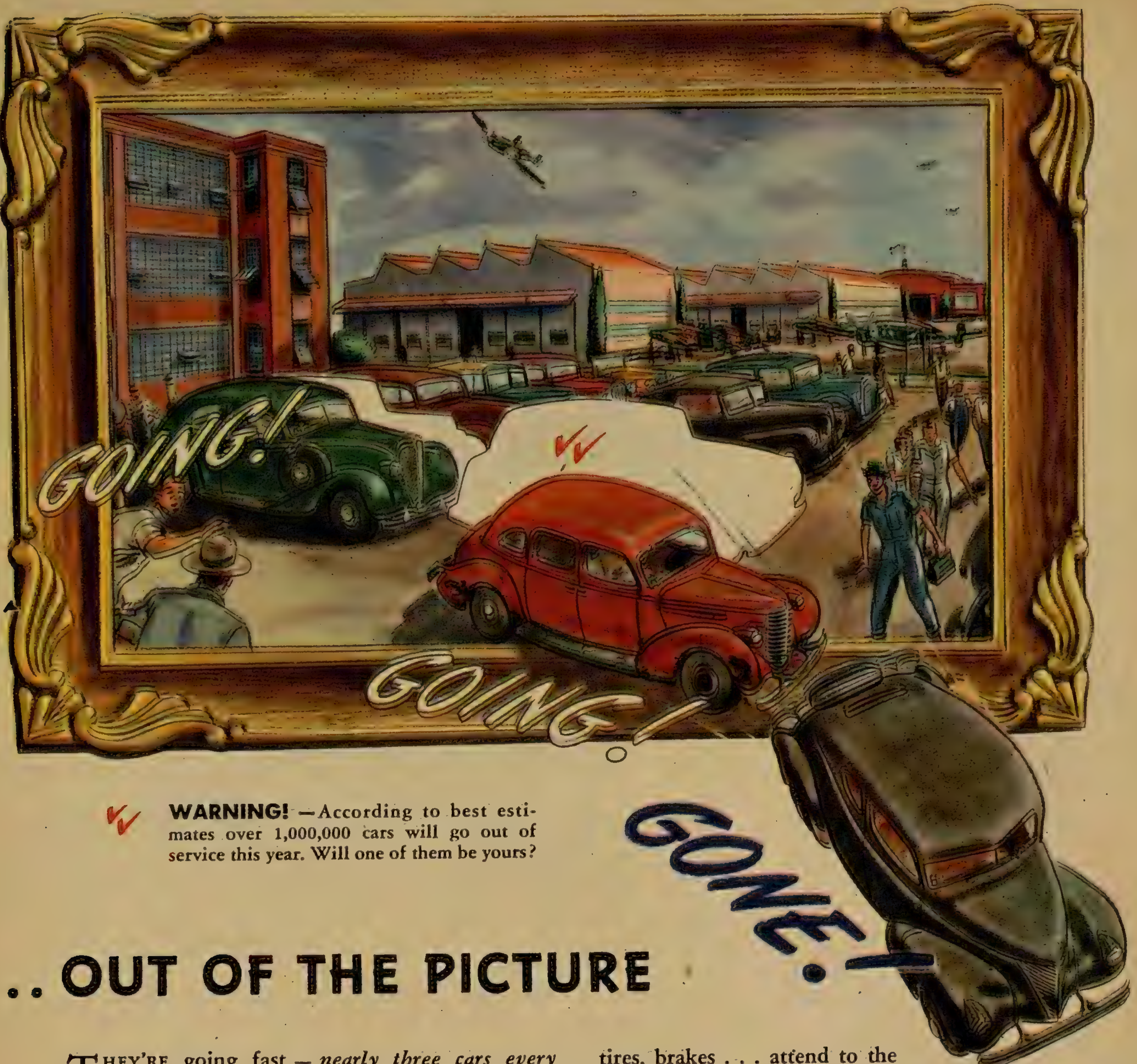


Marcy **$45.00**

At your jeweler's, you can see beautiful Benrus Watches made with the same skill . . . . . containing the famous Benrus movement that means *accurate* timekeeping!

Ask your jeweler to show you the watch that times more airlines than any other watch . . . *a Benrus!*

BENRUS *Official Watch of Famous Airlines*


GOING!
GOING!
GONE!

WARNING! —According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

...OUT OF THE PICTURE

THEY'RE going fast — *nearly three cars every minute* . . . knocked down under the hammer of wartime wear . . . out of the picture!

Is *your* car on the way out? Maybe . . . unless you *do* something about it. That's where your Texaco Dealer steps *into* the picture!

He's ready with the safe-and-sane protection a car *needs* these days: A thorough MARFAK lubrication at every wear-point on the chassis; a summer grade of HAVOLINE OR TEXACO MOTOR OIL, both *insulated* against excessive engine heat; the right Texaco lubricants to guard vital gears.

Your Texaco Dealer will check up on battery, tires, brakes . . . attend to the *little* things that can add up to *big* troubles — radiator, spark plugs, air filter.

Going, going . . . *better get going* to your Texaco Dealer . . . before *your* car's *gone!*

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

TEXACO

A GREAT POSTWAR LINE-UP

REST ROOM

REGISTERED REST ROOMS

ALL NIGHT SERVICE FROM COAST-TO-COAST

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

Sky Chief

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

Let us MARFAK your car

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Jap War Lord No. 1?

BY MAX HILL

Nipponese propagandists have been selling us their emperor as a harmless, indecisive little guy. Well, read these facts about Hirohito and judge for yourself

This portrait of Hirohito shows the blind reverence in which his subjects hold him.

JUST how long organized resistance will continue in Japan depends almost entirely upon the decision of one man—the enemy's God on earth, His Imperial Majesty Emperor Hirohito. He alone has the authority to end the war which was started by his Imperial Edict in the name of "our" people on December 8 (Tokyo time), 1941.

What sort of man, then, is this Hirohito, the man-god whose rule is so absolute, so unquestioned? Certainly he cannot be the ineffectual, harmless chap we have been led to think—completely docile to the authority of others. This picture is ridiculous, but twenty years of insidious, subtle propaganda by professional Japanese liars has done the job.

They wanted us to consider Hirohito as a slight mild-mannered little man without real power, just a quaint symbol to keep Japan's hungry millions from rebelling over their lot—and we should hang our heads in shame over their success. It is time for Americans to know more about his devious, unscrupulous diplomacy, his headstrong and stubborn character, his family life, and his godlike domination over the lives of more than 100,000,000 helpless subjects.

This divine descendant of an unbroken line of 123 equally divine ancestors would not stand out physically in a crowd of Japanese. He is not much more than five feet tall and is almost puny. Once stripped of his fancy tailored uniforms and dressed in an ordinary kimono and rice-straw sandals, he would look like anything but the symbol of imperial might.

Naturally retiring, he has an intense interest in learned subjects and science; rule was thrust upon him by the accident of royal birth, not through any personal lust for power. Yet through studied, constant, and arbitrary misuse of this inherited power, he is equally guilty with Hitler as an aggressor with evil dreams of world domination.

Digging for accurate facts about Hirohito, the man who poses as God, is difficult.

The Japanese worship him with such awed devotion that few ever will mention him by name, and much that goes on within the sacred two square miles of the Imperial Palace and grounds never has been disclosed. But although my stay in Japan was cut short by Pearl Harbor and six months' imprisonment in a five-and-a-half-by-nine-foot solitary cell, I was able to piece together a fairly accurate picture of Hirohito and his life.

First, however, it should be pointed out that Japan's attack on China and the mass attacks on American, English, French, and Dutch possessions in the Pacific were only the first steps in Japan's distorted dream of world supremacy, with Hirohito ruling all of mankind. The Japanese disclosed and documented these very intentions years ago in what then were considered fantastic statements.

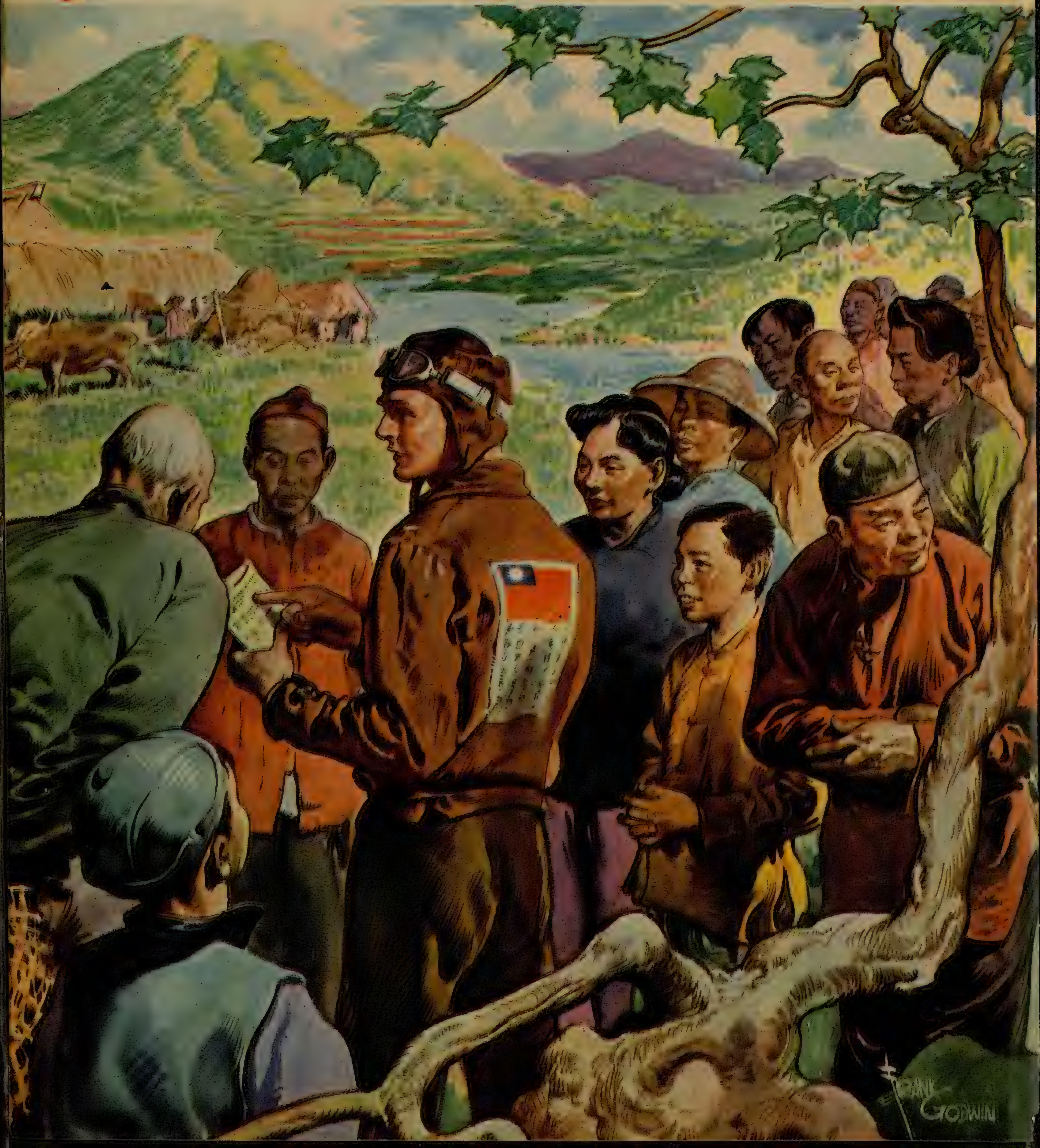
In any case, this pint-sized potentate now is forty-four years old by our count, but forty-five by the Oriental system, which holds that a child is a year old on the day of birth. He was born at ten minutes past ten the night of April 29, 1901, in the Aoyama detached palace in Tokyo.

His early years are hidden away from the curious prying of foreigners, but it is known that—by tradition—he was taken from his parents at the age of three and placed in the care of his own household in the Akasaka detached palace. From that time on he saw his father, the Taisho emperor, only by appointment. Hirohito's heir, Prince Akihito Tsugu-no-miya, now eleven, lives there at the present time.

We cannot expect an entirely accurate account of Hirohito's regimented childhood

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Faceless Men


FRANK GODWIN

THIS IS A STORY OF LOVE AND COMPASSION UNDER THE CONQUEROR'S HEEL—OF COURAGE AND FORTITUDE—AND OF MEN ALREADY DEAD WHO YET RETURNED TO AVENGE AND RESCUE THE LIVING

BY CLYDE A. FARNSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

IT was quite a party. Fifteen courses of Chinese food and toasts to everything from Chinese-American friendship to the Szechwan duck lying crisp and delicious on the platter. Besides the toasts between courses there was a running free-for-all exchange of the latest gossip and rumors.

Along about the middle of the dinner, the little Chinese colonel at my left asked me if I had ever seen a leper. I knew he asked only to get himself started on a story.

He talked. I listened.

When I left, my head was reeling from too many "dry glass" toasts. The ricksha ride in the cool night helped my head and also helped me arrange in memory the story that the colonel told. He hadn't told me all. For instance, he didn't know the flier Cassidy by name. I got that later.

He had to leave out parts of the story because he didn't know them, but he insisted that most of what he told could be verified.

The next day I dropped in at the American hospital and looked up a long article on leprosy in a handbook of tropical diseases. I did learn that victims of nerve leprosy are insensitive to flame, at least in the diseased parts of their bodies. But this tended to substantiate only part of the colonel's story.

There remained, among other things, the whole doubtful question of the likeliest psychological effect on healthy men suddenly confronted by the threat of physical contact with lepers.

I remembered the behavior one night of an American Army public-relations officer I knew at New Delhi. We had gone on a long walk into the Old City. It was about midnight. I suggested that we take the next tonga back to the New City and get to bed.

Old Delhi was in brooding slumber as we strolled along. At last we came upon one of the familiar two-wheeled carriages, the tonga wallah slumped on the driver's box. He roused as we came up.

I started to get in, but my friend touched my arm. He peered up at the draped face of the driver for a long time. Then he studied the driver's hands on the reins.

"It's O. K.," he said finally and we got in. I was mystified and curious.

"You must always look at the tonga wallah before you take a ride at this time of night," he explained. "After midnight the lepers come out to drive the tongas."

THE Shark's crippled engine coughed and trembled with a force that quivered the plane from its grotesque shark-painted head to its bullet-torn tail.

Cassidy eased the throttle forward for one last spasm of power. The engine responded feebly. The cooling fluid had leaked away through the bullet holes in the cooling scoop. Soon the engine would break into flames.

Cassidy pointed to a row of Chinese characters beside which was printed the English translation: "If the enemy or puppet troops come, please conceal me."

This was it: the moment every fighter pilot has dreamed about. Actions often rehearsed in the mind now came automatically. A twist of the red-painted emergency handle loosened the plexiglass canopy over Cassidy's head and it went hurtling back in the slipstream. The plane went into a half-roll. Head down, Cassidy was held in place only by his safety belt. Then a flip of the latch and he was free.

The rush of wind in his ears dazed him for a moment, but he curbed the frantic impulse to rip his parachute that instant. He knew that unless he fell free for thousands of feet the Tojos would come gunning after him and he would be dangling on the shroud lines like the pendulum target in a shooting gallery.

The green earth and blue sky of China chased each other in a crazy orbit as he tumbled down. At last he yanked the nickeled handle. The mad plunge was checked.

The Japanese planes by now were disappearing. The other Shark, with Jerry's wingman, was not to be seen. Jerry could picture him, in a half hour or so, crawling out of the P-40 to tell the colonel and the others what had happened.

IN the last thousand feet Cassidy surveyed the country he would land in. Off there lay the river. He was on the wrong side of it. Under him was spread a mosaic of farmland dotted by the clustered houses of the farmers.

Jerry pulled the shroud lines on one side of the chute, spilling air, to steer away from a flooded patch of land. Funny, he thought, that he should be worried now over getting wet or muddy. Lieutenant Gerald Oliver Cassidy laughed and then wondered if he was a little hysterical.

He wondered what his chances were. Maybe he would be lucky. It depended first on the sort of people he came down among. Cassidy spied a farmer and water buffalo that had been harrowing the mud of a rice field.

As Cassidy hit the ground in a tangle of shroud lines, the farmer broke and ran barelegged along the paddy path toward a collection of mud-walled farmhouses.

Cassidy unlatched the parachute harness, gathered the chute into an awkward fluffy ball of nylon, and waited.

He waited until the villagers were within easy earshot, and then called out, *"How-boo-how."* It was almost the only Chinese he knew. He grinned broadly and raised his thumb in the *ding-how* gesture. The people eyed him silently.

Cassidy turned so they could see the back of his jacket. Sewed there was a Chinese flag and below it on a white cloth panel was a legend of Chinese characters that proclaimed this man was fighting for China; that all Chinese should help him.

An old man read the characters for the others. Then Cassidy produced a little red-backed book entitled Pointie-Talkie.

He hunted an appropriate page. Then he held it out to the old man, pointing to a row of Chinese characters beside which was printed the English translation:

"I am an American airman helping China in its war of resistance."

Then Cassidy pointed to another row of characters.

"If the enemy or puppet troops come, please conceal me."

The old man frowned as he studied the ideographs, and a shadow of indecision crossed his face. He turned to the others in earnest consultation. Finally the old man faced Cassidy, smiling and nodding.

Cassidy dug out a squashed pack of cigarettes and passed them around. Then he pointed finally to another phrase in the Pointie-Talkie:

"Please tell the nearest guerrillas I am here."

THEY came to him that night in the village. Cassidy heard footsteps on the loose boards of the loft where he was hidden. Then someone lit a candle. When one of them uncovered a basket of coolie clothing and handed him a broad straw hat and sandals, he knew he was in guerrilla hands.

One who helped him change clothes addressed him in English: "I am the guerrilla scout Chang. I will accompany you."

He was a handsome muscular Chinese who had the lean sinewy look of an animal that is sometimes the hunted, sometimes the hunter.

"You must change quickly, for we have far to walk this night," Chang said. "Leave your things here. They will be disposed of along with your parachute."

He noted Cassidy's gun in the shoulder holster.

"Keep that with you—underneath. You may need it. I, too, am armed."

Before they left, Cassidy unfolded his flying map. The others left, carrying Cassidy's clothing and parachute. The flier and the guerrilla scout spread the map on a table in the candlelight.

"You and I will travel alone," Chang said. "Before dawn we should reach Forever Peaceful Hill, on the other side of the river." He pointed to a place on the map. "We have friends there who will shelter you. Tomorrow night we will set out again. We will circle around Wangtzemiao—there—and after that there should be no difficulty."

AS if inked with blood, Major Hikawa's little ivory seal, or *han*, left a red square at the bottom of the sheet.

NOTICE

To all residents of Wangtzemiao hsien [district]:

Within five days after publication of this notice all adult males of Wangtzemiao hsien must report for security examination. Persons who pass this examination will be required to wear in a prominent place upon their clothing an identification patch issued by this headquarters.

Persons who fail to pass this examination will be dealt with according to field regulations of the Imperial Japanese Army.

HIKAWA, *major*
Commanding garrison force.

By extension, this order had become a part of Major Hikawa, for the dainty ivory seal, carved with a chrysanthemum on one side and Hikawa's name on its flat end, was as much a part of him as the slim fingers that had pressed it to the paper.

Certainly the seal was more a part of him—more *like* him—than the enormous saber that now hung on the wall behind his chair, the saber that almost dragged the cobblestones when once each week he inspected the garrison force.

Yet Major Hikawa had spent his life trying to make the sword, too, a part of him. He alone knew that he had failed.

It was the same sword that the major's

(*Continued on page 70*)

LIFE ON THE SPACE MACHINES

BY STANLEY WASHBURN, Jr.

The world has shrunk to a very small oyster indeed. But climb aboard an Air Transport Command plane and see for yourself why week-end trips to Paris will be commonplace — Yes, for you, too!

"PARDON me, sir, but what *are* you?" New York taxi drivers, Tommies in London, sailors on shore leave in Casablanca, and hat-check girls everywhere take wondering looks at our Army officers' uniforms with copper-colored buttons and circular ATC shoulder medallions inscribed, "Achieved by dauntless resolution and unconquerable faith."

"What's the ATC stand for?" they ask.

If it's the usual rubber-necker inquiring for his own enlightenment, we generally answer, "Acme Trucking Corporation," or "Australian Tank Corps." But if the questioner is sincerely interested, we break down and explain:

"We're the contract carrier division of the Army's Air Transport Command: air-line people who were frozen in our jobs a couple of years ago and ordered to operate Army airplanes with air-line efficiency and safety."

In two and a half years the Army admits we have succeeded. American Airlines, the largest contract operator of transatlantic ATC aircraft, has flown more than 3,000 round trips in the past three years without dunking the passengers or cargoes of any.

Technically civilians, we wear Army officers' uniforms when overseas so we won't be shot as guerrillas or mistaken for subversive characters.

Next, everyone asks, "What kind of stuff do you carry? To where? How long does it take? What kind of airplanes do you fly? What happens when you run into ice and storms on the North Atlantic?" etc., etc.

In the first place, crossing the Atlantic isn't half so romantic as it's cracked up to be. Lindbergh did it alone with only one 225-horsepower engine to listen to for thirty-three hours. ATC crews make about three round trips a month in big heated clunks with all the comforts of home. If we don't dope off, lulled by warm air from the cockpit heaters, or listening to Dinah Shore short-waved to us by the Voice of America, we'll get there as sure as dawn. Those four 1,200-horsepower engines out on the huge wing are turning at less than half of their rated horsepower when set for long-range cruising. In the past two and a half years the sturdy four-engine Douglas C-54 cargo planes have become the wonderful one-hoss shays of the ATC's trans-ocean air routes. And it's in the improved version of our C-54, the DC-6, that you will ride after the war.

When they alert us by telephone for one of these tri-monthly excursions, it's invariably in the dead of night, when it's almost impossible to get a taxi to LaGuardia Airport. Here, behind the huge hangars, an illuminated sign marks the entrance to the Army Air Transport Command's trans-ocean passenger and freight terminal.

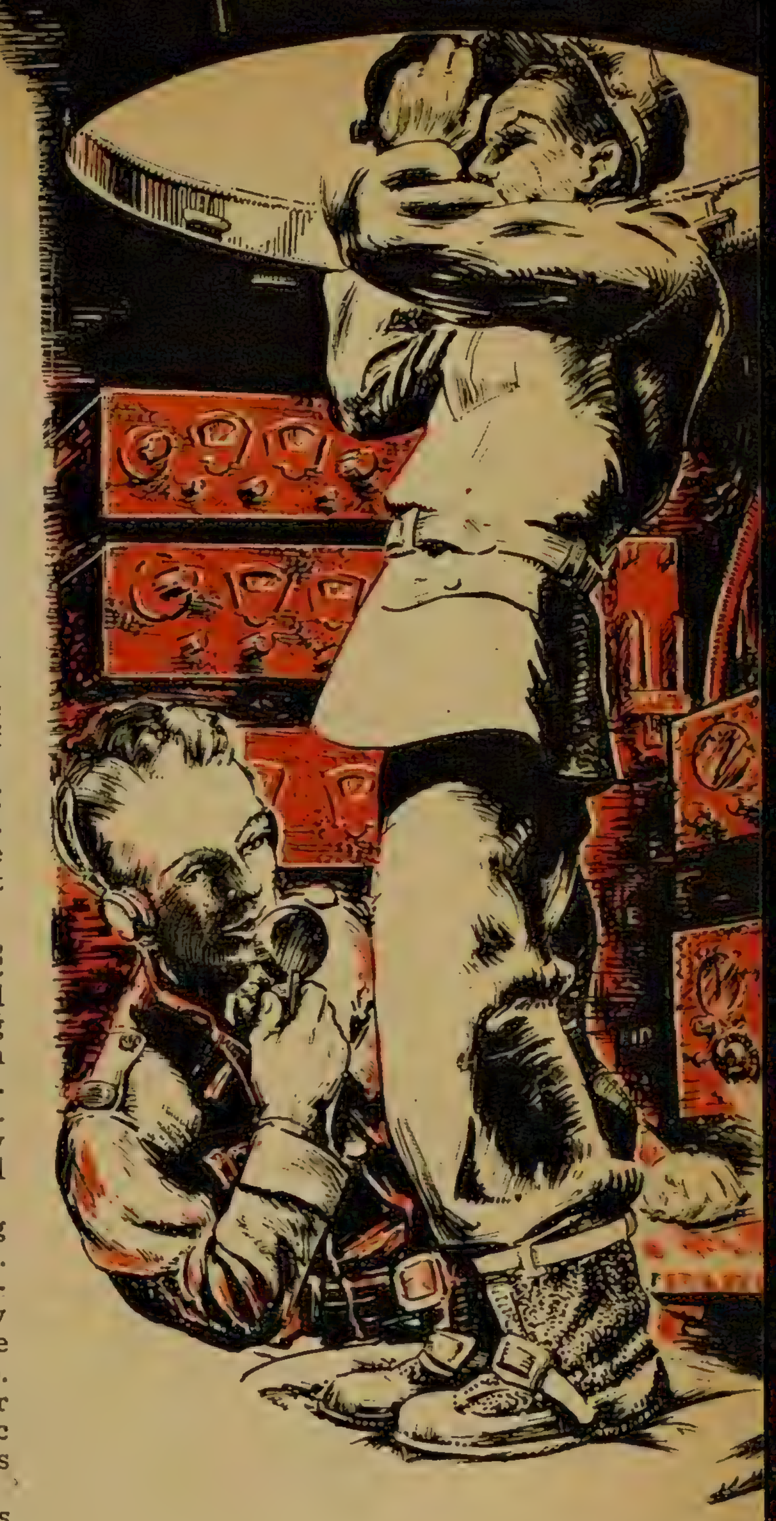
As the hatbox is the badge of trade for a pert Powers model, so does the olive-drab zipper carry-all identify hand laborers on Army space machines. This "B-4 bag" is the millstone about our necks; the ball and chain which slows our gait and bumps our knees in every hemisphere. In addition to dirty laundry, customs examiners have found in B-4 bags such items as liqueurs, live monkeys, Virginia hams, sheepskins from Iceland, cashmere jackets from Karachi, fresh-caught salmon wrapped in newspapers from Newfoundland.

Not until we reach the airport, usually, do we learn where we are going. The first leg out of New York takes us either to Goose Bay, Labrador; Stephenville, Newfoundland; or Bermuda, depending on the ship's final destination. The end of the line on the North Atlantic operation for the past eight months has been either Prestwick, Scotland; Paris, or Casablanca. Occasionally, however, we get sudden special and secret missions to strange corners of the earth.

Let's assume a typical flight to Paris via Bermuda and the Azores. On this trip we're taking twenty signal corpsmen headed for Russia and the Balkans to set up communications, A. A. F. style.

After the war you should be able to whip down to Bermuda in three hours for about forty dollars. It's 751 miles from New York—the shortest ocean leg we fly. The island is still as beautiful as ever, but the St. George's end now bears a $59,000,000 airport, with black runways laid out on dazzling white coral. This development is by courtesy of you—the American taxpayer. By a deal with England, this base is available to us in return for its protection for the next three generations.

But Bermuda is just an airplane filling station these days. We've barely had time to warm the sacks in the transient officers' barracks when a G. I. comes pounding along and announces unceremoniously, "You have a ship estimating here at thirteen twenty. They want you down at operations at twelve hundred."



There's always plenty to do on ATC transports. In their tiny offices, crewmen check their instruments, weather, and position.

"O. K., fella, we'll be there." Pack up that old B-4 bag. No time for a swim or a trip to town. This time we're making no piddling three-hour flight offshore, like the New York leg. We're going to the Azores —2,100 miles by the Great Circle.

"It's CAVU [ceiling and visibility unlimited] in the first four zones," the Army weatherman explains. "Then you'll run into this front: Scattered thunderstorms—towering cumulus with light to moderate turbulence and heavy showers. Icing in the tops above ten thousand."

The flight plan adds up to twelve hours and twenty minutes. We'll take 100 gallons of gas extra for the wife, and 100 extra for each of the two kids. That's two hours more than we'll need if we really "lean 'em out." With 2,800 gallons of gas, forty containers marked "Human Blood," and two tons of mail, we sweep off the runway into the setting sun over Castle Harbor and make an easy climbing turn toward the east.

"WHAT do you do on those long flights? Don't you birds go nuts just looking at the ocean for twelve hours?" Many people wonder about this, but on big airplanes there is always plenty to do. Imagine yourself seated in a leather-upholstered chair in an office two by three feet. You're surrounded by metal-housed receivers, the long-range transmitter, tuning coils, and antenna reel with its red jewel light shining. You are the radio operator on an ATC Douglas Skymaster. There's no hour out for lunch. You just sit there working ship and shore stations, sending back weather, position reports, getting radio bearings for the navigator. Ten and twelve hours is routine. Sometimes on a special mission with no crew change it's twenty to thirty hours. "Oh, my aching back!"

The navigator sits across the aisle in an office like an architect's workshop. Shielded lights shine on his plotting chart. His running fuel-consumption graphs and log must be kept up to the minute. At his knee is a driftmeter. Above his head is a panel of dead-reckoning instruments and a loaded flare pistol ready for split-second identification should the pilots sight a convoy or patrol plane. A small built-in bookcase at his right contains almanacs and reference books. His octant rests on the desk. Every hour he adjusts his stool under the plastic bubble astradome and shoots three stars—if they're visible.

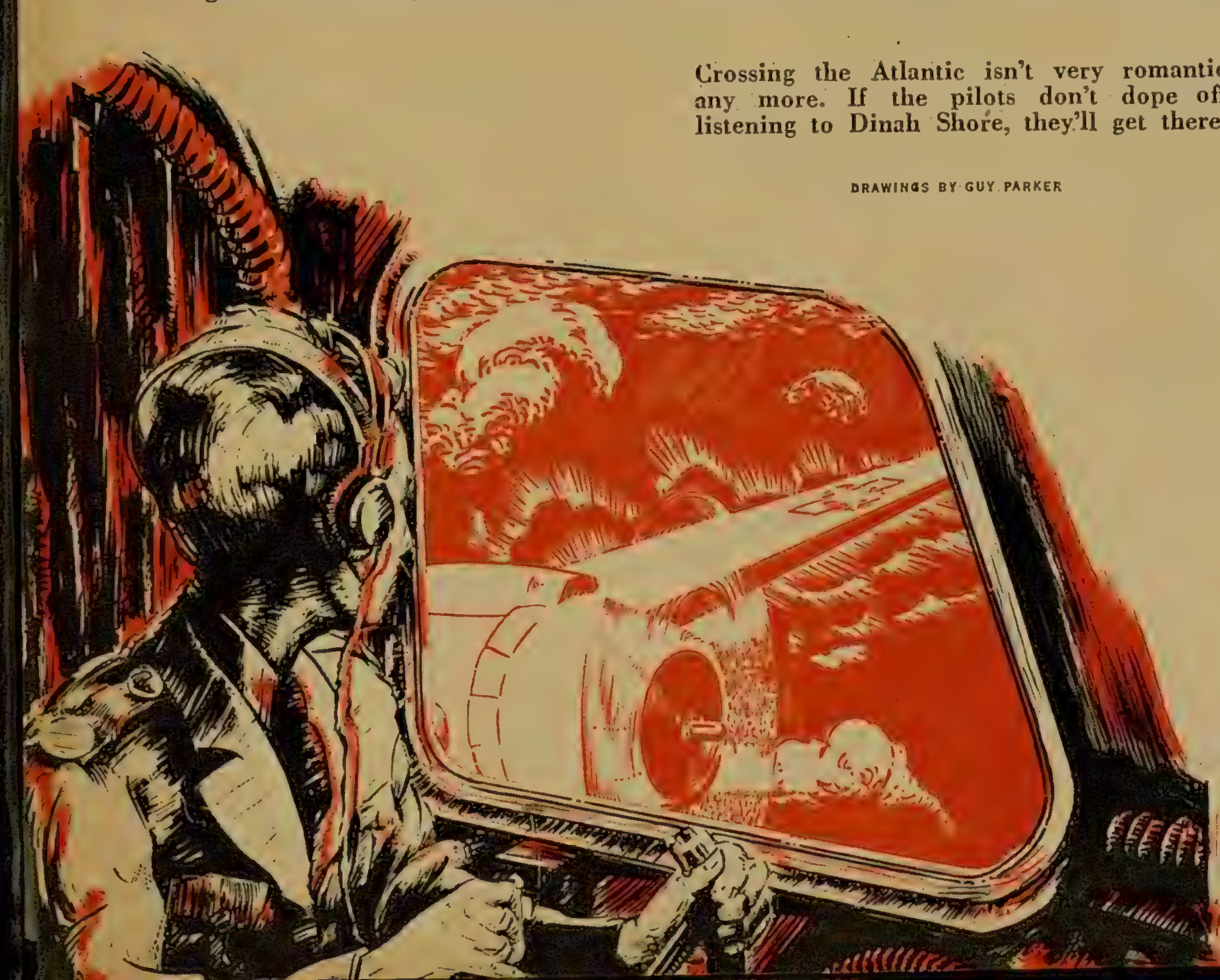
Mounted under his bookcase, the green concentric cathode circle glows from the face of the radio altimeter, with which he computes altitude and drift when we're on "solid instruments." He hardly has time to eat a sandwich without getting behind the flight.

The flight engineer put in an hour's work preflight checking the ship before we climbed aboard. Frequently these sharp-eyed young men have saved the flight even before the take-off by finding cracked exhaust stacks, leaking fuel lines, short circuits, or other defects. Our big global space machines guzzle about eighteen pounds of gasoline every minute. The flight engineer must keep careful check of this flow. He must also check power settings. He is even responsible for carrying the ship's hot cup around in his B-4 bag. This indispensable gadget plugs into the ship's circuit and enables us to do light cooking aloft.

The flight-traffic clerk is always a G. I., usually an ex-air cadet assigned to ATC cargo ships to take care of passengers and manifest papers. Tonight he is worrying about our buckets of blood back there in the cabin. We have to keep that stuff cool. It's going to the big base hospital in Paris. Within fifty hours from the time they drained it out of some donor's arm it will be in a soldier's blood stream.

As for the pilots, all we do is ride along to see that everything works out all right. But the captain up there in front, responsible for the whole crock load, is not only good; he's perfect. He has to be, or he would have been killed or fired long ago. He learned the hard way, and no matter what arises, your postwar transatlantic captain has a whole hatful of white rabbits he can produce in emergencies.

For the past hour the radio operator has cocked his headphones over his ears to dampen the prickle of static broken increasingly by crashing crescendos. We've been out six hours—almost to the "point of no return." A high stratum overcast is beginning to veil the moon. The ship bumps unceremoniously several times. The outside temperature has rapidly dropped five degrees.



Crossing the Atlantic isn't very romantic any more. If the pilots don't dope off listening to Dinah Shore, they'll get there.

DRAWINGS BY GUY PARKER

The navigator remarks, "Looks like we're running up on the cold front a couple hundred miles sooner than the forecast shows." His voice is suddenly drowned out by the deafening rattle of rain on the windshields and fuselage. In ten seconds we are out of it. Suddenly the windshield comes alive with tiny violet-colored snake tongues, forking and quivering.

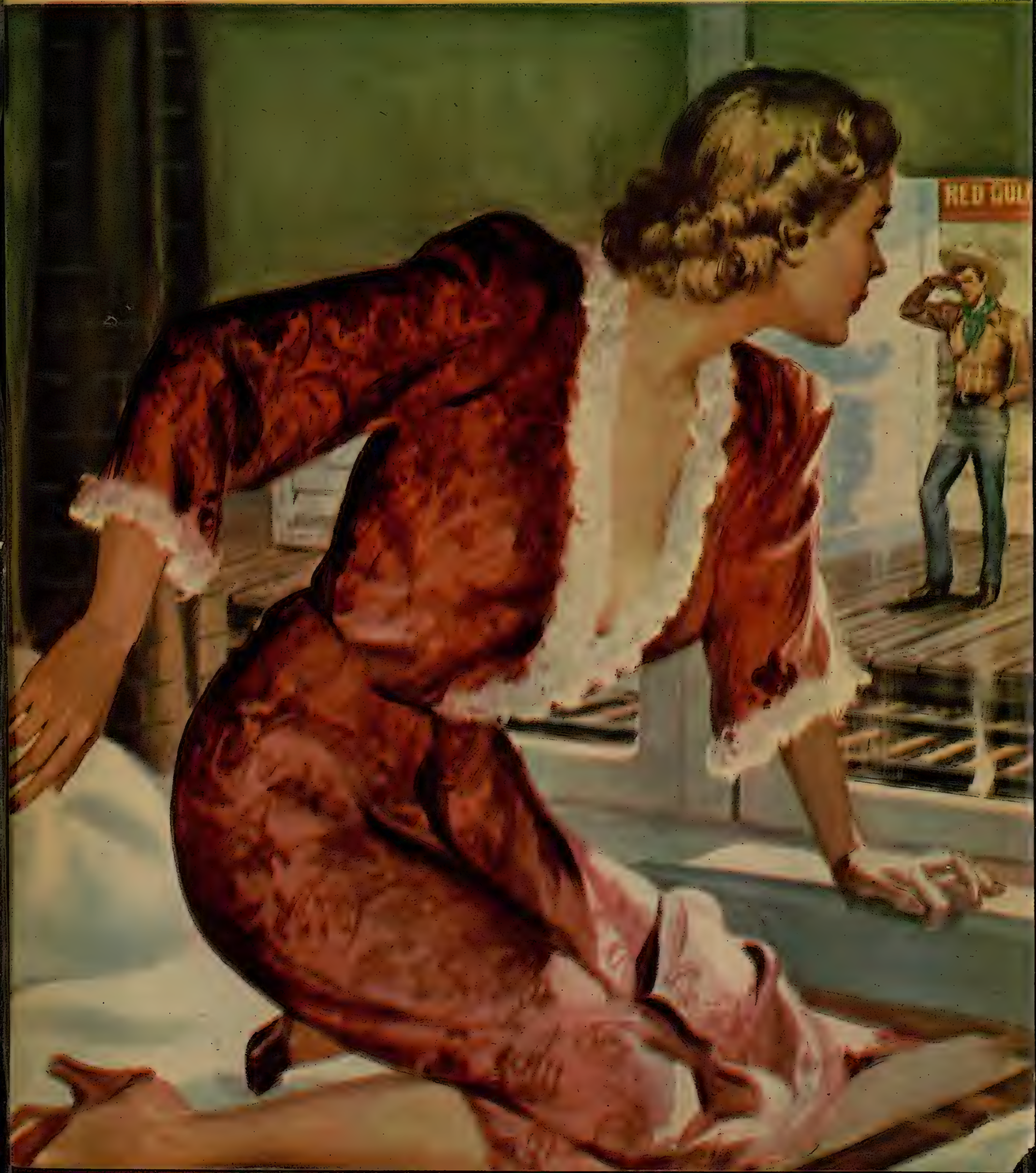
"HERE we go again!" The familiar girding for battle takes place in the cockpit. Turn off the automatic pilot. Slide the chairs forward on their tracks within comfortable reach of the wheel. Tighten safety belts; turn on pitot heaters. Turn up instrument lights. Reduce power and air speed to ease the shocks of unstable air ahead. Without warning, the ship slams through another invisible cloud top. Rain roars deafeningly on metal. The windshield is bright as the droplets flash tiny pin points of greenish-blue light like sparks from a grinding wheel. The propeller disks are now spectacular flaming arcs of purple light. St. Elmo's fire streams from wing tips and trailing edges.

"Andy! Better go aft and tell the passengers it's only St. Elmo's. They might get worried."

Remember that when you fly to London or Paris with us after the war. All that sudden noise and fire outside doesn't mean a thing. It's no more dangerous than a

(Continued on page 58)

All her life she'd been petted and pampered, but here she was face to face with the man she had thought dead—the man who had been her first husband . . . and still was, though he no longer called her



Like a woman frozen into an attitude of extreme astonishment, Little Darling uttered a small queer sound. "Nick!" she whispered.

Little Darling

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

ALL night the long train crept westward through torrents of rain, or stood still and dripped on sidings while signals flashed and telegraph wires called for help. But all night, in Drawing Room B, Mrs. Archibald Janeway slept like a baby.

On the dressing shelf a tiny clock in chromium watched over her. On the divan rested Archibald's parting gifts—the basket of perfect fruit, the box of chocolates, the latest magazines, and the newest novel. Beside them sat the morocco dressing case snatched from Paris in the nick of time. From a peg above swung a dream of a jacket in pale fur. Archibald had remembered everything, even to the small bottle of champagne in case she was carsick.

By luxurious degrees she wakened, and making a nestling movement with one shoulder, her hand groped toward the other pillow. She had thought for an instant Archibald was there—dear old Archie. She thought about him with amusement, toiling away back home, making money for his little wife. Any moment now there would be a good-morning wire from him. Archibald never forgot little things like that.

Drawing one rounded arm from under the sheet, she tested the air. Was the room a bit too warm? Could the air conditioning have gone off? And why did the train stand still so long? Running the window shade up halfway, she looked out. "Well, of all things!" she breathed. For she saw that they waited on a siding at a mere country station in the middle of practically nothing. This was a good train and it was not supposed to stop at country stations. She put her finger on the porter's bell.

Nothing happened. She lay down again and tried to recall the porter's name—people were nicer to you if you called them by name. Was the name something that rhymed with Myrtle—Turtle, Whirtel? She put her finger on the bell again, reminding herself she must not be impatient; there was a war on. The long train was very crowded. If Archibald had not had influence she might have had to travel sitting up in one of those dreadful day coaches—probably with a serviceman asleep on her shoulder. Only, it wouldn't have been that way. The soldier would have made himself into a pillow for her, all night he would have watched over her, taking care of her. Not for nothing had she been called Little Darling all her life.

Slipping her small feet into cherry satin mules she did her hair and smoothed her eyebrows, and getting back into bed again she held the dressing case on her knees and made herself a new face with anxious care, for skill is what it takes at nine in the morning when one is over thirty.

"Old frump," she said to the mirror, but tenderly, for she loved her face, and well she might. She was still very pretty, soft and pink. Her hair was nice, her little hands were enchanting. And though she had become a bit plump, she was only, as Archie said, sweetly so.

Dear Archie. She looked into her own eyes in the mirror and frowned slightly, for a thought like a wisp of cloud floated across the serene vacancy of her mind. It bothered her vaguely, for it had to do with Archie's behavior yesterday as he saw her off. Certainly, yesterday, Archie had been the merest trifle too gay for a man saying good-by for two months to his wife. But why?

She bent her head and stared at her charming hands. After a minute or two she drew a long breath. "I will think about papa," she murmured. Always when anything vexing or unpleasant threatened her, she thought about her father. Though he had been dead for some years, the mere thought of papa always soothed and strengthened her. For Samuel Dow, a masterful and uncompromising man in his own world, had been a pushover when it came to his only child, Luella.

IT was papa who had first called her Little Darling—her initials being L. D.—and Little Darling she had become later to quite a cheering queue of suitors. Samuel Dow had deplored the suitors, but his voice was rich with pride as he declared that Luella was certainly a man's girl.

A man's girl. The phrase, old-fashioned but reassuring, was like a precious bit of jewelry hung about Luella's neck. She wore it night and day. It created a bond between her and papa that had been only slightly damaged by her infatuation finally with the wrong type of young man. At least, wrong in papa's estimation.

Of all the young men Luella Dow might have married, Nicholas Breen was the one last expected and least approved of by papa. Nicholas Breen at twenty-four had never saved a cent and did not know what he wanted to be. He liked to wander and watch. He came of a good family, but, as Samuel Dow said, he had no sense of what was fitting. His insatiable, carefree curiosity might have made of him a scientist or merely a wanderer. But he fell in love with Luella Dow.

What was more to the point, she fell in love with him. In spite of her pink softness, Little Darling had indeed a whim of iron, and when she threw herself on the floor and screamed long enough, Samuel Dow gave in.

Of course papa forgave her—she was a man's girl. He took his son-in-law into the bank of which he was president, and firmly he made him into a man. Nick's bright wild eyes, so like those of a half-broken young horse, grew warier; the question in them died down. After a while he became an almost acceptable son-in-law and husband, which he remained until at the end of the sixth year of his marriage to Luella, he came to his terrible end.

Little Darling could never have stood that tragic finish of her marriage to Nick had it not been for papa. Papa had been wonderful, never blaming Nick for dashing off without notice on the fatal camping trip in the West, never shrinking from a single detail at the ghastly end of that wild excursion. Papa had spared her everything—the police, the newspaper people, the inquest. And it was he who had brought Nick's body home again. What a sad pity papa had died before she had happily married again! Papa would so have approved of Archibald, who did not resemble Nick in any way except in his adoration of herself. Poor Nick. Dear Archibald.

She rang the bell again.

This time the porter responded almost at once. Beads of perspiration stood out on his satiny dark skin and he sagged against the doorway. When she complained about the delay, he broke the news to her that throughout half the state, trains were standing still because of swollen streams, fallen trees, and collapsed bridges. Not even this nice Limited was exempt. His back was bowed in melancholy.

"I sure wish I was home," he said. "This is my boy's las' day before they send him to camp. His las' day."

BUT she was not listening. All at once she had recalled the porter's name, which was not at all like Myrtle or Turtle. "Simpson!" she exclaimed. "Simpson, I want a nice breakfast. Coffee and orange juice—and have they some really fresh eggs, Simpson? If they have, I want an omelet, and hot rolls and marmalade."

"Yas'm," he said. "But I can't for sure say when you will get it, ma'am. This train is jam full and runnin' over. We ain' got enough waiters; I reckon it's the war. My son says—"

But she did not care what Simpson's son said. She wanted her breakfast. If she could not have her coffee at once, her head would begin to ache. And Simpson didn't want her head to ache, did he?

Simpson flashed his white teeth and said no, ma'am, indeed he didn't. And coaxingly he put it to her that maybe by the time she was up and dressed, the line to the diner would have shortened, and she could just walk right in and get a nice seat.

She threw herself back on her pillows. "Simpson, don't be absurd. I never get up for breakfast. I simply couldn't."

When in due course Simpson came back, it was to usher in a waiter with a big tray. She greeted them both gaily. "I knew you would take care of me!"

(*Continued on page 62*)

Someone has to arrange and run golf tournaments. Freddie Corcoran does everything but caddie. He's promoter, manager, infallible historian, and healer of ruffled tempers. In fact, he's

Mr. Golf, Himself

BY PAUL GARDNER

BYRON NELSON had just smacked his ball into trouble during the Professional Golfers' Association tournament at Tucson, Arizona. At once a question arose: Was he entitled to a free lift, or would he lose two strokes? Members of the local committee said two strokes. Nelson demurred.

"Where's Fred Corcoran?" he demanded—and folded his arms.

Play was held up while the call went out for Corcoran. Twenty minutes later an affable, black-haired, stocky fellow came up the fairway on the double. He looked for all the world like Fat Fred Fitzsimmons, manager of the Philadelphia Phils. He studied the situation a moment and said:

"That'll cost you two strokes, Byron."

Nelson accepted the verdict without a murmur. As it turned out, the penalty cost him victory by a single stroke, but he was satisfied.

A month later, Slammin' Sam Snead cut loose with some fireworks at the ninth hole at Jacksonville, Florida. He disagreed violently with a ruling.

"I want Fred Corcoran to look at this," the Virginian said hotly.

Corcoran was dragged from his lunch, made a ruling, and Snead, pacified, resumed his drawling way.

Freddie Corcoran, golf's secret weapon. Tournament manager of the P. G. A., he has made golf pay off for the public, the pros, and charity.

And who is Fred Corcoran? Specifically, he is tournament manager of the Professional Golfers' Association of America. As such, he is a promotional genius and might well be called golf's secret weapon. But the forty-year-old Boston Irishman is more than that. He is the answer to the rainy-day prayers of the nation's sports writers. Any one of them, beset by a calm in the news, knows that if only he can get to Fred Corcoran, he's got a story. For Corcoran is an encyclopedia of all sports, has a gift for thinking up "angles," and has a memory as accurate as it is long.

At one Masters' tournament in Atlanta, he dished out fifteen stories to as many newspapermen—all within the hour and all different. Henry McLemore, former United Press writer now a G. I., once phoned Freddie at 2 A. M. He was stuck for a feature story. Corcoran gave him a lulu—an exclusive. Jack Sharkey, the only heavyweight who'd ever tangled with both Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, had once chatted with Corcoran about how he thought the two compared. It was a natural. Papers all over the country picked up McLemore's yarn.

On another occasion, Corcoran's memory killed a story. It was in the Bahamas, where he had sold the Duke of Windsor on refereeing an exhibition match which raised $12,000 for the British Red Cross. The Corcoran retinue included Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Tommy Armour, and Gene Sarazen.

Sally Rand, the unencumbered danseuse, joined Corcoran's party later at a Nassau night spot. Rallying to the presence of so many sports writers, publicity-wise Sally started describing a football game she would never forget—for it was there she had met the man who started her on a stage career. It was, she recalled, back in 1931, at the Harvard-Yale game in the Yale Bowl on Thanksgiving Day. Reporters' pencils were racing.

But Corcoran, with his passion for accuracy, couldn't take it; besides, the newspapermen were his pals. He suggested that Miss Rand must have her dates twisted. No doubt her story was substantially correct, but—Yale never played Harvard on Thanksgiving Day, and the 1931 game was at Cambridge, not New Haven. And, Corcoran added, Yale won, 3-0, on Albie Booth's field goal.

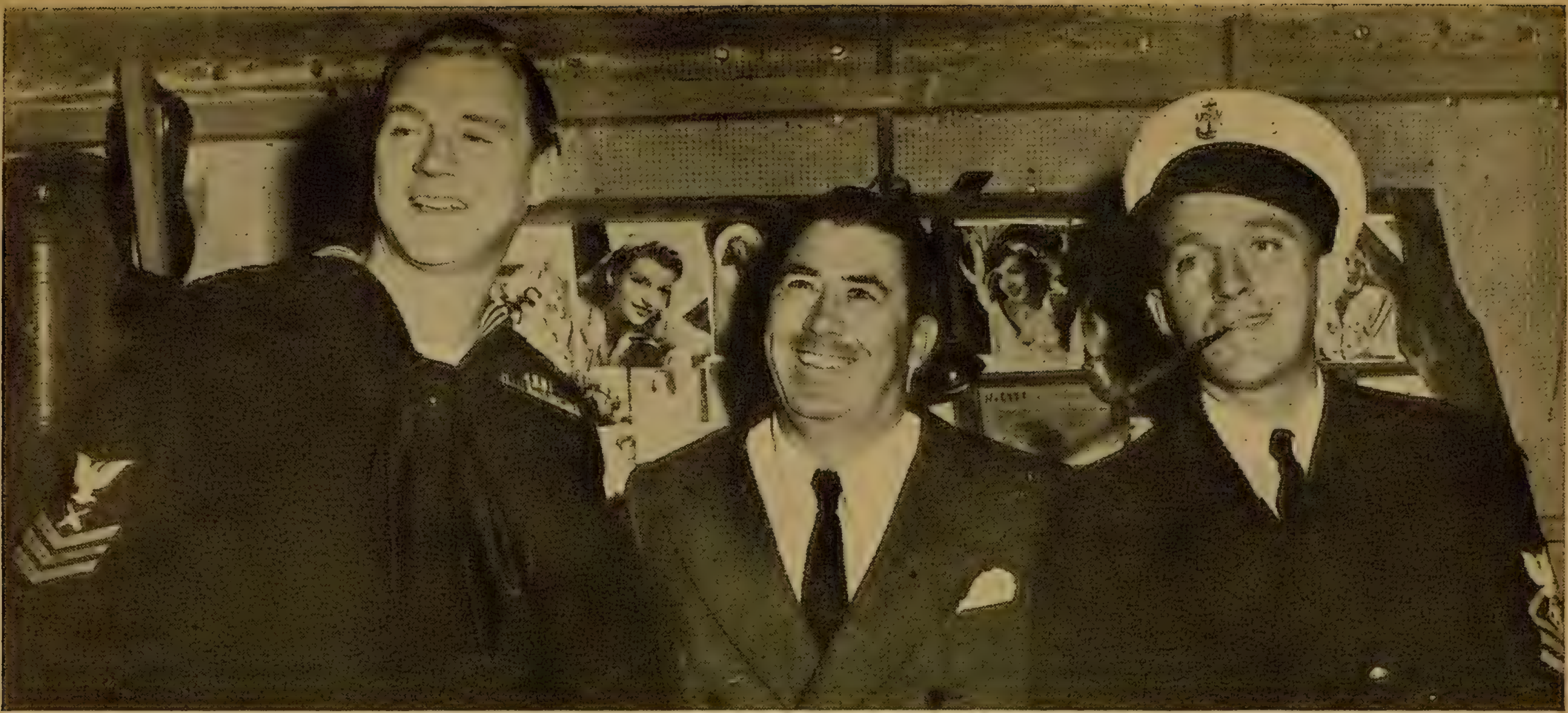
Today Corcoran comes very close to being Mr. Golf. In the nine years he has managed the play-for-pay golf, with its 2,000 stars and thirty-five annual tournaments, it has leaped more than 50 per cent in spectator interest, playing to half a million people last year and more in 1945. Prize money for the pros has climbed from $115,000 to $300,000 annually. He has added at least twenty new tournaments to the winter and summer tours.

By a masterpiece of timetabling, he has rigged the tournament schedule so that the pro golfers never make more than an overnight jump in their coast-to-coast tours. And out of his buzzing brain have come such build-ups as the Goodall Round-Robin tournament, the challenge matches between the American Ryder Cup team and the All-Stars, the Babe Ruth-Ty Cobb duels, and such zany publicity-getters as the famous Connecticut music match.

At the same time his brain children have raised about $250,000 for the war effort, and his cohorts have worked their heads off for the Red Cross and the USO.

Corcoran has been a sports enthusiast and promotor from his childhood days in Boston. At six he was copying the arms-outstretched fighting style of Jim Jeffries, and won himself the nickname "Jeff." As a youthful caddie he showed his promotional bent when he quit playing golf with a kid who trimmed him consistently and started matching that kid against the local upstarts.

At ten he was one of the Caddieing Corcorans at Belmont Spring Country Club in suburban Boston. His brothers George, John, Joe, Billy, and Frank all toted bags at one time or another, and



Corcoran's friends are public figures—in sport and out. On the set of Here Come the Waves he buddies with Sonny Tufts and Bing Crosby.

George became the professional at Greensboro, North Carolina. When, in later years, Freddie quit his job as secretary of the Massachusetts Golf Association, it was brother John who succeeded him. Daddy Corcoran, for fifty years supercargo of a sight-seeing bus in Boston, had founded a golfing dynasty.

Freddie carried bags in Boston for such champions as Francis Ouimet, Jesse Guilford, and Fred Wright. He caddied for Alexia Stirling, women's amateur champion, when he was eleven, and at thirteen he became the youngest caddie master in the country, bossing 100 boys and collecting a nickel a round from each.

As time went on, the energetic Corcoran worked other jobs in with his golf. First he acquired the soft-drink concession at the ninth hole at Belmont. Then he did odd jobs at fight clubs, baseball and football games, and in later years sold tickets for the Boston Bruins hockey club and doubled in brass as goal umpire. All sports were—and are—Freddie's dish. But his big moment came when he was made Massachusetts State golf handicapper in 1927. In 1935 he was made executive secretary of the Massachusetts Golf Association.

HE became official scorer for the U. S. Golf Association in 1926 and did such a solid job that the U. S. G. A. paid his way to the U. S. Amateur championship at Pebble Beach, California, in 1929. He kept score with red, black, and blue pencils and listed so many high lights that reporters could write competent stories without having seen a putt drop. He interviewed each returning gladiator and posted all the unusual angles. In the 1934 Amateur he really showed them something with a scoreboard forty feet long and twenty feet high.

Actually, Corcoran has perhaps the toughest job in organized sport. For him, golf is year-around, not seasonal. When he took over as P. G. A. tournament manager in 1936, the boys were playing for minimum stakes of $3,000 and he had to plead with chambers of commerce and local clubs to sell them a P. G. A. event. Today the minimum guaranty is $5,000, the average prize money is $10,000, and he has to reject twenty-five tournament applications because there are no open dates for them. He has pumped up such public interest that an ace like Byron Nelson may knock off as much as $75,000 this year, counting his earnings from prize money and allied sources. In 1944, Nelson won $47,000 in war bonds alone—an all-time high. Small wonder that the pros esteem Corcoran.

When the Nelsons, Sneads, McSpadens, Byrds, Craig Woods, and the rest compete in a wartime event, Corcoran is the overseer. He lands in the tournament town ahead of them, sets up hotel accommodations for them and their wives, huddles with local committees about ground rules and a few dozen other details, arranges radio interviews, and turns his gracious heat on the newspapermen. Then, from tee to nineteenth hole, he's the boss. The contract with each club states that no important move shall be made without him.

Among other things, Corcoran has to be a diplomat, rejoicing with the winners and consoling the losers. After Bob Hamilton upset the highly favored Nelson in the 1944 P. G. A. final at Spokane, Corcoran had to fly with that pair to Chicago. Hamilton was in seventh heaven, and Nelson was low. Freddie sat in the middle and managed to achieve a nice compromise between dejection and exultation.

Corcoran and top golfer Byron Nelson. The walkie talkie kept Nelson informed on what was happening on the other greens.

THE physical exactions of his job are enormous, but at forty Freddie is plump enough to prove that he takes them in stride. His itinerary runs to 50,000 miles a year. Consider his wanderings in the first week of May. From New York he went to Chicago to confer with Ed Dudley, P. G. A. president, and Tam-o'-Shanter and Chicago Victory tournament nabobs. Next he went to Dayton to talk with executives of the firm which was putting up $20,000 to sponsor the 1945 P. G. A. championships. Then he hopped back to New York to complete the details for the Snead-Nelson seventy-two-hole match. Next day he was in Philadelphia for other arrangements. This long-distance commuting goes on week after week, all year round.

Corcoran's formal education ended with night high school, but for thirty years the golf courses of the land have been his university. He has hobnobbed on the links with such celebrities as the Duke of Windsor, the late Duke of Kent, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, and assorted millionaires and notables. Yet he has kept his native shyness and succeeds in remaining in the background—which is why he's so little known to the public.

Aside from his promotions for the war effort,

(Continued on page 56)

The Call of the Tame

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

The young marine had been to a lot of places and seen a lot of things, but he had to come to New York's Madison Avenue to see something which gave him a thrill

BY WILLIAM FIFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

IT was in the restaurant where the radio people eat at Madison and Fifty-second. At the moment, the place was practically deserted, but the young marine had seen Frank Gallup in a gray flannel suit and blue pin-striped shirt eating black-bean soup, and Gabriel Heatter talking excitedly on the telephone over by the cash register—and folded in the breast pocket of his greens was a copy of the menu personally autographed for him by Joan Edwards. He'd had three long state-side Collinses and he was content.

"Spiiireet . . ." he heard whistled softly. "Spiiireet . . . chuuk, chuuk, chuuk." He looked around him for the bird cage, but he couldn't see anything except the empty tables and the autographed photographs on the walls and a sad little man down the bar from him gazing reflectively at the rows of lined-up bottles in front of the mirror.

"Prrrreet," went the thoughtful pensive call. Again the young marine looked up. The little man smiled at him mildly.

"It's the blue jay," he said with a half-apologetic duck of his head. He took off his glasses and dried them on a paper napkin, looking up myopically.

"Spiiireet," he exhaled quietly as he replaced the glasses. The young marine blinked.

"I hope it doesn't disturb you," the little man said. "It's the mourning cry."

"The mourning cry?" the marine echoed him doubtfully.

The little man nodded his head solemnly. "Yes—although it's very like affection." He leaned forward hopefully. "Would you like to hear another one?"

"Sure, I guess so," the marine said.

The cherubic face brightened and the little man picked up his glass. Then he stopped and blinked his eyes. "Maybe you wouldn't mind if I—" He gestured hesitantly with the glass.

"It's O. K. by me."

"Well, now, this is the blue-headed vireo," the little man said more confidently when he was seated on the adjoining stool. He put his glass down on the bar. "The blue-headed is not the same as the white-eyed, although some people don't seem to know the difference. The white-eyed call is shorter. It's a little higher, too." He paused and frowned.

"Well, maybe I'd better show you what I mean." He sat back on the stool, placing both hands flat on the bar. He cleared his throat. Then he closed his eyes and tilted his face up slightly. His cheeks filled with air and a soft warble broke from his lips. The last note trembled delicately. "There," he said, exhaling with a gentle sigh, "that's the blue-headed." The other started to say something, but he shook his head. He sat a moment gazing straight ahead, his head cocked slightly as though he were listening expectantly. Then again he closed his eyes and his round cheeks filled. This time the warble trilled on a swifter pattern. He waited till an instant after the final note had died, then opened his eyes and turned.

"Could you tell them apart?" he asked. "The first one was the blue-headed and the second one was the white-eyed."

The young marine grinned and rubbed his chin. "Well—the second one was shorter—"

"That's right!" The round face brightened.

"And it seemed to be higher."

The round face beamed.

The marine looked down and turned his glass slowly in the little pool of sweat on the bar. The ice clinked pleasantly. He began to think of the blonde girl on ice skates in Rockefeller Plaza with the long bare legs. It was good to see legs like that again—legs that were white and didn't have hair on them. He'd waited five minutes to catch the girl's eye, and then he'd grinned and she'd smiled. Maybe he'd go back over there after a while. There might be another girl with nice legs who'd smile. . . .

The little man hesitantly touched his arm, interrupting his reverie.

"Now the mating call of the towhee—" he began.

Just then a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boy in a powder-blue uniform on the sleeve of which were the letters CBS came by on his way to the washroom.

"Hi, Harry," he said to the little man. "The Reader's Digest show go all right tonight?"

"Yes, thank you, Bob. I did my grackle. Did you hear it?"

"Nope, didn't catch it tonight. I was on the desk." The boy disappeared into the washroom.

The young marine looked at the man beside him with awakened interest. "Say, are you on the radio?" he asked.

The little man nodded modestly.

"And you make those bird noises?"

"Oh, not just the birds. I do two hundred and fifty-three different sounds."

"Is that a fact?" the young marine said, impressed.

"Yes—one hundred and ninety-seven birds and animals of the United States and foreign countries, including the only Bengal tee snake that has ever been reproduced by the human voice. I also do fifty-six mechanical sounds. My Maxwell—" he ducked modestly—"is the best in radio. You may have heard it on the Jack Benny program."

"Say, are *you* Jack Benny's Maxwell?" the young marine asked, swiveling his stool to get a better look.

"Well, not regularly," the little man admitted. "You see, they broadcast from Hollywood. But when they were in New York last year I was the Maxwell, and Jack said I was the best he'd ever had."

The young marine wondered if he ought to ask him for his autograph. It would help prove his story when he got back to Diego next week. "Sure, and I had a couple of drinks with the guy that's Jack Benny's Maxwell," he could hear himself say. And when they started to kid him he'd bring out the autograph and show them. Only that wouldn't really prove anything, he realized, because nobody'd know the name anyhow. Besides, all he had in his pockets was the menu, and if he was going to show the "To Gerald Davis, with Love—Joan Edwards" to the guys and make up a story about how he'd had dinner with her—just the two of them—then there shouldn't be anything written by anyone else.

"Soldier," the little man said.

"Nope. Wrong number." He shook his head and grinned. "I'm in the Marines. These are our greens." He turned so the other could get a good look at the uniform and maybe the salad over the left breast pocket.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know," the little man murmured. He didn't seem to notice the campaign bars. "I was going to ask if you listen to the radio very much."

"Sure," the young marine said. "Where I've been the last couple of years, there hasn't been much else to do."

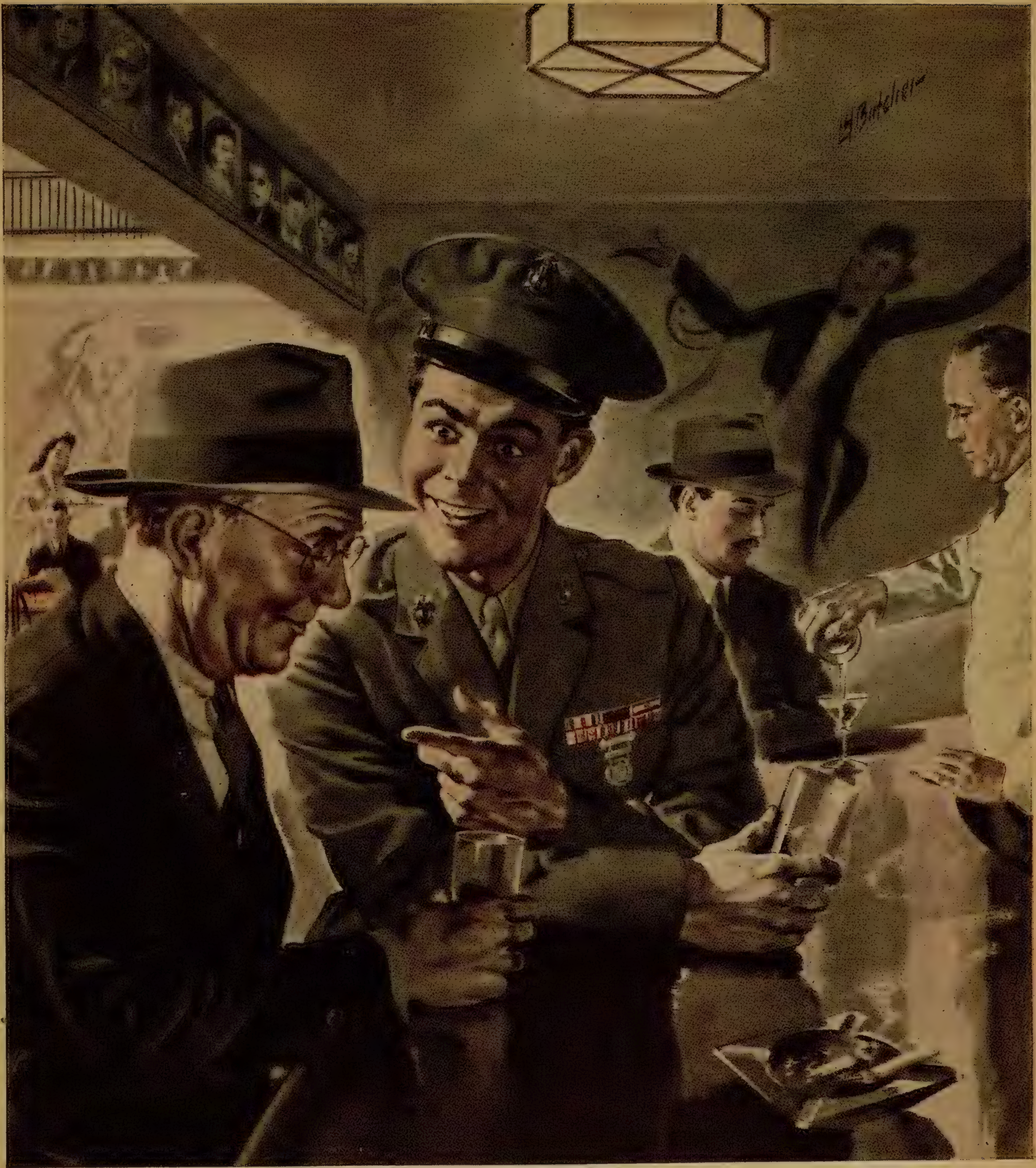
"Then you may have heard me," the little man suggested hopefully.

"Probably have."

"Of course I'm just incidental noises," he said thoughtfully, "and you'd hardly be able to tell—" Suddenly he brightened. "Wait! Did you happen to hear the Jack London series on NBC?"

"The Jack London series?"

"The dramatizations of his stories—



"Say, are *you* Jack Benny's Maxwell?" the young Marine asked, swiveling on his stool to get a better look.

Martin Eden, and The Sea Wolf, and—"

"Say—was there one about this dog that went up North?"

"Did you hear *that* one?" the little man asked excitedly.

"Wait a minute." The marine held up his hand. He puckered his mouth. "I'm just trying to remember—" Then he turned and looked into the other's face. "Guess where I heard it?" he demanded triumphantly.

The little man shook his head.

"Well, we were on the cruiser outside the harbor. It must have been about three or four in the morning, because the first wave was just getting set." He paused a moment. "Saipan," he said.

The little man sat back and opened his eyes wide behind his glasses. "Saipan!"

"That's right. Just before we went in."

Slowly the little man shook his head from side to side. "Never in my wildest dreams—" he said softly.

"And *you*"—the young marine said—"*you* were the dog. Just think of that!" He shook his head.

"Just think of being heard halfway around the world like that! You must have a pretty exciting life, all right," he said. "Being on the air and all."

"Yes. Yes, I suppose I do," the little man answered thoughtfully. "Yes—more than most, I guess."

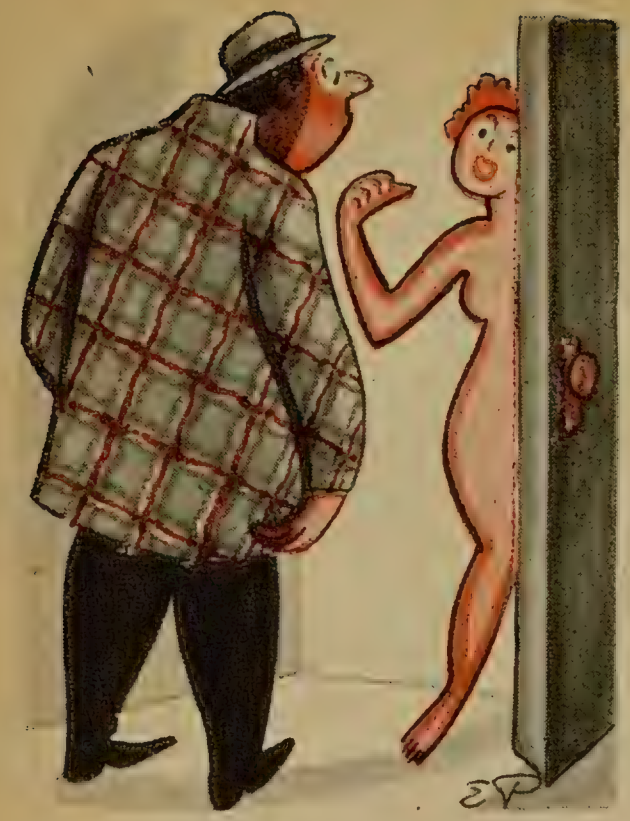
THE END

Dead Beats Tell Tall Tales

Bill collectors meet the strangest people. Some have five washing machines in their cellars, and others have murder in their eye. Anyway, the job never gets boring

BY ROBERT COPELAND

CARTOONS BY ERIC PETERS



A collector's dividend was the dead beat's wife who came to the door in the nude.

SOME day, after he gets out of the Navy, Kirtley Strong Winn expects to write a book. Right now he is thinking of Collector's Items as a title. That, or Don't Take No for an Answer.

There will be a chapter on How Not to Get What Is Coming to You, and one on Honesty Is All Right as a Policy but Payments Are What Count.

Kirtley is a bill collector. He goes out to get cash belonging to somebody else from somebody else. It's not a bad job, either. He's made lasting friends at it. He has heard all kinds of tales. He has also learned how to duck, but quick.

"Have you ever had a door opened in your face by a nude woman?" he questions you. "Well, I have, and she paid me two dollars. On account.

"Has a preacher ever asked you to take over his pulpit and scold the congregation so that the collection will be big enough to get the parson off the butcher's hook?"

Kirtley passed up this opportunity. Instead, he garnisheed "the plate" for two Sundays in a row.

"In thinking it over," he recalls, "maybe I would have done more for my flock had I accepted the call."

As sales manager in civilian life of one of the country's largest collection agencies, he fends for quite a flock. Seldom does his normal "family circle" drop below 5,000 doctors, grocers, dentists, butchers, landlords, piano teachers, neighborhood merchants—little business people—who trust not wisely but too often.

"When all else fails them, they come to us," he says. "Or we go after them. We actually spend about as much time going after new bills to collect as we do in hustling on old ones. You see, once we get a debt paid off, we're out a customer. If we don't get new eggs to hatch, we're out of business."

Winn went into the collection business because he was tired of factory lay-offs during one of the depressions. Also he was broke, and figured it might cheer him up if he could just handle a little money. Also his Uncle Curtis thought he would make a go of it.

"Uncle Curtis was some bill collector in his time," says Nephew Kirtley. "Those were the days when big-shot bill collectors had open cars painted fire-engine red. Two or three collectors would drive up to a dead beat's house and park at the curb. The firm's sound truck would line up, too, and play loud music to draw all the neighbors to the windows. The collectors had little signs which they'd roll down or hang on the car doors, reading, THIS MAN IS A DEAD BEAT, or NEVER LEND THESE DEAD BEATS ANYTHING, or WE'RE HERE UNTIL THE BILL IS PAID.

"The system worked, but today, by and large, rough stuff is out.

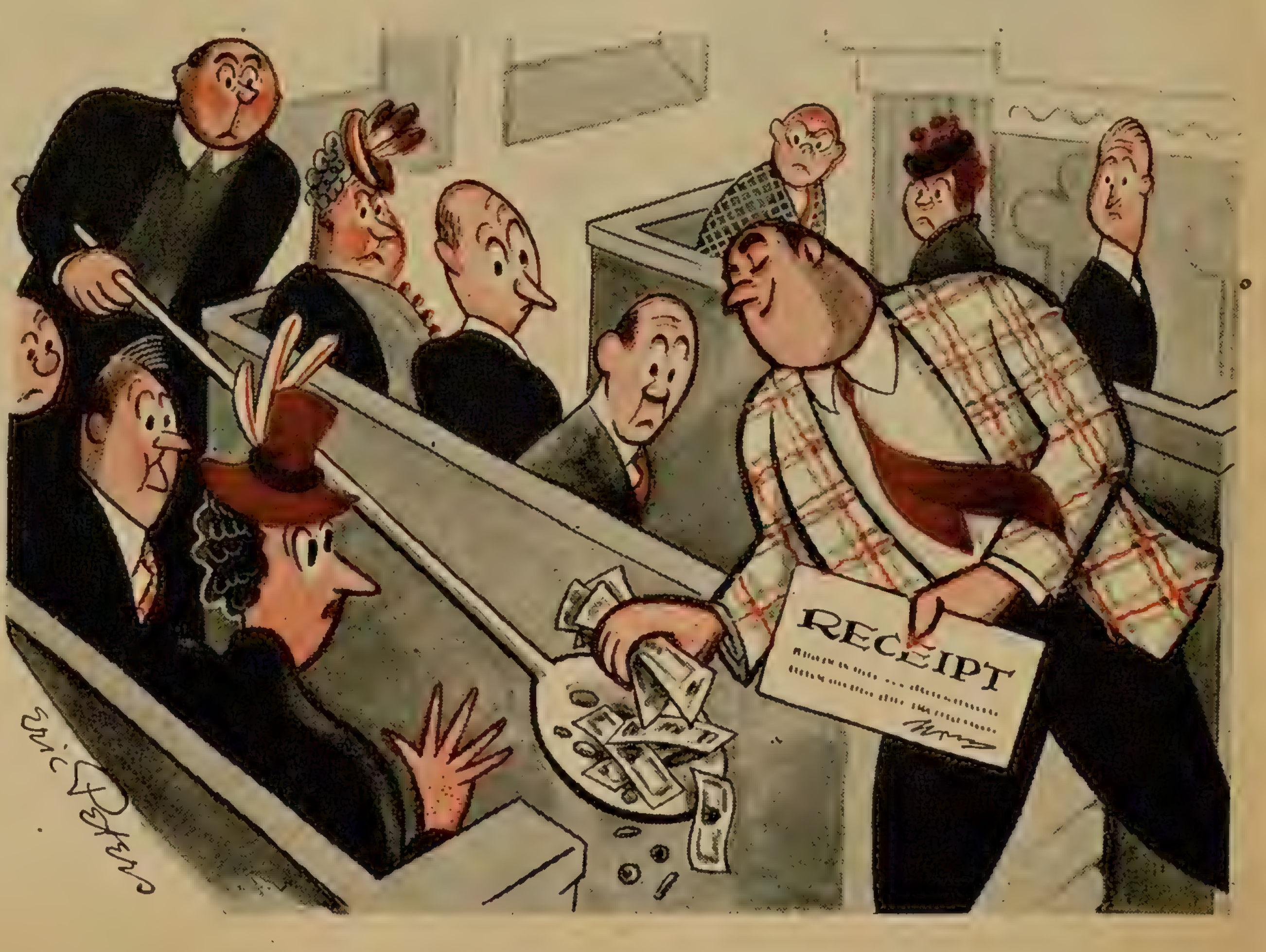
"My first two weeks were hell, until I started to get the hang of it. I was strictly on commission. I had to collect something to get Winn anything. All I got was a pair of false teeth and a laugh from the office when I tried to turn them in.

"Then I began to smarten up and started to do the talking instead of the listening. In other words, I told them why they had to pay, rather than let them tell me why they couldn't. It was right after that that I met the nude woman. For the second time that was. The first time she had her clothes on and her husband was with her. He was a truck driver. He owed for two years on a set of tires he had long ago worn out. He had also worn out the truck and was working for somebody else. Most of our bills are at least two years old when we get them.

"Anyway, rather than have his new employer find out that he owed bills, he agreed that his wife would pay me two dollars every Tuesday. So the next Tuesday I was Johnny on the spot. I knocked on the apartment door. It came open just a little bit, on the chain. The woman said 'Who is it?' Then she recognized me and said, 'Come on in, Mr. Winn. For a moment I thought it was a stranger.' So she opened the door and I walked in, and there she stood, not a stitch on and not the least bit concerned. She asked me to sit down, went to some other room, and came back with the money. I gave her a receipt and said I'd be back next week, and that's all there was to it. I guess she figured because we had met once before, we were old buddies.

"They are not all that gracious. You don't dare turn your back to some of them.

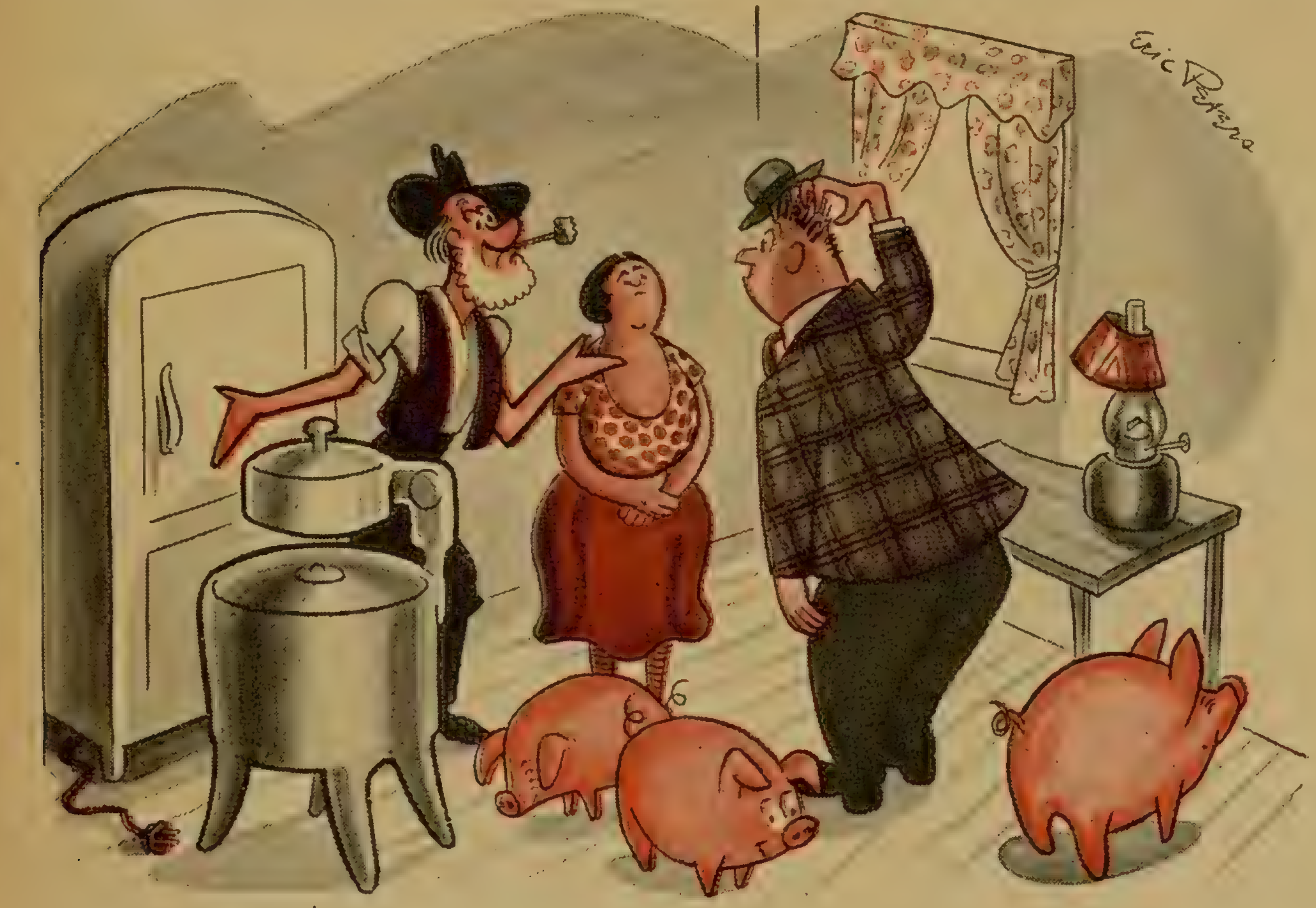
"Like Corktown Lil and her Adam. She was the homeliest hag I ever saw and he was as big as Primo Carnera. They lived in a shack and owed the grocer several



It's *not* more blessed, this collector decided—and garnisheed the church's collection plate.

hundred dollars. Adam finally got a job and agreed to pay three dollars a week. I was to get it when he got home on payday. If he was sober, I was the head man. If he was ginned up, *he* was.

"This time I thought he was sober, but he wasn't. He thought I'd been making a play for Lil while I was waiting for him to come home. He asked her. She didn't say no and she didn't say yes; she just acted coy. I turned to her and said, 'Lil, you tell Adam the truth, and tell him to give me my three dollars.' That's where I almost made a fatal mistake. My back was to the oaf, and only a sudden gleam in the witch's eyes told me to duck. He swung and missed, and I beat him out to my car by about three steps. He did get hold of the door just as I was taking off, and to get rid of him I had to shove him in the face while his feet were dragging on the ground. I never called there again and neither did anybody else.



Collectors often have to reap the wind of salesmen who sell folks articles they can't use.

"Another collector was nearly brained by a guy like Adam. Only this collector, Irving Berger, dodged in time too. The guy's wife had thrown roller skates at Irving while the husband tried to sneak around behind him with a stove poker. Berger got even—he got a court judgment and the bum's employer kept him working just long enough to clean up the bill."

On the other hand, Winn continues, a bill collector meets a lot of nice people —if he goes about it the right way.

"Never raise your voice the first time you make a call," he tells a new man.

"Instead," he says, "talk low and confidentially. Make the customers lean forward a little bit; get them so they hang on your every word. That throws them off balance. Keep your talk short and to the point. Don't give them a chance to edge in, except to agree with you. After you break the case and the payments start coming in regularly, you can be a hale and hearty palsy-walsy.

"A majority of the folks you meet just can't say no to the soft soap. That's how many of them get overloaded in the first place. Fast, smooth-talking salesmen practically hypnotize them into buying things they don't need. Often we find a guy making forty dollars a week owing forty-five dollars in installments. Their houses may not even be wired for electricity but they'll have refrigerators, irons, radios, washing machines, and so on. We had one woman with five washing machines in the basement. Another agreed to pay $1,000 for a piano and nobody in the house could play a note. Super-salesmen tell them the stuff will pay for itself, only it doesn't."

Other cases call for the dramatic touch or the perseverance of an F. B. I. ace.

"I had a widow not long ago who had the money, plenty of it, but she just wouldn't pay the undertaker who had buried her husband. Finally I talked to her about love and the departed, I asked her to think about her man lying there in the cold, cold ground . . . in a coffin he couldn't call his own because she wouldn't pay for it with his money. I asked her what she supposed he was thinking about her right now. A few minutes of this and she said 'Stop! You're breaking my heart.' She not only paid the undertaker's bill in full but asked me to go down to the bank with her. There she pulled out $3,000 and paid off the mortgage on her home so 'he' would feel better.

"I wish I had been as successful with an author. He really writes stories about How to Be Successful in Business, and Fifty Different Ways to Collect Bills. He ought to know about that, because I've tried at least that many on him myself.

"I have sympathy aplenty for the fireman who owed a grocer $1,060, and for the old lady who paid off a doctor's bill by giving me fifteen dozen eggs a week. I would sell the eggs around the building and give her full credit. The fireman felt he didn't owe all the bill, and I don't blame him. But he will pay it all in the end, at the rate of ten dollars every other week. In four years he should be even. He used to get lushed up with the grocer on stuff the grocer took out of his stock. Only the grocer never forgot to have the fireman sign for the refreshments after a bender. By that time the fireman would sign anything, and he probably was touched for a lot of his pal's other parties."

Winn estimates that 40 per cent of the people who make up the bill collector's public gamble or gurgle away at least one pay check out of every four.

Sickness and death come next to dice and drink as alibis for not meeting obligations. "One fellow tried to bury three grandmothers on me in a year. Two I could understand, but that was and still is the limit."

Despite the grousing all bill collectors do, Kirtley says it's a career with a good present and a fine future.

"Not everybody can be a bill collector by a long shot," he adds. "Not everybody would want to, I suppose; but just the same, it's high-class work. One of the big women's magazines a few years back had us right up near the top of the list of the ten best-dressed professional men. We are also in the big-league white-collar pay bracket.

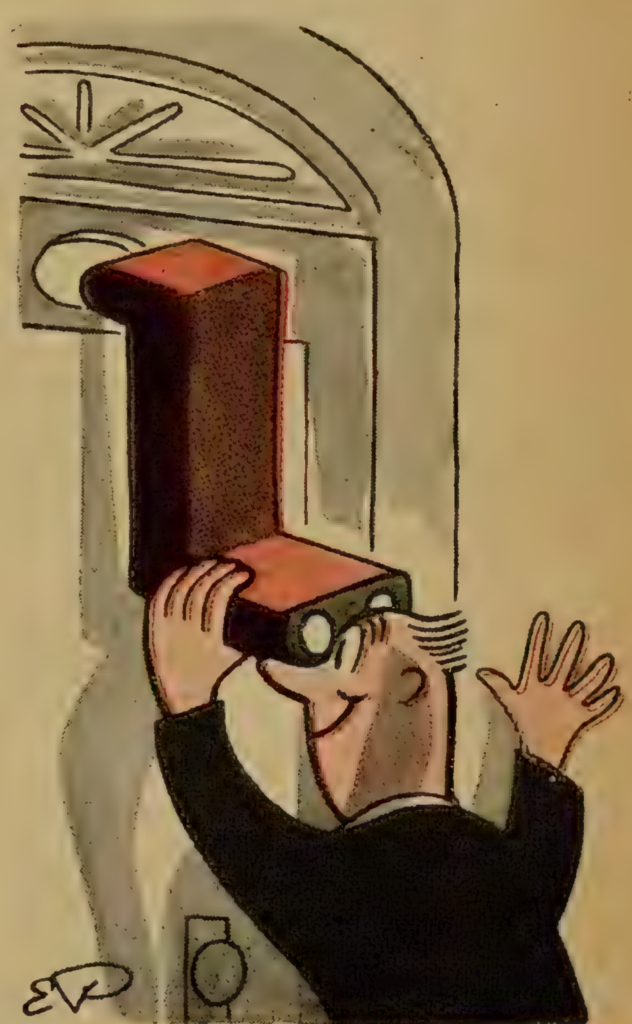
"If you are willing to make the calls every day, enjoy the fresh air, like people, have a sense of humor, and don't stutter, you can make yourself $5,000 to $7,000 a year. Each working day you have a 'run' of thirty to forty calls. You organize your call route by districts, to minimize travel and backtracking. Then allow not more than five or six minutes a call. Even with between-call travel, you can still button up six an hour. You soon get so you know the best time to catch most of your customers in—what day is payday and when they get home with the envelope. You want to be the first one in line.

"Some days are bad ones: you don't catch them in and you have to keep going back. Other times they duck you because they've spent your money and can't bear to disappoint you. So they say later. One guy, around Christmas, bought a play periscope in a toy department and fixed it up so that he could spot me through a porch-light fixture as I approached. Then he ran down to the basement. I rapped on his door many times that week. New Year's Day he was tight and bragged to me about how smart he was."

Most collectors work on a small salary —and Kirtley says he means small—and a commission.

"The cut," he clarifies, "ranges from

(*Continued on page 60*)



A special enemy of collectors was the guy who used a periscope to spot them.

Last Call for the Mosquito

BY DARRELL HUFF

Science, facing potential epidemics of malaria, or worse, goes in for new probing into the life and loves of the mosquito and comes up with some unique weapons to use on the pesky critter

MAYBE we can stop slapping mosquitoes pretty soon. Let's hope so, because they are winged hypodermic needles which have changed the course of history many times and are capable of doing it again.

For centuries they have been putting hundreds of millions of people flat on their backs, killing several million a year, and driving other millions away from great areas of the earth. They now promise to change the course of history again merely by dying, victims of methods new or vastly improved by the necessities of war.

As long as the mosquito kills more people, year in and year out, than bombs and bullets do, she's an enemy worth knowing more about. Next time you slap one of them, give heed to her ways. For one thing, she can crow like a cock or cry like a quail. You don't hear her because your ears are not quite good enough.

But Dr. Morton C. Kahn of Cornell University Medical College, in New York City, can hear mosquitoes. He spends a lot of time listening to their humming, buzzing, bleating, whining, singing, bellowing, and chattering. In this odd activity may lie the doom of a great many of the mosquitoes now plaguing the world.

It came about like this: Dr. Kahn began to wonder about their hum, unpleasant as the whir of the dentist's drill. It was obvious to him, as to everyone else, that they make the noise by beating their wings in flight, sometimes at 500 strokes a second. But he found mosquitoes still made a noise when they were not flying. Not much, but a noise.

Reasoning that these sounds might be a means of communication, Dr. Kahn resorted to electronics. He and two sound associates installed a microphone-amplifier-recorder system. "Mention these sound men, William Celestin and William Offenhauser," he says. "Couldn't have got anywhere without them."

They set to work with four of the peskiest species—*Anopheles quadrimaculatus* (a malaria carrier) *Aëdes albipictus* (dengue), *Aëdes aegypti* (yellow fever and dengue), and *Culex pipiens* (just plain bites). A wild strain of the latter was captured for the purpose in New Jersey.

Placed before a microphone, the mosquitoes produced a surprising assortment of noises. It turned out that they make at least four kinds of sounds and that the sounds have a meaning—for mosquitoes, that is. They make a noise with their wings while flying, with their wings while at rest, by rubbing their feet against their wings, and by a fourth means that remains a mystery.

The mysterious sounds are the important ones. Apparently some are mating calls. Some are identical with the cry of quail; others sound like a rooster's crow.

Working in a soundproofed chamber in Manhattan and using amplifications of 100,000,000 times, Dr. Kahn has recorded these cries and studied them until he can detect the species by voice alone. He can tell male from female: all male voices recorded so far are higher pitched than the female. All are in the center of the human frequency range—you could hear them if your ears were acute enough.

A lone mosquito will not make the mysterious sounds. Dr. Kahn found that he had to bring another mosquito near to persuade the first one to talk. Sometimes that doesn't work either, if the two mosquitoes are of the same sex. But bring in a mosquito of the opposite sex, and the chatter commences.

The various shouts and bellows have the same meanings as the bird calls they resemble—anger, warnings, mating calls.

This is where Dr. Kahn's research becomes useful, for he plans to put these mating calls to a fiendish purpose. He has found that the noise made by one female will cause the males of the same species to flock toward its source.

Unlike the human species, this does not work the other way around. No vocal blandishment by the males will bring the females.

Anyway, Dr. Kahn is going to a mosquito-plagued tropical area this summer to test his laboratory findings with a lethal sound truck. Mating calls of female mosquitoes, recorded and amplified to be audible half a mile away, will be played in the truck. He hopes the siren song will lure males to an electrified dome that will kill them instantly. If this maneuver succeeds in killing off the males from any area, the breed will of course die out there in a generation.

THERE are nearly 2,000 known species of mosquitoes, many of which look alike and behave pretty much alike, too. The Southern house mosquito lives a remarkable cycle that represents pretty closely the ways of other mosquitoes.

On water standing in an old tin can, a pale, striped insect barely a quarter inch long lays a cluster of 150 eggs glued together in little strings. After a couple of warm days the eggs begin to hatch and soon young wigglers, the wormlike larvae of the mosquito, are swimming about. Much of the time they hang by their tails from the surface of the water, breathing through a tube.

This is the mosquito's most vulnerable stage. If even the thinnest film of oil is spread on the water, the larvae will get it into their breathing siphons. That finishes them. If oil is kept over the surface continuously for half an hour, all larvae will be poisoned and there won't be another crop for a week.

If [illegible] mosquito-control squads are about with oil or poison, the wigglers spend ten days feeding on small organisms and food suspended in the water. In this time they reach full growth, discarding their stiff covering four times as they outgrow it.

By the last of these molts the larva becomes a pupa, an ugly embryonic-looking creature that takes no food and floats quietly at the water's surface.

During the few days that follow, one of the most remarkable processes in nature occurs. The tissues of the larva break down into a soupy substance, entirely formless within the pupal covering. Slowly then the soup builds up into a mosquito, perfect and full grown. Yet unborn, the mosquito draws in air and blows itself up like a balloon until the outer skin splits down the back. Using the discarded shell as a boat, the mosquito floats about until its wings become strong enough for flight.

Within a day it usually finds a mate and then goes in search of a meal. In the case of the male, which is a vegetarian, flower nectar will do nicely, but the female will accept this only if she cannot find blood. Most females require a meal of blood in order to lay fertile eggs.

THAT, of course, is where you come in; that is why the mosquito menaces the health of the world and is the objective in some of the bitterest battles being fought on Pacific islands and elsewhere.

When a mosquito bites you, she injects saliva into the wound. The saliva seems to thin the blood and prevent clotting. Anyway, it gives her a quick meal and you an itch.

If an *Anopheles* bit you, she may have been carrying malaria germs in her salivary glands, and you may be on your way to a nasty case of malaria. Or your mosquito may have been carrying dengue, yellow fever, or filariasis. She may even—but this is just a suspicion so far—have been carrying poliomyelitis.

Malaria is the greatest problem, because there is so very much of it. Annually it kills millions in India, where there are estimated to be anywhere from 10,000,000 to several times that many cases each year. It puts more of our Pacific fighters into hospital beds than bullets do. About 2,000,000 cases are reported in the United States each year.

Malaria is no fun, even in that great majority of nonfatal cases. When the *Anopheles* sucks blood from a person with malaria, she takes up some malaria parasites, nurtures them in her body, and injects them into the next person she bites. They dig their way into red blood cells and begin to multiply by fission until they split the red corpuscle wide open. It is this bursting, going on in a hundred million or so cells at the same time, that causes the characteristic shakes of malaria.

After the victim has been shivering for an hour or so, his temperature begins to rise. He is hot and flushed and he may have a hammering headache. Then he sweats heavily, and ends up feeling as if he had been put through a wringer. This set of symptoms may last most of a day; in the form commonest in our South it occurs every third day.

The situation facing us now is that hun-

(*Continued on page 80*)

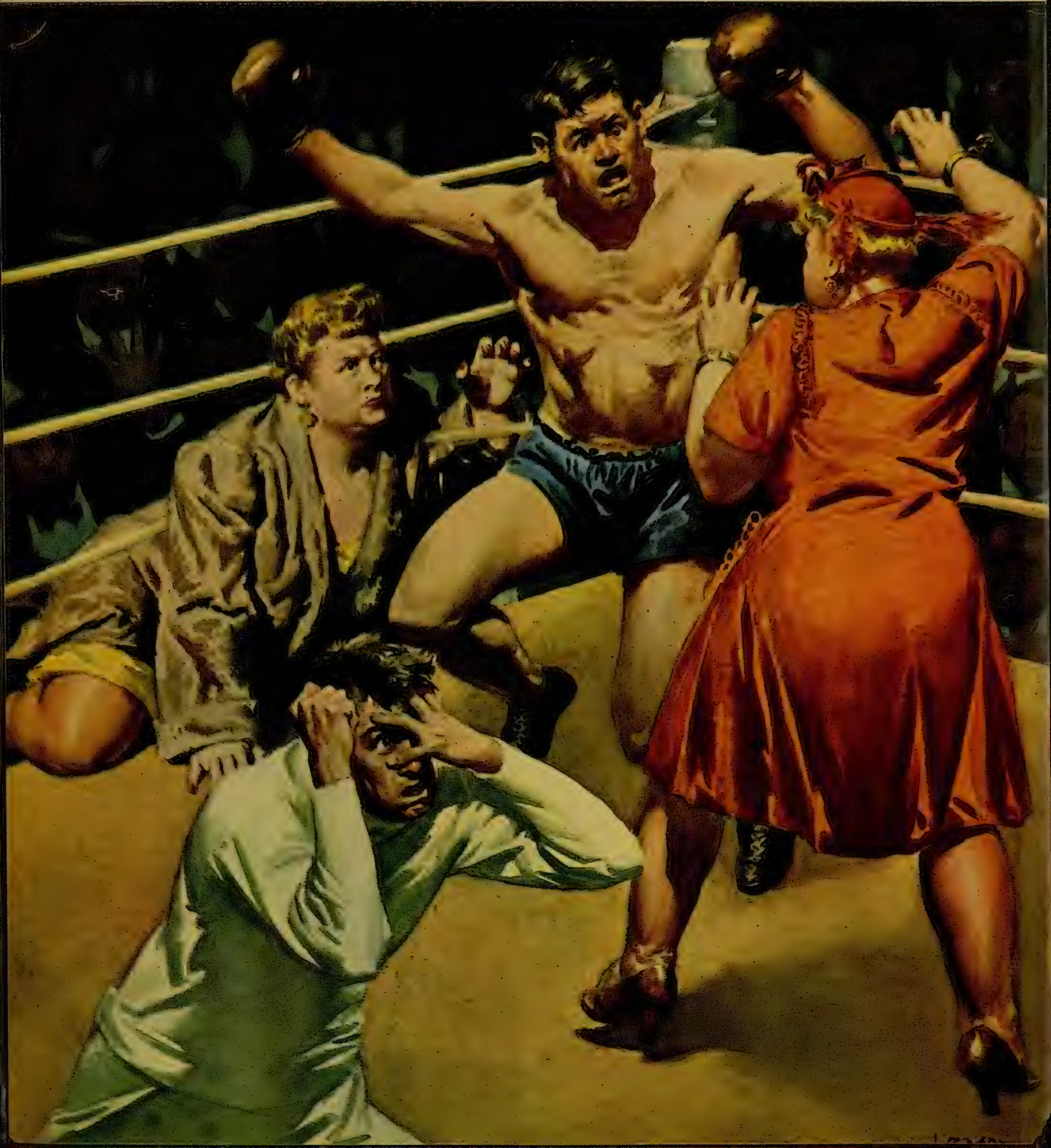
PHOTOS BY IKE VERN—PIX

In Dr. Morton C. Kahn's laboratory mosquitoes are literally fattened for the kill. Studies of their habits reveal new extermination methods.

Dr. Kahn feeds his brood on his own arm. He is in no danger because the mosquitoes have had no contact with sick persons.

Mosquitoes talk and Dr. Kahn—using this mike and sound-proof box—has recorded their rooster crow and dive-bomber bellows.

The Mental Rental



When the Army psychiatrists turned down Meatball Brown, it looked like a sad end to a promising ring career. Then the double-crossing Hex Sisters took over—and ended it with a Bang

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

"TODAY I am a man," said Meatball Brown, clumping into my office with a valise.

Right away I got suspicious. For it is not healthy for a heavyweight fighter like Meatball to get fancy ideas. Especially when he is my only meal ticket.

"Bum," I said, "who has been telling you stories?"

"Nobody. I think so myself."

Such talk from Meatball was a terrible surprise. Because thinking, with him, was against the rules. I did the thinking for both of us.

"Go back to the gym, bum," I told him. "Quick, before you get more disgusting habits."

He looked me straight in the eye but didn't budge. "Who you giving orders?"

This was plain revolution. "Meatball," I said, "what has come over you?"

He stepped up close to me and feinted with his chin. "The name ain't Meatball. It's Adelbert Bedlington Brown. Catch?"

"Since when are you somebody else?" I asked him very sarcastic.

"Since always, but starting now. I'm no more Meatball, and you're no more my boss." He drew himself up, dignified. "Today I am a man. Here's my card."

He waved it in front of my face. And the words on it read murder to my future. The card was the greeting-card kind from Uncle Whiskers.

I was so upset that I didn't know what to say. "Adelbert," I told him, "congratulations. Let me shake the hand of a hero."

He looked at my hand like it was a last week's mackerel. Then, doing a shoulder-arms with his valise, he about-faced and marched out the door mumbling, "Hup, two, three, four," until I couldn't hear him any more down the hall.

For a second I thought of chasing after him. Then I remembered that in ten minutes my daughter, Alice, the optometrist, was coming in. And with her you don't break appointments. She has red hair and green eyes and looks like a pin-up girl. But the only pin in her is the one she uses to needle people.

To me she used to do it always. And twice in spades. The first time when she married Pete, my future welterweight champ, and made him swear off beak-busting forever, after he joined the Army. The second time was when she sold Percival, the one-eyed horse, and left me with a pair of blinkers and a headache.

But last year we stopped being only relatives and became partners. It happened when Alice returned to New York for a few days from this war-plant researching job that has her running around the country.

"Alice," I said, "since you are always digging things up, maybe you know where a heavyweight is buried?"

"Certainly, daddy. In Kelly's Dime Museum on Forty-second Street."

And that's where Meatball was working fourteen hours a day as the Human Target. The way he could duck the balls without shifting a foot was wonderful. Also the way he would let them bounce off his noggin when he was tired, and not bat an eyelash.

"Pure heavyweight talent," said Alice. "Sign him up."

Solomon Kelly, who owned the joint, didn't want to let him go. But finally we talked Kelly into a sublease for five per cent. Meatball practically kissed my hand when I settled the contract.

"You saved my life," he said. "The job was killing my feet. All the time standing up fourteen hours."

This was a year ago. And Meatball had been knocking over stiffs from the start. But he never stopped being surprised at the guys he laid out.

"Money fighters is pushovers," he always said. "Not like back home in the amateurs, where I was all the time getting murdered."

I was twisting all this around in my mind when Alice bounced in. "Daddy, I have a surprise for you," she announced.

"And I got misery for both of us," I told her. "The Army just called Meatball."

"Wrong number," she answered, like it was none of her business.

"Sure," I said, "you don't care. You got a job. But me—I only got ulcers."

SHE patted me on the suspenders. "Don't worry. Meatball will be back tonight. Or at latest tomorrow. That's the most it will take to reject such a specimen."

"Reject?" I said. "Why should they reject him? He's healthy like a horse."

"Exactly. But he'll be up before psychiatrists, not veterinarians."

"Alice," I said, "I think you got something."

"I certainly have," she said. "And here it is! The contract for Meatball to fight Hercules Schultz."

I could have kissed her. For months I had been trying to get the bout. The match would put us in the big time, because this Hercules Schultz was being built up as a title contender. Much about the mug I didn't know. He had fought only in California. But he sounded like duck soup for Meatball.

"Alice," I said, "you're a wonder. Or maybe it was Cousin Clara?"

Cousin Clara works in vaudeville as a stooge for Electro the Hypnotist.

"Nothing of the sort," said Alice. "The Trust just couldn't say no to a lady."

Which meant, if you know my daughter, that the Trust couldn't get a word in.

"It's too good to be true," I told her. "Now, if only Meatball comes back, it will be perfect."

"He will," said Alice.

And he did—to his boardinghouse the next day. I banged on the door almost half an hour before he let me in.

His head turned to me very slow, like a rusty hinge, and little squeaks came out of his throat. Down his nose rolled a tear.

"Adelbert," I said, "what happened?"

"Don't call me Adelbert. The name is Meatball." He closed his eyes. "They turned me down in the Army."

"Shame on you for crying," I said. "How could you forget the home front? You still got me to fight for."

"Baldy, I can't fight no more. I am an empty shell."

"Who told you such a thing?"

"The Army doctor with the beard. The one who asked me what color was George Washington's white horse."

"What did you answer him?"

"I told him, 'How should I know? I never saw the horse.'"

"Cheer up, Meatball," I said. "The doctor never saw the horse either. That's why he asked you."

Meatball wasn't listening. It was plain this kick in the pants from the Army had really gone to his brain. It was also plain there was no use talking about Hercules Schultz now. In a couple of days, I figured, he would get over it.

A whole week passed. But instead of getting better, the bum got worse. He would not even get out of bed, except to eat. Which was nine or ten times a day, and for me very expensive.

"Meatball," I said, "I have had a bellyful. You come down to the gym tomorrow or I send you back to Kelly's Museum."

Next day Meatball dragged himself into the gym practically on his hands and knees. What he needed was a shot of applesauce in the arm.

"Meatball," I said, "the public hollers for you on the menu again. So in two weeks we are serving you up at the Arena."

He flopped into a chair. "But, Baldy, I can't fight."

"Nobody's asking you to," I told him. "This dish that you will mix with is a setup. Strictly amateur."

Meatball got very pale. "Amateurs—"

"—you don't like," I finished for him. "I know. You told me a thousand times. Back in the amateurs, you was always getting murdered by one guy. But this bum is not an amateur amateur. He is a professional amateur. Hercules Schultz."

MEATBALL shot up from his chair like from a hot seat. "That's him!" he gargled.

"Who?" I asked, catching him by the tie.

"The killer. The murderer. The Goon from Glendale!"

"Meatball," I said, "you could always really beat this Schultz. It was just your imagination stopped you."

"No," he said, "it was my stomach. All the time he murdered me in my stomach."

"Then don't worry," I said. "We will get you a pair of tights that comes up to the chin. Well, what do you say?"

"Nuts!" said Meatball, flying down the stairs.

I called Alice's hotel to give her the bad news. She was gone. At her office they told me she was out of town again.

So for twelve days I went through the same act with Meatball, and for twelve days I laid an egg. Which now, with the fight only two days off, looked like it was hatching bankruptcy. Because if Meatball didn't show up in the ring, the Trust would blacklist me for life.

Alice breezed into my office the next

(*Continued on page 66*)

Hercules jumped up from his stool. "Both of you!" he barked. "Now scram, before you pots get burned."

War was near, but far away, when USO trouper Peggy Alexander frolicked with the front-line boys.

THE FOXHOLE CIRCUIT

BY TED SHANE

Shakespeare said all the world's a stage, and the USO took it for gospel. That's why our G. I. s are getting entertainment that makes Broadway look like a tank town

"GIVE me a thousand soldiers who get a little entertainment now and then," said General Pershing during the last war, "rather than ten thousand who don't." In Pershing's war, Mademoiselle from Armentières was the USO. Today ours is the best entertained army in history.

The sight of "round" actors doing and saying American things, or of a pretty leg kicking a musicomedy script around, builds up the G. I. He laughs, cries, whistles, and wolf-calls during the show, chews it over for days after.

So V-E Day meant new turmoil for USO Camp Shows. Although 1,061 performers in 205 theatrical units were already doing their stuff overseas, the Army asked for seventy more units, including forty-four Broadway shows, to help troops in Europe forget the horrors of war and waiting. The Army also wanted a 120-per-cent increase in units for the Pacific.

To meet the order, the USO Camp Shows had to do some redeploying and barrel-scraping of its own. By sending overseas the so-called Tabloid Circuit, a miniature vaudeville show hitherto held on this continent, part of the order is being met. More volunteers are being mustered from the rest of the 2,000 USOers working around U. S. camps and hospitals. USO talent scouts are on a twenty-four-hour shift, and no act of any promise is being refused an audition. A new USO Camp Show Workshop has been opened, and if you are a personable young cutie hiding your talent behind a typewriter, you may be trained for dancing and line-reading work.

In its forty-five gyrating months, USO Camp Shows has sent some form of entertainment to every place on this globe where an American soldier is stationed, resting or fighting. About 7,500 performers have done their stuff for a total attendance of millions and millions of G. I.s—many of whom have seen several of the shows. Every type of entertainer from juggler to movie star (with entertaining legs) has hit the Foxhole Circuit. These soldiers in grease paint have performed to audiences of one in a lonely Texas sentry box; and to 8,000 in a blinding typhoon on Bougainville. They've played in 50-below temperatures along the Alcan Highway; in Sahara sandstorms; between bombings on Pantelleria. A Mr. and Mrs. Duke, members of a variety unit, gave an Easter-morning service among the whizzing bullets of the front lines of Italy early this year.

USOers have done their stuff in G. I. camp theaters, hospitals, gilded foreign opera houses, in cellars, barns, open fields not entirely cleared of mines, on trucks, ferryboats, subs, table tops and mountaintops. The picture of a man leaping into a foxhole with a tuba and crying, "I'm from the USO!" is taken from life.

One Franklin Heller, lately George S. Kaufman's right hand, and Harry Krivit, musicals man, aided by leading Broadway producers, are rushing out the Army play order. For free, the producers mount the shows from scenery building to dress rehearsals. They turn the completed package over to the USO, which does the paper work: transportation, insurance, inoculations, and the thousand-odd details global booking has thrust on show business. The USO gives them to the Army, which does the rest.

Only Broadway wows such as Dear Ruth, Arsenic and Old Lace, Our Town, Junior Miss, and Up in Central Park are being mounted. They will be top-notch, if slightly streamlined productions. Ruth Gordon's Over 21, with Helen Ford, first legitimate overseas show, went out for a tentative six months—and with much reluctance on the Army's part. It opened near Lae, New Guinea, on the Pacific Circuit, and would still be on tour but the scenery and the actors wore out. A modernized Nothing But the Truth, which panicked the last war's doughboys, is slaying them in this, with Benny Baker. Three Men on a Horse, with Sam Levene, is many months overdue because the boys won't let it go home. Mexican Hayride and Oklahoma! are out somewhere on the seven world circuits. "I'm glad I joined the Army," a G. I. wrote home. "I finally got to see Oklahoma!"

ORIGINALLY the Army frowned on plays. A large cast, heavy furniture and scenery make cumbersome plane luggage. Broadway solved the problem. Mexican Hayride went out with its Broadway cast of 107 cut down to sixteen, including ten dancing-line reading gals. The dyed scenery collapsed into suitcases; the prop crate broke in two and became twin beds, a tortilla stand, and park benches. Mike Todd's current smasheroo, Up in Central Park, now being readied, will be cut into a tasteful cameo. The cast of eighty-five telescopes to twenty-eight, several actors tripling in brass. An hour has been taken from the two and a half hours of playing time. Two hundred costumes have shrunk to seventy-one and a half—the half presumably Gypsy Rose Lee's.

On Broadway, Up in Central Park cost $230,000; the G. I. version will come to about $13,500. USO puts up a flat sum. Todd, as usual, is paying the difference. Incidentally, you're a backer of this show, as of the rest. Every American who contributes to the USO automatically becomes an angel.

For risking life, limb, and prosperity, the actor, no matter how famous, gets $100 a week. In hardship cases, a contract for a little more may be negotiated. The Crosbys, Bob Hopes, Leo Durochers, and Mischa Elmans donate their services except for a ten-dollar-a-day expense account. Thus an unknown gal dancer will be getting $100 a week, while a Martha Raye on the same show will be snagging bare expenses.

Ever since USO Camp Shows was known as the Citizens Committee (show business volunteers) the Variety Unit has been the backbone of G. I. entertainment. When we exchanged old destroyers for new bases, the Citizens Committee became the USO, and in October, 1941, the Army provided a B-18 transport christened the Flying Showboat. In it were crowded Mitzi Mayfair, Jane Pickens, Ray Bolger, Laurel and

(*Continued on page 87*)

As Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz amply demonstrated, the boys love "long-hair" stuff.

When Margie Liszt came to this Alaskan hospital, bed 28 became box seat 28.

Gertrude Brieffer stops the show with this number in a Newfoundland hospital mess hall.

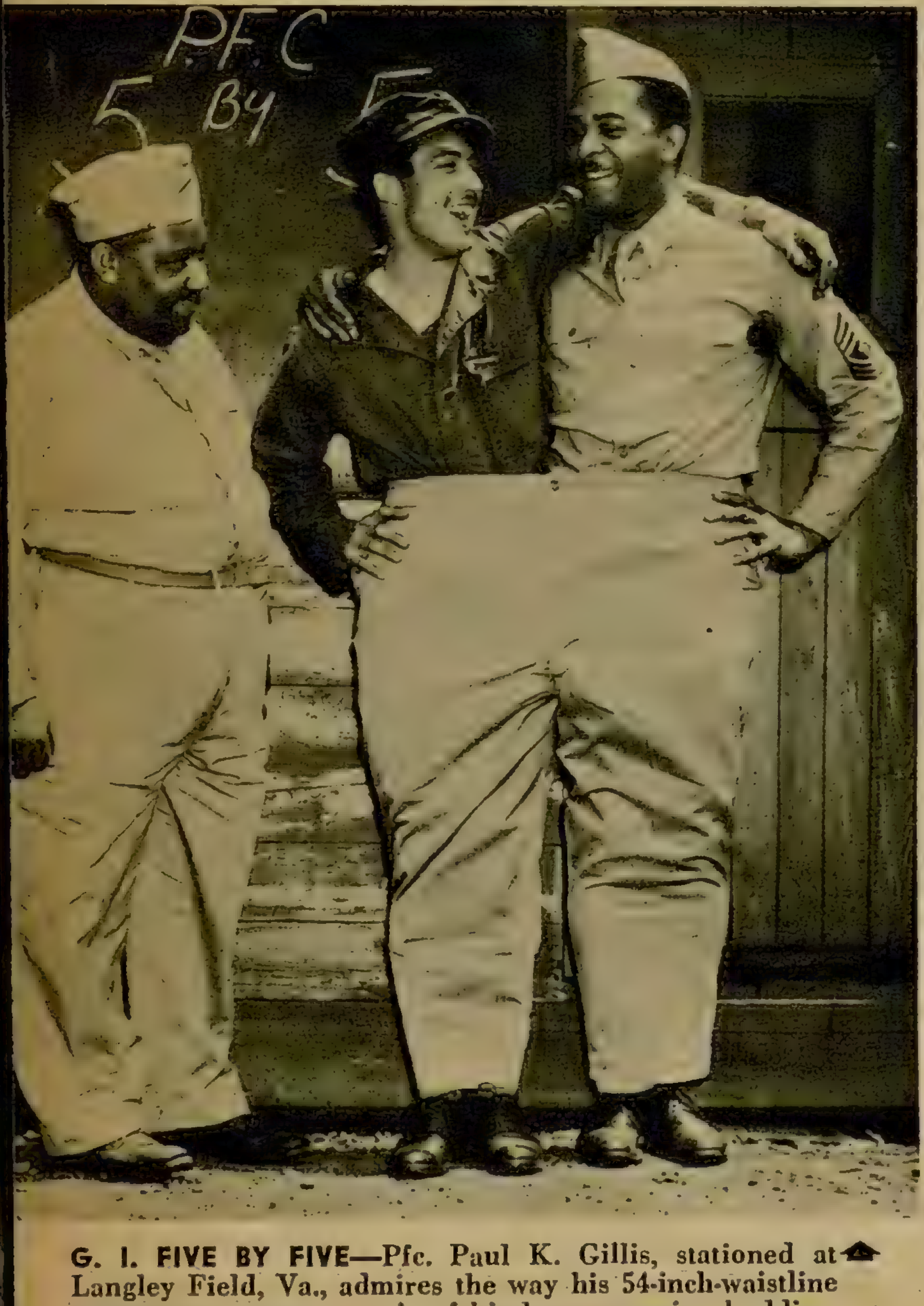
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

RETRIEVER—Here's the leg-weary lad the West Pointers hire to bring back the caps they toss so high at graduation exercises.

BAGGAGE SMASHER—En route to the Salt Lake City zoo, this polar bear burst from his cage in a freight car and feasted on rabbits, fruitcake, and eggs before his keeper, with broom, maneuvered him into another and more secure crate.

TREASURE HUNT—Canadian engineers put their mine detectors to peacetime use in Holland when they helped this Dutch couple find their cache of $25,000 in gems, buried when the Germans swarmed in.



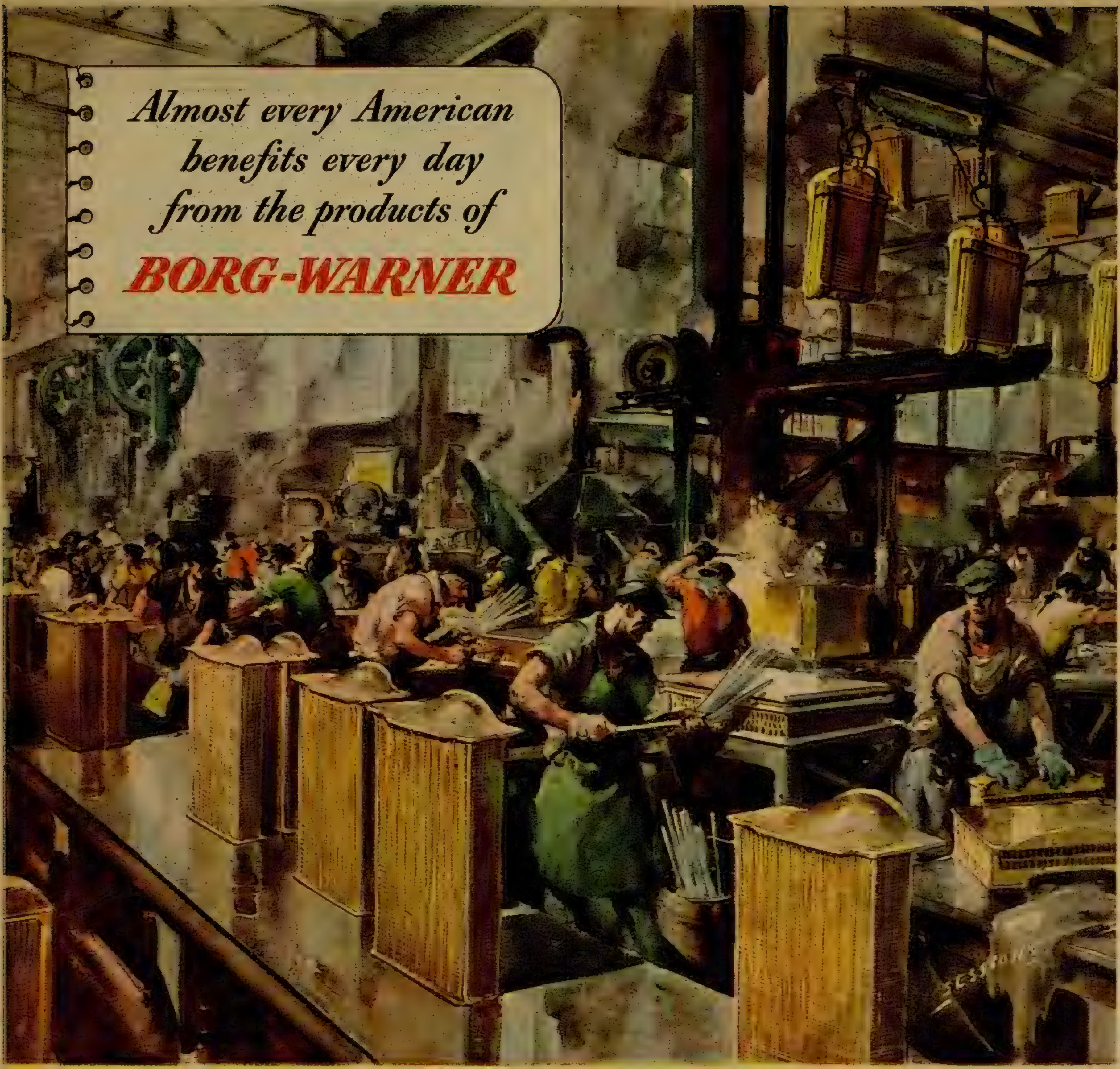
G. I. FIVE BY FIVE—Pfc. Paul K. Gillis, stationed at Langley Field, Va., admires the way his 54-inch-waistline trousers encompass a pair of his less expansive buddies.

WHAT'S THE SCORE HERE?—Germans on Crete remain armed against reprisal. Here, as a Heinie sentry checks a Britisher's papers, you'd think the Nazis had won the war.

A BOYHOOD DREAM COMES TRUE—Washington, D. C., inspectors smash 20,000 undersized milk bottles in the freight car that will haul the wreckage away. Masks protect the wrecking crew against slivers.

UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED—Pfc. Eddie Glacken of Washington, D. C., makes up for the Christmas he spent on a troopship.

V FOR VICTORIOUS—This symmetrical formation, chosen top ten among Hollywood models, will help to embellish a picture called The Stork Club. Hence the insignia displayed here so effectively.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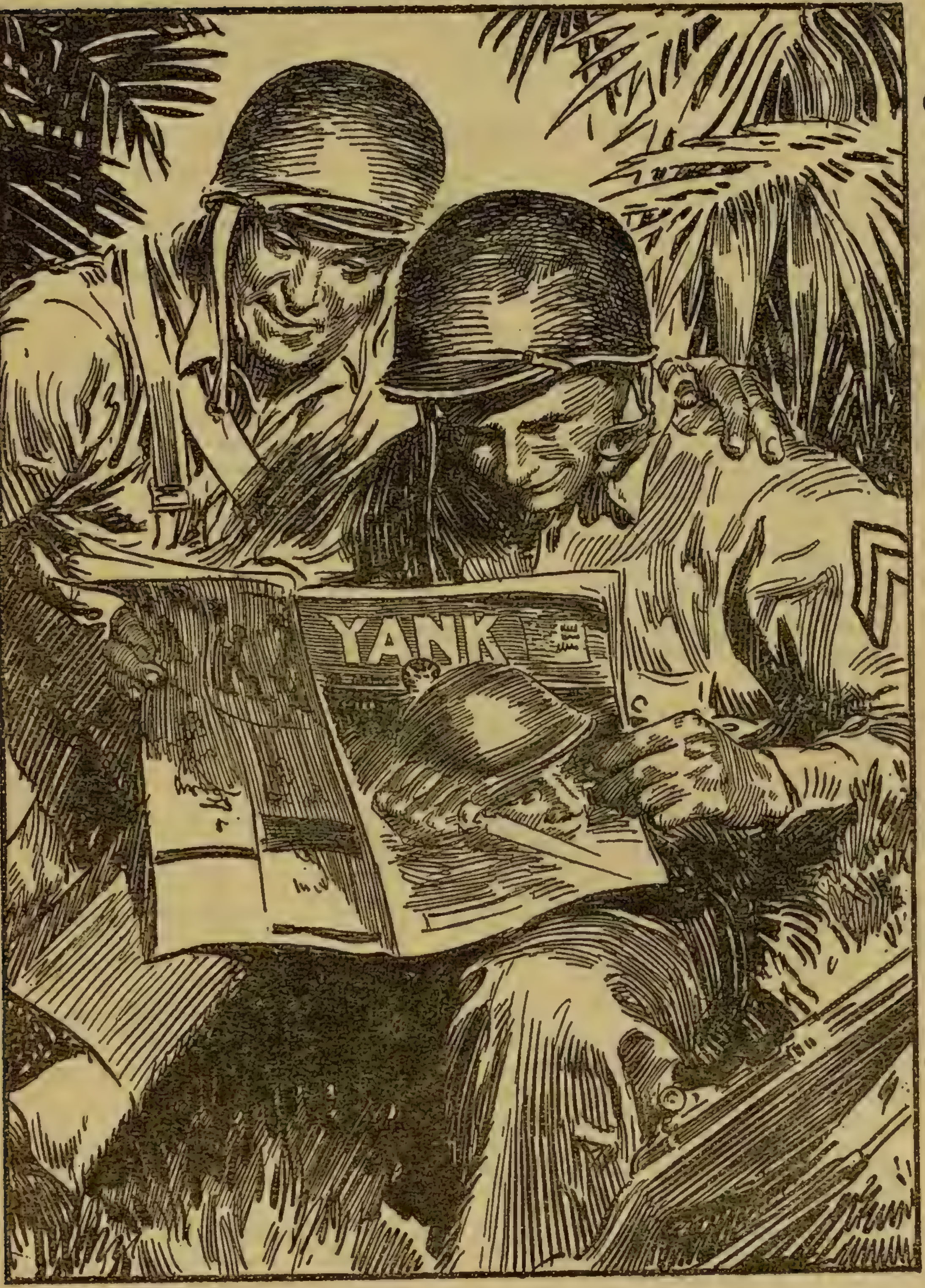
The best from YANK

The Army Weekly



This brilliant collection of G. I. writings established an immediate beachhead on the best-seller list. Yank is the soldiers' own magazine, the repository of their experiences, their gripes, and their astringent humor, in the presence of which no phoniness or pretense can flourish.

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE SERGEANT AND HIS ADAM'S APPLE START A SENSATION IN CHINA

By Sgt. Marion Hargrove

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—Their post is hundreds of miles off any beaten track, and they don't see even an American plane more than once a month or so. There's only a handful of them, with three or four officers. Neither the town nor the hostel offers anything in the way of amusement. There's no radio, no newspapers, not even an occasional G. I. movie.

"What do you do for entertainment around here, besides wearing out that checkerboard over there?" I asked.

A corporal replied, "We get along. We go shopping in the evenings."

"And we 'make face' with the Chinese," said a sergeant.

This sounded intriguing in a dull sort of way, and since the corporal intended to go to town that night in search of a package of envelopes he had no hope of finding, I decided to tag along.

We passed a couple of Chinese theaters and stopped to see what pictures were showing. There was a double feature at one house—an ancient film starring Jessie Matthews, the British actress, and The Return of the Cisco Kid.

"We might see the Jessie Matthews picture and The Cisco Kid," I suggested; but the corporal and sergeant both turned thumbs down. "You wouldn't hear the thing," they explained. "The pictures probably have Chinese subtitles, and when you get a whole house full of the townspeople reading the subtitles aloud to each other, you wouldn't be able to hear even the fire siren."

The only thing left was to go in search of the non-

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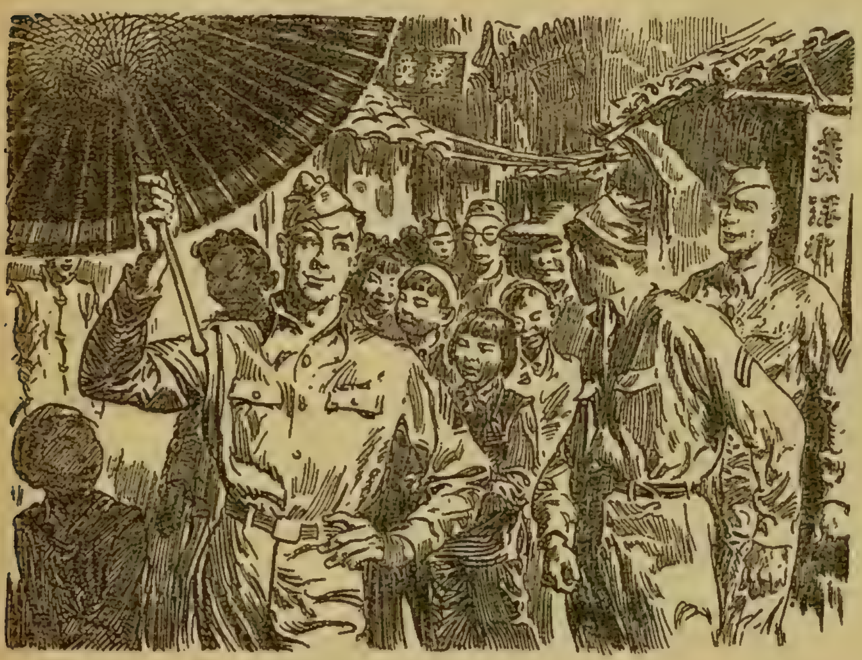
existent envelopes and attend to the little matter of "face making."

The corporal explained that his command of the Mandarin language was extensive, so he did all the talking. At the first shop we entered there were a number of Chinese envelopes, the kind with the bright red rectangle for the address. After the usual greeting—*"Hao pu hao,"* which literally means "good not good" and passes for "How are you?"—the corporal started his palaver by pointing to the envelopes.

"En lai kan kan," he said. This is very good Mandarin and means "Pick up bring see see." The shopkeeper picked up brought see see. The corporal looked sadly at the envelopes and shook his head. *"Ni yu mei yu melkua—?"* he said. This was all right as far as it went; it meant "Haven't you got any American—?" but he got stuck when he came to the word for envelopes.

"That," said the corporal, "is a helluva note."

While all this was going on, accompanied by urgent gestures by the corporal, the sergeant was busy outside "making face" with the Chinese. By this time there were about fifty village children staring and giggling at him.



"Ni kan ni kan," said the sergeant, expressing in beautiful Mandarin the command, "You see, you see." The sergeant pointed to his throat, from which protruded a large but decorous Adam's apple. The children gawked attentively and the sergeant swallowed hard, with a loud and musical gulp. His Adam's apple slid down his throat and rose majestically again, to await a repeat performance.

The children gasped and burst into roars of wonderment and joy. The performing larynx moved beautifully up and down, making a tuneful gulp with each downward glide, and the children grew tense with excitement. Several of them tried to do the trick themselves, but, not having Adam's apples, were unsuccessful.

Now the corporal emerged from the shop, looked with solemn severity over the crowd, and began to wave his finger at child after child as he chanted the mystic phrase: "Meeny, meeny, tipsy teeny." Then, with great dignity, "Applejack and Johnny Sweeney. Have a peach, have a plum, have a stick of chewing gum!" The corporal's finger flew at a frightened little Chinese face and the other children shrieked with relief and enjoyment. The corporal swung toward them once more. "O-U-T spells out and out you go, you dirty old dishrag, you!"

The sergeant opened his umbrella and pushed it gently through the crowd, which now numbered at least 150 children and a few scattered adults. We headed down the street and the crowd fell in behind us like a parade. The sergeant began to swing the umbrella the way a drum major twirls his baton, to the immense delight of the children, their parents, and a couple of white foreigners who applauded loudly. Away we went.

At the next shop, the sergeant inquired for envelopes, while the corporal "made face" with the townspeople. This time he changed his routine by hotly winking one eye, which is apparently impossible for the Chinese to do, and by wiggling his eyebrows rather furiously.

The crowd had swelled to 225 as we headed for the river. They left us at the bridge, and we entered a tea boat for refreshments. "I've heard a lot about 'making face,'" I said over our third cup of tea. "Is that what it is?"

"That's all there is to it," said the corporal.

"You know," said the sergeant, "I've been out here only three months, but they say after you've been here a year or so, you start turning a little wacky." The corporal answered, "That's all imagination. Like as not, China won't have any effect one way or another on either of us."

"No," I said rather weakly, "not a chance." I got the hell out of there the next day.

THE NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

By Sgt. Newton H. Fulbright

With the Fifth Army in Italy—Perhaps some busy somebody has taken care of the matter—I haven't been able to read anything much lately—but in case it hasn't been done, I think the New York subway system should receive proper credit for its part in the war here in Italy.

I first came across this curious connection of the venerable and undramatic subway with the war one morning shortly after daylight on the beaches of Paestum. I was standing behind an Italian farmhouse a little undecided about things. A German M34 machine gun had been chattering a little while before across a corn patch, and I was supposed to go in that direction. I was sitting there thinking about things when a little Italian farmer came up and started speaking English.

The Germans had gone, he said, up the road they had gone.

"Thanks," I said. "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"I work for the New York subway system five years," he said.

Later in the afternoon a few of us from L Company and M Company plodded up the 3,500-foot slope of Mount Soprano, overlooking the beach. A battery of 88s had rained concentrated hell on us from the mountain since daylight.

Nearing the town of Capaccio, we slowed up a little. Red communication wire, Jerry's sure trail, led around the mountain, where the forward observer had been, and along the rugged winding road to Capaccio, where the 88s were supposed to be. We didn't know what was in front of us, so we moved along cautiously.

Then an Italian came out of a farmhouse and told us all about it.

"They've gone—all gone! Run away to the east. They all been drunk all afternoon."

He had worked for the New York subway five years.

I met a Boston subway worker a night or two later.

Some of us had taken a patrol into Trentinara just to see if there were any Germans in the place. I found myself walking up a main street as dark as deep-land sorghum syrup and as crooked as the stick held by the crooked man who walked a crooked mile in the nursery rhyme. And the place was not only dark; it seemed completely deserted. Our artillery had been shelling the town and the natives had mostly taken to the hills.

I nosed along, followed by a few G. I.s who didn't like the situation and plainly said so. Suddenly an Italian stepped out of a dark alley with outstretched hand and said "Hello."

We had quite a conversation there in the dark street. Other Italians crept out of hiding timidly, and presently there was a small crowd of us talking and laughing.

The Germans had all gone. They had left the day before, eighteen of them, dressed in civilian clothes.

"They throw away their guns, they go northeast," one man said, pointing to a mountain. Tall and wistful and white in the daytime, it reminded me somehow of the Chrysler Building in New York. "No more Germans left in this whole country. The shepherds come in from the hills and report all Germans fleeing," he said.

He wanted to talk more about Boston (he had helped build the Boston subway) and Brookline and all those Back Bay places.

Some days later, when I managed to escape from the Germans about 100 miles behind their lines, I had the courage to stop at an Italian farmhouse largely because I remembered these incidents and the New York subway system.

I had been captured with five of my men while on reconnaissance behind enemy lines on September 14 at the bloody battle of Altavilla. Five days later I made my escape and started back in the night toward our lines, far to the south.

Jerry was all over the country but principally on the highways, trying to withdraw his tremendous, ponderous equipment to new positions north of the Volturno River. I stumbled across country, dodging villages and dogs. Dogs sailed out every so often, yelping and howling. The moon was down. I was glad for that, and yet it was a hindrance. I was always bumping into things. Once I suddenly discovered I was walking down the principal street of a village, but I was able to back out of the place without being discovered.

After a few of these mishaps, I decided to travel by day.

I picked out a nice-looking farmhouse a couple of miles west of a village, and crawled into a strawstack to wait for morning.

The old lady who saw me first was scared out of her wits. She dashed for the doorway while I stood in the yard trying to smile and wiping wheat straw out of my beard.

In the farmhouse I discovered that no one could speak English. The farmer couldn't, his wife couldn't, his mother couldn't, his sister couldn't, and neither could his three little daughters or a boy whose mother was dead.

I'd say something in Spanish or English or a mixture of both, and they'd just shake their heads and laugh. I would shake hands with every one again, point at myself and say like a bright Fuller brush man, *"Americano! Americano* and *Italiano* [stepping hard on the *ano*] friends! Good! *Bueno!"*

SUDDENLY someone entered the door.

I turned and faced a bulky heavy-set Italian with a red important-looking face, who held a pistol within a few inches of my stomach.

This should have been serious. Yet I wanted to laugh. The pistol was so small it looked like a cap pistol, and it was so completely covered with rust that I doubted whether it would fire at all. I stood there while the heavy fellow went through my trouser pockets. He hauled out the few items I possessed: a broken pencil, a fountain pen, a notebook, a billfold containing three genuine American gold-seal ten-dollar bills, and a picture of my girl.

After that he sat down on a little stool and put the pistol in his hip pocket. He didn't seem to know just what else to do.

Then an old Italian with proud graying mustache entered the door.

"Gooda de mornin'!"

"Good morning!" I shouted. I jumped up and grabbed him by the arm and started shaking hands as though I were an Elk meeting a fellow Elk in Amarillo. "But where in hell did you learn to speak English?"

"I work seventeen years for the New York subway system," he said. And from that moment on I was a firm believer in the New York subway.

We sat down and talked a long time. I got rid of my G. I. clothes and got into a ragged civilian shirt and trousers.

That night the mayor of the town and other influential Italians called on me.

One of them, a miller, pulled a yellowed sheet of paper out of his pocket and showed me an honorable discharge from the U. S. Army, dated 1918.

"I lived in New York before the war," he said. "I was a doorman for the New York subway system."

He opened his mouth and started shouting the names of the stations. After that he sang songs that had been popular during the last war: Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning and Are You from Dixie? I remembered my aunt singing that one years ago.

I hid in the farmhouse for five days. Meanwhile the British Eighth Army was driving up rapidly from the south. When the flash of artillery could be seen plainly in the mountains and when the rumble sounded loud, like spring thunder in Texas, I headed out for the wars again.

It was tough going; I was sixteen days getting inside our lines. And—well, there were other former employees of the New York and Boston subway system along the road, or I probably wouldn't have made it.

So my hat is off to the New York subway system. *Viva* the New York subway system, a great institution!

JILTED G. I.s IN INDIA ORGANIZE FIRST BRUSH-OFF CLUB

By Sgt. Ed Cunningham

At a U. S. Bomber Base, India—For the first time in military history, the mournful hearts have organized. The Brush-Off Club is the result, in this land of sahibs and saris; as usual, it is strictly G. I.

Composed of the guys whose gals back home have decided "a few years is too long to wait," the club has only one purpose—to band together for mutual sympathy. They meet weekly to exchange condolences and cry in their beer while telling each other the mournful story of how "she wouldn't wait."

The club has a "chief crier," a "chief sweater," and a "chief consoler." Initiation fee is one broken heart or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Applicants must be able to answer appropriately the following questions:

1. Has she written lately?
2. Do her letters say she misses you and is willing to wait, no matter how long?
3. Does she reminisce about the "grand times we had together, and the fun we'll have when you come back"?
4. Does she mention casually the fellows she is dating now?

Membership in the club is divided between "active members" and "just sweating members"—the latter being guys who can't believe that no news is good news.

Members are required to give each other the needle—*i. e.*, full sympathy—for all active members; encourage "hopeful waiting" in the just sweating members. Bylaws state: "As we are all in the 'same transport,' we must provide willing shoulders to cry upon and join fervently in all wailing and weeping."

One of the newest members of the club was unanimously voted to charter membership because of the particular circumstances of his case. He recently got a six-page letter from his fiancée back in Texas: "I was married last week, but my husband won't mind you writing to me occasionally. He's a sailor and very broad-minded."

This G. I., so magnanimously scorned, is now regarded as fine presidential timber.

Present officers of the club, all of whom are active torch carriers, are: Cpl. Henry W. Asher, Jr., New Orleans, La., president; Pvt. Francis M. McCreery, Marshall, Mo., vice-president; Cpl. John McConnell, Garden Grove, Calif., chief crier; S/Sgt. George M. Lehman, Bozeman, Mont., assistant chief crier; Sgt. John Crow, San Jose, Calif., chief sweater; and Lt. Richard L. Weiss, Milwaukee, Wis., chief consoler.

WHAT DO WE THINK OF THE BRITISH?

By Sgt. Burgess Scott

Cairo—The medium-sized figure of this story is the average buck private I've met in the British Desert Army—British in this case meaning the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. He's got a sun-browned face and hands, and he comes from England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

His speech is naturally the first thing that strikes you, but after a few weeks or a month you're able to place him, like you'd place a man from Georgia or Maine. You can walk up and say, "You're from the Midlands" or "from Scotland."

You're just about used to his speech when you realize that he doesn't speak much. He's a quiet man. When he says, "I'll lay on a lorry," he doesn't mean he's going for a nap. He means "I'll go rustle up a truck."

After you talk a while you find that, although he's pretty well up on his British Isles and has a speaking acquaintance with the rest of the Empire, he knows less than a Brooklynite about the outside world. He's not quite certain whether Alaska is one of the forty-eight states of the Union or whether the Grand Canyon is the title of a Hollywood film. And he wants to know if all our girls are like movie stars.

You try to learn something about his country and soon find he hasn't the average American's yen for politics. He's just not interested in the doings of statesmen.

He's a good cook. He can take some tin cans, a pile of sand, and a pint of gas and do swell things to a can of bully or M. & V. And he is a wow at brewing tea, which he can prepare and drink while you think that there isn't time.

He's kindhearted. He shows that in his dealings with the inhabitants of any country in which war places him. In the desert he'll take time to give biscuits and bully to a needy Arab, and he'll take in any pie-dog that hangs around his bivvy.

He's not worried about sex to the extent of letting it get him down. He hasn't the Ities' mobile passion; rather, he's marking time for better days. Given the chance, he's handy with his nights off.

For a man who hails from a verdant land, he takes to the desert uncommonly well. A quart of water will, if necessary, last him for two days. But even when water is plentiful, you never see him take a drink of it straight, no matter how much you watch him. His tea and his beer—when he can get them—evidently provide enough liquid for his system. He can go for hours without sleep and not show it. When he does get a chance for some shuteye, he doesn't appear really to relish it. He just disappears into his bivvy and emerges several hours later looking no better—or worse—for his rest.

Watching him soak up his arid hardship, you get an impression that nothing ruffles his military calm.

Which is correct so long as you don't try to chisel him out of his rights. But try to put anything over on him, and you have a righteous uproar on your hands. In the desert, for example, a man's bivvy is his castle and shall not be invaded. You can't turn him out of it, but he'll step outside any night of the week and give you his bed if you're in a jam.

He writes reams of bad poetry on two subjects, home and the desert, which he mails to his service paper.

The poems about Britain are noble and nostalgic; the poems about the desert are not usually complimentary to that section of the earth. Both types carry on in a rather bumpy meter guaranteed to leave his editor with a headache. When not writing a poem, he's writing a letter to find out why his last one wasn't used.

He's brave under fire. He doesn't dash to the top of the rise among the bullets to wave a Union Jack in Jerry's face. His is a calm valor, as displayed by the member of the Durham Light Infantry who stayed by his gun with one arm blown off and fired on till he fell dead.

He's brave with a bullet in his guts or a leg left behind. If the pain gets too great, he breaks down like any man will, but you have to lean close to hear it. Recently a hospital orderly picked up a letter to mail for a wounded man. It read: "Dear Dad: I'm knocked about a bit, but I'll be all right. Don't worry." That guy had an arm off and an eye out. Tommy's like that.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER

By Bernard Dryer, PhM3c

"I don't object so much to what you're doing, Church," Chief Williams said. "It's who you're doing it to." He rubbed his cigarette out and looked through the shifting planes of smoke at the younger chief across the desk. "Hell, I'm not trying to mess with your job—you can have the lousy personnel office. But this don't go so good."

Chief Church tilted slowly back in his chair and ran one thin hand back over his hair. He had admired this gesture of calm controlled power when he had been a first mate under Lt. (j. g.) Bronson; now that he had the rocker under the eagle on his arm, and the all-metal swivel chair with it, he had adopted the movement without recalling its source. He was fond of telling his roommate that even though he had never been to college, no one would guess the fact just by watching him. Not that he wanted stuff on his shoulders—hell, he had enough responsibility now for two men—but it was kind of good to know he could keep up a smooth front like any junior gold braid.

"What do you want me to do, Williams," he said quietly, "cry over this guy Harvey?"

"Don't cry," said Williams. "Just give him a break."

"He's due for night duty, isn't he?"

"Sure he is. But you don't give a guy thirty nights in a row and no leave. Not when he goes overseas the thirty-first day."

"The hell you say. To me the guy is a brick labeled third mate. He can replace any brick with the same label. That's policy and it's plain common sense." Church liked his last statement. I can use good English with the best of them, he thought.

"Church, I don't know whether to be sorry for you or sore."

"Sorry I annoy you, sir."

"Bricks, labels—where did you pick up that kind of talk?"

"Relax, admiral, relax."

"How can I, with you rocking back and forth stroking your hair?"

"All right, go ahead, get personal. I had to make the decision, so I made it."

CHIEF WILLIAMS blew the air out of his lungs in one long blubber sound and dropped his hands on his knees. "Church, listen. The guy is married. Him and his wife, they're just like that together."

"When you guys with hash marks up to the elbow get sentimental, you're the worst of all. Are you a wet nurse or a chief petty officer?"

"I go for the word chief. You sort of lean toward petty."

"What's eating you, Williams! I never seen you like this before! What's Harvey's wife got to do with it?" Church had a picture of Harvey's wife in his mind: she was probably pretty in a sort of high-tone way.

"The Old Man likes to see people get a couple days off before going overseas," Williams was saying. "You're getting ten days off yourself. Give the boy at least a week-end."

Church spread one hand out on the desk before him, slowly opening his fingers, admiring the long slender fingers and the clean short nails. "It's a rule," he said, "and you know it. If you go on nights, you stay on thirty days. And I don't call him a boy, Williams. He's as old as I am."

Harvey came striding into the office. Church noted with satisfaction the brittle little smile on his face. So many of them came in with armor on, but boy, oh boy, how fast they cracked! That's why it was better to call them up to the office instead of telling them by phone. He leaned back in his chair. He lit a cigarette with the cool competent carelessness of a woman putting on lipstick before going downstairs to a tiresome party.

"How goes the battle, Chief?" Harvey said.

That was one thing Church frankly disliked about these guys who had been to college. They always had something to say. Always an answer or a bright remark. He rocked in his chair a little and stroked his hair with his free hand, thoughtfully contracting his brows into a serious mask of dutiful concentration.

"How do you like your job down there, Harvey?" he asked. This was the regular opening. If they said they liked it, they were vulnerable to a change. If they said they didn't, they invited a change. In either case they risked getting something worse.

"Oh, I like it so-so," answered Harvey. "Why?"

"What college did you go to, Harvey?" It always threw a smart bird off his stride when you kept changing the tack of your questions.

Harvey looked at him. Slowly he broke into a grin. "What is this," he asked, "a gag? What do I do now, write some memos for the skipper?"

Chief Williams took out a pack of cigarettes and thrust it at Harvey. "Grab one and take a load off your feet, Harvey," he said. "God's right hand is playing chess with you."

"What am I," Harvey asked, "a knight or a pawn?"

Church didn't like Harvey's kind of talk because you were never too sure what it meant, so he interrupted with: "Maybe you'll say no if I ask you to write some memos, huh? You turned me down on a little job last week."

"Why, hell, Church, you wanted me to work as plumber's helper. I'm busy as six people in that lab. I thought the Navy wanted to use men at their top skill unquote."

A few small beads of perspiration had formed just below Harvey's hairline, and he wiped these off with one fingertip. He leaned over to light his cigarette from the match Williams held out between cupped palms. "Thanks," he said to Williams, exhaling the smoke in a great cloud. "Well, Church, I smell the dirty end of a stick."

Church's face fell into its frown of official concentration. He told Harvey about going overseas and the thirty days of night duty and ended with: "I'm sorry, but that's how it is."

Harvey was looking straight at him when he said slowly, "You're sorry, but that's how it is."

"Take it easy, Harvey," Church said.

"And you don't have two hundred men in those barracks to replace me, do you?"

"If you were a second mate, Harvey, you couldn't be moved except on Bureau orders. But you're not, so you're on the draft."

"To hell with the draft, Church! I don't mind going so much. It's going without seeing my wife."

"You're in the Navy, mate."

Harvey got up. There was a moment of silence. Church opened his Clear-Vu personnel index file with a slight rattle to indicate the interview was finished.

Harvey leaned across the desk and said in a husky low voice, "If we ever meet in civilian clothes, Church, I'll beat your face in."

"What'll you do, chum?" Church snarled. "Hit me with one of them volumes of Shakespeare?"

Chief Williams took Harvey's elbow and said, "What do you say to a beer? Broke as I am, I'll let you buy me one."

Harvey continued staring at Church. "Church," he said, "I'd see a psychiatrist if I were you."

Church jumped to his feet. "Get out of here!" he shouted. "Get your goddam smart talk the hell away from my office!"

Harvey shook his elbow free of Chief Williams' grip, then he turned and walked out. Chief Williams looked at Church once and followed him.

For a moment Church stood there feeling a little fire dance in his chest. Then he pulled out the comb that clipped on the lining of his breast pocket and went over to the small steel mirror on the wall. He noticed with surprise that his hand was shaking a little as he combed his hair.

GREAT DAY

By Cpl. Len Zinberg

Italy—Cpl. Robert Stenker was a quiet, mild-mannered man, about thirty-four, with thin blond hair and soft brown eyes. He was just beginning to get a little stomach. On the morning of June 6 he came into the S-2 tent and sat down behind his typewriter, humming to himself. The invasion had started; it was a very fine morning.

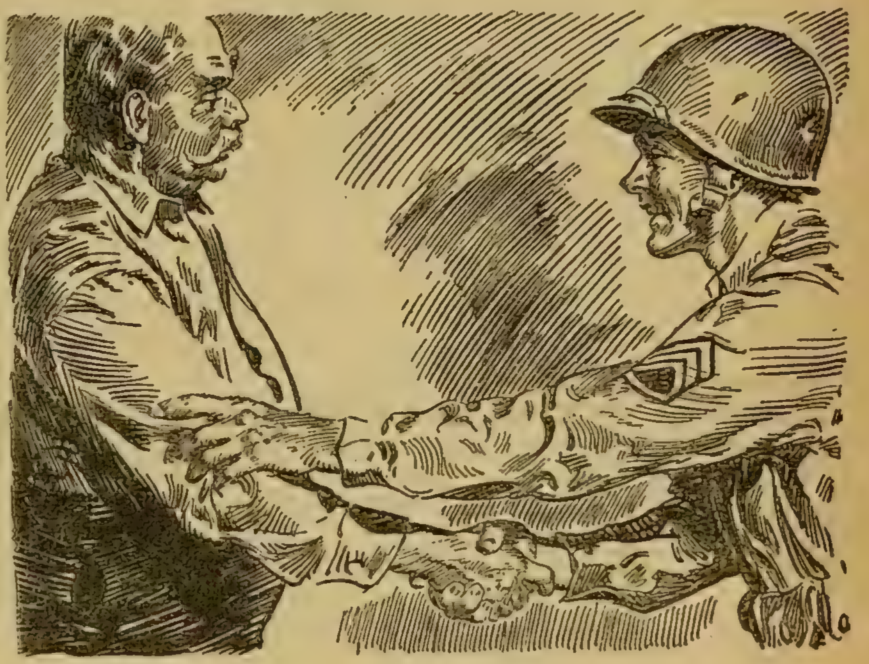
At exactly 0845, 2d Lt. Joseph Hillard stepped into the tent. Cpl. Stenker jumped to his feet and saluted. Lt. Hillard gave him a very snappy salute in return. In all Italy this was probably the only tent in which an officer was saluted at the start of the day; but as the lieutenant often said, "I'm not a stickler for rules and regulations, nor do I believe in being too G. I. However, some Army traditions must be upheld. So you salute me once every morning, and we'll let it go at that."

Lt. Hillard was neat and trim, as lean and hard as any twenty-one-year-old boy should be. He had clean-cut features, a small fierce dark mustache and a crisp elocution-class way of speaking. He sat down behind his field desk and asked, "Anything new this morning, corporal?"

Cpl. Stenker said, "Of course, sir, you heard the invasion had started?"

Lt. Hillard jumped up in his chair and banged the desk with his fist. "By God, no?" For a moment he stared at the corporal in thoughtful silence. "So they've done it! Of course you know what this means?"

"Why, it means the end of the war is in sight," Cpl. Stenker said happily. "I've been overseas twenty-three months. I'll be glad to get home, see my wife, and get a job."



"A job?" Lt. Hillard repeated slowly. "Corporal, have you had many jobs?"

"Quite a few," Cpl. Stenker said, filing his reports. "Of course I had the usual run of small jobs. But I was sales manager for an electrical concern for several years. Got married then. I was twenty-four."

"I suppose marriage is quite a responsibility?"

"Yes and no. If you make decent dough, you don't have much trouble. I was getting seventy-five a week then. I worked as an office manager for about a year; that only paid sixty a week. I've worked as a salesman, and once I wrote copy for ads. Just before the war I managed a direct-mail advertising concern. Going rather well. I'll probably return to it."

"Sound like decent jobs," the lieutenant said, lighting a cigarette. He always lit his cigarettes with a neat brisk movement. "I suppose most jobs pay around fifty a week?"

"Maybe in boom times. About thirty is average."

"Thirty isn't much, when you have to consider rent and food," Lt. Hillard said.

"You certainly have to take those items into account. Clothes, too."

"I suppose this sounds strange," Lt. Hillard said, "but I've never had a job. I was in my second year at college, taking a B. A., when I came into the Army and went to O. C. S. Civilian life will be quite a change. Don't think I'll go back to college. Too old. Have to look for a job."

Lt. Hillard smoked his cigarette and read a bulletin. Then he put that down and said, "So the invasion's started. I guess it's about time." He suddenly blew out a big cloud of smoke and killed his cigarette. "Bob," he said, "working in civilian life—I mean, getting a good job—it's about the same as the Army, isn't it? I mean, if a man could advance in the Army, he ought to—you know."

Cpl. Stenker was about to say it was pretty much the same, especially if you worked for a big concern. But he looked over at Lt. Hillard, noticed the tenseness in the lieutenant's face, and said casually, "No, I'm afraid it isn't, sir. I should say it was very much different. The Army is one thing, a civilian job another."

"I suppose so," Lt. Hillard said weakly.

"Yes, it's quite different," the corporal said.

Lt. Hillard opened a War Department letter and read it absently. Cpl. Stenker went on filing reports. He puffed on his cigar slowly, blowing out thin smoke rings. It's a fine day, he thought—first the invasion and now Lt. Hillard.

PALESTINE EXPRESS

By Pvt. Irwin Shaw

Tel Aviv, Palestine—The train for Palestine pulled out of Cairo station slowly, to the accompaniment of wailing shrieks from the platform peddlers selling lemonade, cold coffee, and pornographic literature.

The train was long and crowded, and it had seen better days. It had been standing in the wild Egyptian sun all morning, and it had a very interesting smell.

It carried Englishmen, Scots, Welshmen, Palestinians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Australians, Americans, French, Senussi, Bantus, Senegalese; it carried Egyptian civilians, Arab civilians, Palestinian civilians; it carried generals, colonels, lieutenants, sergeants, and privates—and it carried bugs. The generals and lieutenants it carried first class. The sergeants it carried second class. The privates it carried third class. The bugs it carried all classes.

It didn't travel fast. A good strong man in the prime of life, who did not smoke too much, could have jumped out and trotted beside it without too much trouble from Cairo to Lydda. It stopped for coal, it stopped for water, it stopped every time a barge appeared somewhere on one of the hundreds of canals we crossed, it stopped every time the tracks ran near two palm trees growing within fifty yards of each other, for that constitutes a settlement in this part of the world.

When it stopped, hundreds of Egyptians of all ages would spring up, selling pale round watermelons, dirty bunches of grapes, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, and warm lemon soda right out of the Nile. The merchandising was carried on in hurried shrill yells, like a girls' dormitory after lights out, and your salesman was likely to disappear suddenly in mid-purchase as the local policeman came into view, snapping a long bull whip over slow calves and buttocks.

The third-class cars were built by firm believers in the Spartan life for the common man. They spurned straw, springs, leather. Everything was made out of good solid wood, at stern right angles with more good solid wood. Every seat was taken and there were packs, rifles, musette bags, and piles of canned apricots all over the aisles.

In my end of the car there was a general confusion of British Tank Corps men, returning to their units from the hospital in Cairo, and six Indians who made themselves very much at home, setting up camp in all available space and preparing and eating their native dishes from 3 P. M. until bedtime. Across the aisle were two very tanned South Africans in shorts, who looked disapprovingly on the whole thing and conversed coldly in Afrikaans as we chugged past Suez.

By nightfall, despite the immense quantities of watermelon and lemon soda that had been consumed, there was an air of deep hunger hanging over the car, and when the word was passed around that at the next station there was a NAAFI (British Post Exchange) where we would be fed, there was a determined rush to get out Dixies and tin cups. The British soldier would no more think of going any place without his Dixie and tin cup than he would think of appearing without pants in Piccadilly Circus.

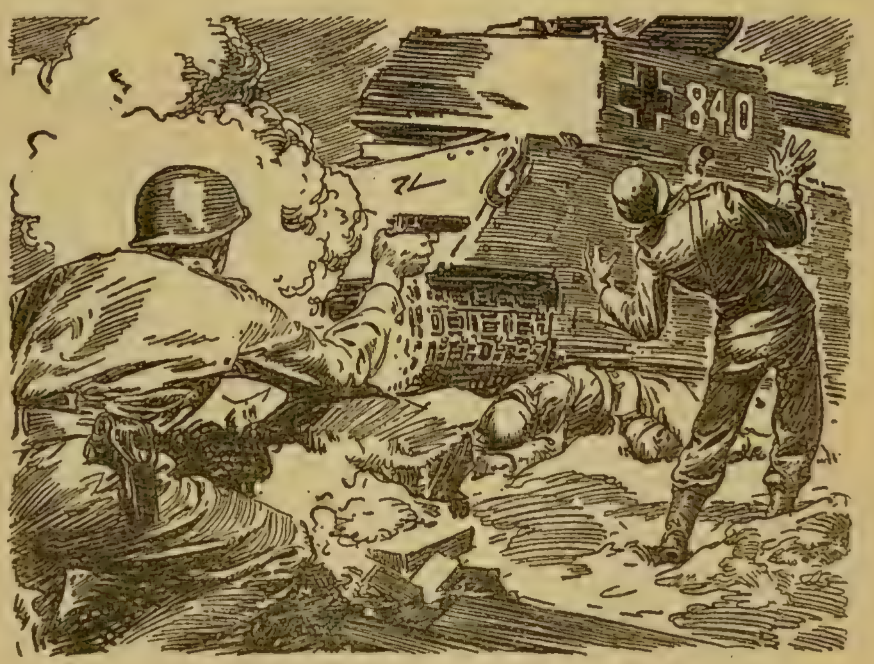
I had neither mess tin nor cup, and was mournfully admiring British foresight, when a little middle-aged Tommy on my right, who had spent the whole afternoon silently and religiously reading a magazine called Gen, quietly offered me a mess tin.

There was a great combing of hair in the tradition that the Briton dresses for dinner no matter where the meal finds him, and thousands of us started leaping off the train before it had fully stopped. We lined up and were served sandwiches, cakes, and good hot strong tea by Egyptians in elegant white cotton gloves.

On the train was a party of sailors who had just come back from Sicily and were feeling good about it. They had manned the landing barges in the invasion and said it hadn't been bad. "We only had two boat rides," they said. "Boat rides" meant bringing in troops under fire. "It was just like the movies," one of them said. "They kept firing at us and the water kept shooting up all around, but they never hit us."

One of them had been at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for six months during the war while the ship he was on was being repaired. "Oh, it's a lovely city, Brooklyn," he sighed. "And I had a lovely girl in Jamaica. It took me an hour in the subway each way, but it was worth it. A lovely city, but I couldn't live there. The pace is too fast for me. I'd be worn out in a year."

While everybody settled down for the night, I foolishly sat on the open platform, smoking and watching the desert roll by in the starlight. When I went in to go to sleep, I discovered that the Indians had spread a little more, and there was no place to sit, stand, or lie inside. Everyone else seemed to be asleep and the car was full of snores and the rich smell of many soldiers who had traveled far in a hot climate with no water available. Only the two South Africans remained awake.



I went into the next car. Luckily one of the sailors had rolled off the bench on a turn and remained where he was on the floor, too lazy to move. So I curled myself among the arms, legs, snores, and sleepy cries of love and battle in the crowded car and tried to sleep.

When I awoke at 4 A. M., we were in Palestine. As I sat there watching the first orange streaks over the little dark tree-crested hills, the two South Africans came out. We began to talk. They had just come from near Tripoli after two and one-half years in the desert, fighting most of the time. This was their first leave, twenty-one days, and they had flown down to Cairo and were on their way to Tel Aviv.

One of them had suggested getting a truck ride up to Tel Aviv, but the other had said, "No, we are on a holiday. Let's spend some money and be comfortable. Let's take the train." They chuckled sourly as they told me.

"Third class," one of them said. "Why, in South Africa we wouldn't send cows to market in these trains! How about in America?"

I told him that I guessed we wouldn't send cows to market in America in these trains, either.

"Third class," the other said. "Why, before the war, any place I went I would only stay in the best hotel in town."

"And in Cairo," the first one said, "any restaurant with a tablecloth is out of bounds to other ranks. I've had it. I've had this war. I volunteered and I fought for two and one-half years, and we were among the first to get into Tripoli. I've been dive-bombed and I've gone without water and I was perfectly satisfied. But this train ride finishes me. I've had this war, and they can have it back any time they want."

And he went inside to think about the pretty girls on the beach at Tel Aviv.

I sat on the platform and watched the morning sun break over the hills and light the orange groves and vineyards.

A little later the train stopped and we got off to take the bus to Tel Aviv. On the bus I met a lieutenant, a friend of mine, who had also come down by train. He looked very tired.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That damned first class," he said. "No room to lie down. You sit up all night. Next time I take this blasted ride, I'm taking my bars off and traveling third."

Behind me I heard a wild, snorting sound. It was the South Africans laughing.

B-29 RAID ON JAPAN

By Sgt. Lou Stoumen

A Forward Air Base in China—For three weeks I had sweated out a ride on one of the B-29 Superfortresses that were going to bomb Japan. Luck finally came my way just two hours before take-off. I was given the chance to flip a coin with a British civilian correspondent for the last seat. "Tails," I called, as he tossed an Indian coin in the air. Tails it was. He tossed the coin again. Tails a second time. I grabbed a parachute and rushed to the field.

Brig. Gen. Kenneth B. Wolfe, the homely, smiling commanding general of the XX Bomber Command, was sitting in a jeep in front of Operations and looking unusually glum. He had just received orders from Washington not to fly with the mission he had planned for so long. Brig. Gen. La Verne G. Saunders, wing commander of the XX, who has a lot of South Pacific B-17 combat flying time under his belt, was going to fly this mission to represent the higher brass.

Soon I was drawing my equipment. I replaced my parachute with another, because mine had no jungle kit attached. I also drew a helmet with earphones and an oxygen mask, a rubber Mae West life jacket, a plastic-boxed survival kit (fishhooks, dextrose tablets, first-aid materials and other stuff), a pointie-talkie book of Chinese and English phrases in parallel columns, and a heavy steel-filled flak suit.

They told me that, except in an emergency, there was no need to take oxygen; one of the secrets of the B-29 is its sealed pressure cabin, which makes possible normal breathing and movement without oxygen at any altitude. I was also told the target: Yawata, the juiciest industrial center in all Japan, home of the Imperial Iron and Steel Works.

"Crew inspection! Let's go!" Capt. R. A. Harte of Lafayette, Ind., plane commander and pilot of our B-29, was speaking. The enlisted crewmen lined up in front of the silver Superfortress and alongside the big black letters K-26 on her nose. Each man showed his dog tags to Capt. Harte; each said yes, he carried an extra pair of socks. Then the captain, unsmiling, made a brief speech.

"We have," he said, "a pretty fair ship and a pretty good chance of coming back without a scratch. We are going to take as much cover as possible from the clouds. We won't take cover at the expense of hitting the target. If any plane pokes her nose near us, you know what to do. We take off in about ten minutes. Man your stations!"

The B-29 needs a longer runway for take-off than any other plane. I stood on my knees during the take-off and looked out of a side blister as the ship, the world's heaviest aircraft, pounded and blasted her way down the runway. The strip unfolded like a never-ending drive belt of a factory motor, going by in slow motion until it seemed we had been roaring along for a full ten minutes and were still not airborne. Then there was the green end of the runway, and we were skimming a few feet above trees and rice paddies.

During the take-off I also watched Sgt. D. L. Johnson of Rio, Ill., the right gunner; Sgt. R. G. Hurlburt of Gaines, Pa., the left gunner; S/Sgt. A. (for Algernon) Matulis, the chief gunner; and 2d Lt. Tash of New York, N. Y., the bombardier. They held on tight. When we were airborne, their faces cracked in smiles and their bodies eased. "She's a good ship," said Johnson, as he wiped a wet hand across his face, "but some good guys get killed in take-offs."

That was the first of several sweating-outs. A few miles out and a few hundred feet up, someone noticed the No. 2 engine smoking and reported it over the interphone to Capt. Harte. "Probably the fuel mixture's too rich," said Lt. Tash. And that's what it turned out to be; the smoking soon stopped. But the men sweated it out anyway. They were afraid the ship might have to turn back. As anxious as they were to return home safely, the dangers of the mission evidently meant much less to them than the danger of missing out on bombing Japan.

After getting the plane commander's O. K. over the interphone, I followed Lt. Tash forward on hands and knees through the long padded tunnel over the bomb bay. Lt. Tash took his position in the greenhouse nose, and I kneeled over the hatch cover behind the pilot and next to the engineer, 2d Lt. G. I. Appognani of New York, N. Y. The engineer sits before a four-foot panel of dials, flashing lights, switches, and control levers. He handles the main throttles for the four engines, controls the fuel supply and mixture, regulates the ship's electrical system, and operates the pressure-cabin's mechanism.

THERE was still light in the sky as we crossed the border of free China into occupied China, flying higher, and began our next sweating-out—waiting for interception by enemy fighters. There was a large force of B-29s on the mission, but we saw only an occasional plane ahead of us through the clouds or above and to the left of us. A B-29 needs elbow room to fly, to shoot, and to bomb. This was not a formation flight.

Still no Jap fighters. It was dark now, and we were approaching the coast of China. Each man was wearing a Mae West over his parachute. The plane groaned on at terrific speed. There was practically no vibration inside and very little noise. In the cabin, the ride was as comfortable as a Pullman—a design for the air liners of the future. But the Jap fighters—where were they?

The radio operator, Sgt. E. A. Gisburne of Norway, Maine, broke open a carton of rations and handed a candy bar to each man in the forward compartment. We were one short, and the engineer shared his bar with me. Candy never tasted so good. We downed it with long swigs of water from canteens. The engineer and the navigator also took benzedrine tablets, the same drug I remembered using back in school to keep awake for my final exams. By this time I was comfortably stretched out on the hatch cover in back of the pilots, using my parachute and jungle kit as a bed.

At last a voice came over the interphone: "We are approaching the target." Everyone began to struggle into his heavy flak suit, putting it on over the parachute, strapping it securely at the sides and pulling the bottom flap down over the thighs like a baseball catcher's chest protector. Only Capt. Harte, and the co-pilot, Lt. Haddow, busy at the controls, didn't put on their flak suits.

We were over Japan now. Through breaks in the clouds I could see the ground below. The Japanese blackout was perfect. Then dead ahead, a faint white glow—Jap searchlights over Yawata, the target city.

The searchlights were brighter now, but their dangerous pointing fingers were diffused through the undercast of clouds. The tail gunner, S/Sgt. F. G. Hodgen, said our tail was caught several times by lights. Apparently we were not seen through the clouds, and the lights moved on. Still no Jap fighters.

The target was just ahead. There was no fiery glow through the clouds to show it had already been hit. We had been the fourth plane to take off from the field and were evidently one of the first over the target.

Flak! The gunners said the sky was full of exploding ack-ack shells, some close, most of them beneath us. Intelligence reports confirmed this later, calling the ack-ack "moderate to intense." But I saw no flak.

Later we learned that searchlights caught one of the last planes over the target, the one on which Bill Shenkel, Newsweek's correspondent, was a passenger, and held it in a firm bracket of light until gunners shot it down with all four motors streaming fire.

Our bomb-bay doors were swinging open now, without noise and without making the rest of the ship vibrate. The bombs dropped, one by one, one by one. . . . Then, over the interphone: "Bombs away!" The doors closed.

The K-26 seemed to sprout an extra set of engines and props. At a terrifically increased speed, she made a sharp left turn and headed back toward the Yellow Sea. Over the interphone, tail gunner Hodgen yelled, "I can't see very much through the clouds, but there's a big glow over the target."

The clouds were still below us. B-29s that came in later could see from fifty miles away columns of smoke and fire rising 5,000 feet into the air. Yawata, the Pittsburgh of Japan, had been hit hard. This was no token raid, but, as Brig. Gen. Wolfe put it, "the beginning of the organized destruction of the Japanese industrial empire."

We were still tense after the bomb run. The Jap fighters had not come up to meet us yet, and the sweating-out continued. We left Japan without interception and flew out over the Yellow Sea.

An hour out and radio operator Gisburne broke into the ration box. For each man there was a large can of grapefruit juice, which we opened with jungle knives, and chicken sandwiches, not too expertly made. The bread was too thick. Good, though. We chewed gum and smoked.

Over the China coast—occupied China—not a single fighter came up. 2d Lt. E. M. Greenberg of Brooklyn, N. Y., combat observer, had by this time crawled forward to his station amidships and was helping the engineer make fuel-tank adjustments. "You know," said Lt. Greenberg, "the Fourteenth Air Force must have done a hell of a good job with their B-24s over the Jap fighter fields in China." Being a last-minute passenger, I had missed the briefing, so he explained: "The Fourteenth went out yesterday and bombed the Jap fighter strips we're flying over now."

But still, the raids could not have knocked out every Jap plane in the area, and even if they had, that wouldn't explain why there were no fighters over Japan. Either we really caught them flatfooted or they were plenty scared of B-29 firepower. Probably both.

TIME marched on like a crippled snail. We had been flying almost half a day. With the flak suits off again, we were more comfortable. The No. 3 engine was behaving well enough. My parachute-bed was soft. I slept.

Dawn over free China: a wild gray sky of tumultuous clouds, empty of aircraft. I crawled back through the tunnel and batted the breeze with the gunners for a while. Then I returned to the forward compartment. Capt. Harte and Lt. Haddow looked plenty different from the eager beavers who had coaxed the K-26 off the ground so many hours ago. Now their bloodshot eyes hung heavily over pouches that looked like squashed prunes. You'd have thought that someone had been beating them about the head with a rubber hose, judging by their appearance toward the end of this longest bombing mission in history.

"Fighters!" exclaimed Lt. Tash. He put his binoculars on them. They were ours—fast, high-altitude American fighters flying top cover over the B-29 fields. At last, at the dead center of our course, the home field came into sight. It looked miles long, even from our altitude.

We made a long sharp bank and approached for the landing. We came in fast, about twenty feet above the end of the runway. Gently Capt. Harte set her down, like a mother placing a child in a crib. We rolled a great distance, about the speed of a fast car on a U. S. highway. Then slower, without stopping, we turned and taxied to a parking strip. The crew piled out through the bottom hatches, limp and happy. Ground crewmen and Intelligence officers were there to greet them.

While the handshaking and congratulations were still going on, M/Sgt. Herb Coggins of Nashville, Tenn., chief of the K-26's ground crew, was already walking around the ship with Lt. Appognani, the engineer, looking for flak holes.

Later, in the interrogation room, A-2 officers gave each man some egg sandwiches, coffee, and suitable refreshments. Then the questioning began. When the Intelligence reports were finally tallied up, it turned out that four B-29s had been lost—one shot down over the target, one unreported, and two lost in accidents. The entire crew of one of these planes, which made a forced landing just this side of occupied China after completing the bombing mission, came back two days later. The pilot was wounded in the eye when Japs strafed and bombed his grounded plane.

Back in the barracks, still sweating out their unreported buddies, the weary flight crews turned to their sacks. From beneath the mosquito-net cover on a bed came a last crack: "Somebody tell me a spooky story. I love to hear a spooky story before I go to sleep."

NUDGE IN REAR CAME TOO SOON, SO HE BOMBED WRONG TARGET IN CHINA

By Sgt. Marion Hargrove

Somewhere in China—This story has been held back for a while because the fellow was mighty sensitive about it, and he happens to be a tech sergeant six feet two and weighing 200 pounds. He's cooled off a little, so now it can be told.

The tech sergeant is Karl May of Yakima, Wash., an aerial engineer and gunner in one of the local Mitchell B-25 bombers. The tale goes back to the time when he was still a buck private, working as an armorer in his squadron and bucking like hell for a job on a combat crew.

They finally let him go on a few missions, to try him out. He got along fine until his third trip. That was the raid on the big Jap base at Hankow, former Chinese capital, on the Yangtze.

There were two minor defects that day in the bomber to which May was assigned: there were no racks in the ship for fragmentation bombs and the interphones were temporarily out of commission.

Well, they were working the thing out all right without frag racks or interphones. They had Pvt. May squatting by the photo hole with a stack of frag bombs and the understanding that when the turret gunner nudged him in the behind he was to cut loose with all he had.

It happened that the bomber had a passenger that day —maybe an observer from Washington, maybe a newspaperman, maybe just a sight-seer. This worthy person grew unaccustomedly chilly, saw that the draft came from the open photo hole and decided to ask the private beside it to close it. The private—yep, it was May—had his back turned, so the passenger sought to attract his attention with a gentle nudge in the rear.

Pvt. May reacted like the eager beaver he was. He held one frag bomb over the hole and let it drop. Then he turned another loose into thin air. He was preparing to drop every bomb in the ship—until he was rudely and violently stopped. To May's dismay he learned (1) that the ship was nowhere near Hankow, (2) that he had been given no signal, and (3) that he had just wasted a couple of hundred dollars' worth of U. S. high explosives.

The mission proceeded to Hankow, where May dropped the rest of his bombs through the photo hole, an armful at a time. But his heart was heavy at the thought of having goofed off.

When the plane returned to its base, there was an Intelligence report from the Chinese Army waiting for it. According to this report, two bombs dropped on a Japanese barge on the Yangtze had scored direct hits, sinking the barge and drowning 160 Japanese soldiers.

T/Sgt. May never tells the story himself and he gets mad when he hears anyone else tell it. Only those who've seen the records will believe it.

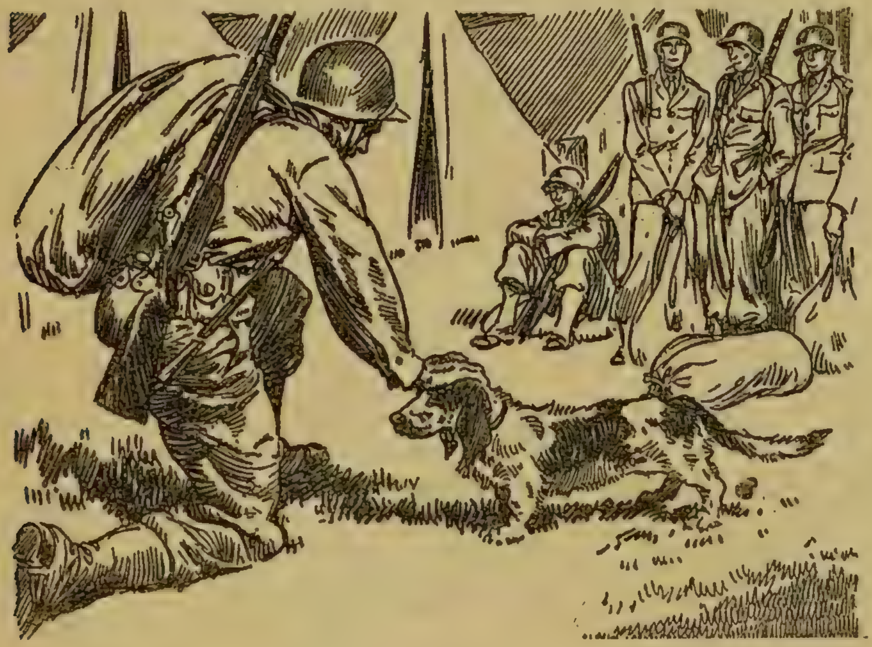
THE SWEETHEART OF COMPANY D

By Pvt. William Saroyan

There is something in the heart of street dogs which draws them close to me, and there is probably no camp or post of the Army which does not have at least one dog, whether the post is in a Far Western desolation or in a suburb of New York, as my post is.

Our Company D has one of these dogs. Shorty is small, lazy, and given to a bitter attitude toward civilians, including children. Somewhere in Shorty's family is a dachshund, as Shorty has the lines of such a dog, but not the hair.

The theory of the men of Company D is that Shorty spends the greater part of his time dreaming of women—or at any rate women dogs. He doesn't come across such creatures very often; he doesn't come across any kind of dog very often.



Now and then Shorty will be discovered in the middle of the street, dreaming of love or whatever it is, while two or three trucks stand by discreetly waiting for him to make up his mind. Shorty may have come into the world thoughtlessly, but it is not likely that he will leave any children standing around. He is either too tired, or too old, even though he is probably not more than two.

I have observed that Shorty makes himself available to any man in uniform, bar none, and while our post is made up mostly of men of talent, Shorty is not above giving himself over to the affections of a man of practically no talent at all, such as our top sergeant, who was not in civilian life the famous man he is now. Our top sergeant may be a genius, the same as all the rest of us: Two-Teeth Gonzales, Bicycle Wilkinson, Henry the One Hundred and Fifty-first Million, and all the others. He probably deserves a story all to himself, but somebody else will have to write that story, as I want to write sonnets. (That is, if I ever learn to spell.)

My hero is Shorty, not our first sergeant. The sergeant is his mother's hero, I suppose, and I wish she'd never let him out of the house. If he thinks getting me to do K. P. is the way we are going to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion, I believe his education has been neglected. That is not the way to do it. Give me a map of the world, a pointer, and a good-sized audience and I believe I can figure the whole thing out in not more than an afternoon. The idea that generals are the only kind of Army personnel capable of figuring out ways and means and all that stuff is unsound. For every general there ought to be one private on the ground floor. As it is, half the time I don't know what is being done, what the idea is, or anything else. The result is that I must go out into the yard and whistle for Shorty, who, instead of leaping to his feet and running to me, opens his eyes and waits for me to run to him.

Shorty knows me all right, but what kind of planning can you do with a dog, and a sleepy one at that—a daydreamer, an escapist, a lover of peace, an enemy of children in sailor suits? I don't know who the chaplain of Company D is, but for my money he can pack up and go to some other post, because Shorty is doing the same work and sending in no reports to anybody. He is a quiet creature, he is patient, he will listen to reason or anything else, and he will get up after a half hour of heart-to-heart talk and slowly wag his tail. He will wag thoughtfully, with effort, and you will know what advice he is giving you after carefully considering your case.

Now, there was the celebrated case of Warty Walter, the Genius from Jersey, who had a secret weapon all worked out in his head which he believed could finish the war in two weeks. Warty mentioned this weapon to our top sergeant only to hear the man say, "You do what I say, Warty, or you're going to hear otherwise."

Warty went out into the yard to Shorty and unburdened his heart, whereupon Shorty got to his feet, stretched his body until it hurt, wagged his tail three times, kissed Warty on the hand, turned, and began wending his way across the street where a girl of six in a sailor suit was looking at a movie billboard. That was the end of Warty's secret weapon. The following day he got his orders to go to Louisiana, took Shorty in his arms to say good-by, and the war is still going on—a good three months after Warty got his idea for the secret weapon. Our top sergeant said, "If it's a secret, what the hell are you coming to me about it for? Keep it a secret."

Not every man at our post is as brilliant or as sincere as Warty, but I can think of no man who is not as devoted to Shorty. No girl of the USO has done Army morale as much good as Shorty. He may not be a dancing dog, but he's got eyes and many a man's seen a lot of understanding in those brooding eyes—many and many a man.

As for the little girl in the sailor suit, she turned and ran, so that Shorty, not knowing what else to do, went up to a second lieutenant and bit him. The following day there was a notice on the bulletin board saying: "Yesterday an enlisted man was bitten by a dog who might or might not have had rabies. Therefore, in the future, any man caught without his dog tags will be given extra duty." This of course was a subtle way of saying that Shorty had rabies, a lie if I ever heard one.

The basic failing of Shorty, if he must be given a failing, is his love of comfort, his passion for food, and his devotion to sleep, or The Dream. I doubt very much if he knows there is a war going on, and I am convinced he does not know that the men of Company D are soldiers. I believe he has some vague notion we are orphans.

Shorty eats too much and never does calisthenics. He has seen a lot of men come and go. He has loved them all, and they have all loved him. I have seen big men with barracks bags over their shoulders bend down to whisper good-by to the sweetheart of Company D, get up with misty eyes, swing up into the truck, and wave to the little fellow standing there in a stupor. And I have heard them, as the truck has bounced out of the yard on its way to the war, holler out—not to me or to our top sergeant, but to Shorty: "So long, pal! See you after the war!"

I don't think they will see Shorty after the war. I think he will lie down and die of a broken heart once the boys take off their uniforms. Shorty lives to watch them stand reveille and retreat. All that stuff will stop after the war and Shorty will be out in the cold, just another dog of the streets without honor, without importance—lonely, unfed, despised, and unwanted.

That is why I have written this tribute to him.

THE ROTATION OF SGT. REGAN

By Sgt. Ray Duncan

Alaska—"Don't stand so near the road, corporal," said Sgt. Regan. "Them prime movers don't give a damn what they hit."

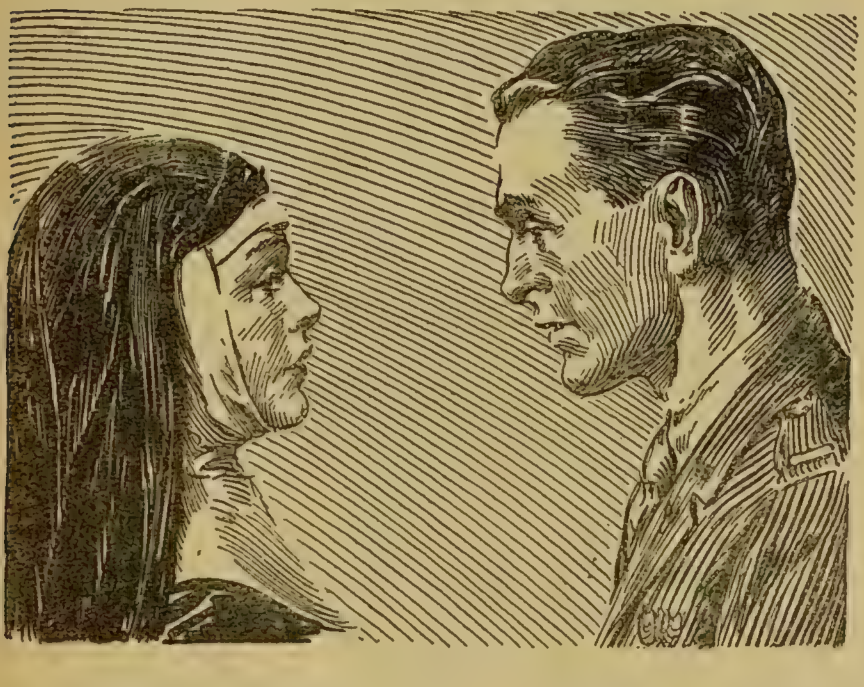
Later he said, "You oughta wear a muffler under that field jacket, corporal. This wind goes right through a guy. Here, take mine."

The sergeant's big face was wrinkled with anxiety. In the Aleutian Islands you make friends quickly, but there's no affection swift or deep as a soldier's regard for his replacement. Before any man can be rotated back to the States his replacement must arrive and take over.

"A rugged deal," sighed the corporal, "really a rugged deal." He took off his glasses to wipe away the fog, and his blue eyes looked watery without them.

"Even worse than I expected," continued the corporal, gazing down the muddy slope to the bay and the big humps of barren ground beyond.

"Oh, you'll like it here," said Sgt. Regan quickly. "Time goes fast here. It don't seem like twenty-six months since I came to this island."



"That's the third time you said that." The corporal turned up the collar of his jacket. It was a stiff new field jacket, issued two weeks before at the port of embarkation. The sergeant was wearing a shapeless garment.

"Hey, Regan!" somebody yelled. "You can turn your equipment in any time now!"

"Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement," grinned Regan. "This is the supply sergeant, corporal; good guy to know." He laughed at his joke and put his big hand in the middle of the corporal's slender back, like a mother presenting her only child to company.

"Well," said the supply sergeant, "so you finally got here. Regan's really been sweatin' you in!"

The corporal smiled. "Rugged deal," he said. He'd been through all this before. Regan had walked him through every hut on the island, saying, "Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement!" And everyone said, "So you're the replacement!" as if they couldn't tell from the new field jacket and from the way Regan beamed and hovered around.

Everyone in the mess hall turned around when Regan suddenly yelled, "Hey! Where is he? Where did he go?"

"It's all right," somebody said. "He just went to get a second cup of coffee."

"Why didn't you tell me you needed coffee?" Regan said sharply when the corporal came back. "Don't never run off like that again without tellin' me!"

After chow the two hit their sacks together. Regan had made sure that the corporal got a bunk beside his own.

"I didn't ast you to shake hands with Miller over there," whispered the sergeant. "On purpose I didn't, 'cause he lost his ree-placement last week."

"Lost him?"

"Yeah. Miller's been here twenty-seven months now, an' last week his ree-placement finally came up from the States. So Miller was showin' him how to check shipments on the dock. The ree-placement fell into the ice-cold water an' broke both legs an' caught pneumonia. Hell of a tough break for Miller," sighed the sergeant. "His own damn fault though—should've kept his eye on the boy."

"Rugged deal," said the corporal.

As they were walking back to the headquarters hut, he said, "Say, what kind of flowers are those up there?" He pointed up the slope, where a few blue blossoms were visible through the fog.

"Ain't no flowers on this island," said Regan.

"I'd like to go up there an' pick some."

"Fergit it," said the sergeant sharply. He took hold of the corporal's thin arm. "You stay off them slopes; they're dangerous."

"Hey, Regan," somebody yelled, "your orders are bein' cut! The boat's due here this afternoon."

"Yeah?" whooped Regan. "Wantcha shake hands with my ree-placement. This calls for a celebration! There's Cokes in the PX today."

Regan set his Coke down and went over to the juke box to play I'll Be Home for Christmas. When he turned around, the corporal had disappeared.

"I know," Regan yelled while they were searching behind the PX counters. "I know! Them flowers—he went out to pick them flowers!"

Regan and a dozen friends fanned out and started moving up the slope in the fog. The sergeant couldn't hold himself down to a walk. He kept bouncing up and down on the spongy tundra. For a moment the fog broke, and they saw a boat moving into the dock below. "I gotta leave," groaned Regan. "I gotta check out." And he hurried off.

"And one more thing," said Regan's C. O. "Bring your replacement in here before you go. I want to talk to both of you together. You can pick up your orders when you bring him in."

"Yessir," said Regan. "He's around somewhere."

Which was true. The corporal couldn't have left the island, because no boats or planes had gone. But he could have fallen over a cliff, or sunk into the muskeg, or frozen to death by this time. Regan wondered wildly if someone could have kidnaped him to use for *their* replacement. Regan was running now and groaning.

"Hey, Regan!" somebody shouted after him. "You're gettin' mighty careless with that replacement of yours. What's the idea of leavin' him all alone over there in the library hut?"

Regan made the corporal help him turn in his bedding, and then gave him some baggage to carry to the dock.

"You had me worried to death," he said for the sixth time. "Thought you might've been killed or froze!"

"Rugged deal," said the corporal. They were standing by the dock's edge near the gangplank, and the sergeant's friends were crowded around them in the dark.

"Say, corporal," said Regan, "does everybody in the States say 'rugged deal' all the time?" He had a sudden urge to shove the corporal, in his new field jacket, off the dock into the icy water. Better not, thought the sergeant; they could still pull me off this boat and back to duty. And that, thought Sgt. Regan as he backed up the gangplank toward the States—that would be a very rugged deal.

FIFTY MISSIONS

By Pvt. Joseph Dever

I am on my way to see my girl in Boston, and it has been a long time. It has been twenty-six months since I said good-by to her in Boston.

Fifty missions always seemed incredible to me. How could anyone ever come back to the States after fifty missions? How could anyone step off a DC-4 in East Boston and quietly take a taxicab to the Hotel Statler after having been over Europe fifty times?

I'm doing it, though; I'm home in Boston.

I'm just like them now; I mean the gunners I knew at armament school—the exotic G. I.s with fifty missions, with their wings, their rainbow service ribbons, their medals, and the quiet easy way they had about them. They'd say, "You'll get your chance, kid." "Yeah, it's kinda rough up there." I wanted some day to be wordless, humble, and friendly with other eager kids the way the gunners were with me. How far away it all seemed then: fifty missions, the ribbons, and the quiet easy manner.

And now I'm riding through East Boston; I'm just like they were. I know a hell of a lot of things, but I would rather turn my face away and ask about your brother John who is in the ASTP. I know what flak is now. I know how a gunner can make a chapel out of the Sperry lower ball; I know that he can pray with rich eloquence. I know what the enemy looks like. There is also, of course, the blood fleck, the mother-mercy-calling, and the blubbering steel-given death of the nice guys who were hilariously drunk with you just a few nights before.

And now I'm looking at Boston. My taxi driver is a maniac at the wheel, as all taxi drivers are. He is doing forty-seven miles an hour through this big-city street. On a street in Berlin he would listen for the menacing wail of the air-raid sirens.

"This is it," the Boston taxi driver says.

I get out, I pay him, I walk into a beautiful thick-rugged Boston hotel, and I get a room.

It is a room on the seventh floor. My stuff is all unpacked, and I stand by a window looking out. I stand looking out at downtown Boston, and I see only the white face of a nun.

My girl Jane is a nun now. We were going to be married, but something struck her, some kind of spiritual ack-ack, I guess. And now she's become a nun.

She's here in Boston now, in some kind of cloister, and I'm on my way to see her. I figured the fifty missions wouldn't let me see her again. I was almost sure of it, but here I am in Boston, looking out a window.

The Copley Plaza is over that way. And on the other side of it, about four stories high and facing Copley Square and the Boston Public Library, there is a little marble balcony. The night of my college senior prom I threw highball glasses into the square. I liked to hear the tinkling clatter of the glass against the cobbles, and I wanted to do it again and again.

"Jay, come inside," was all Jane had said.

I went inside; I loved her greatly, more than even the sound of breaking glass, and I always did what she said.

And over there to the right is Beacon Hill. We liked that place very much. When I was a feather merchant, Jane and I used to walk all over it in the blackout. We knew all the places—the quaint, cobbled, snaky alleys, the huddled coffee nooks, the little barny theaters where you could see Philip Barry's plays for twenty cents, the H. M. Pulham doorways with the white marble steps and the shiny brass door plates. We used to sit in those doorways at midnight, on our way home; I used to kiss her there a lot. We'd pretend we were locked out, and sometimes we'd yell loudly for Nana or Jeeves. If anybody came to the door, we'd jump to our feet and run like scared rabbits all the way down the hill to the Charles Street elevated station.

AND there, across the Charles River, is Cambridge. That's where I used to live; that's where Jane lived. Our playground's there, too.

In the summertime Jane and I worked on the playground. She was my boss, and did we have a time. There was a big brick schoolhouse called the Peary. There was a playground in back of it, a sun-baked macadam rectangle. And there were kids from the stinking tenements.

She wouldn't say a thing when I'd come in, maybe an hour and a half late. Sometimes she'd pretend she was peeved and go on with her jigsaw project. She'd sit there in the sun wearing a colossal straw bonnet, and she'd prattle merrily but exclusively to the little girls who were gathered busily about her feet.

I'd keep teasing her. I'd hit a softball out to my outfielders from a place right near her; I'd make the ball roll right over to her sometimes, and in retrieving it I'd get myself all tangled up in her and the jigsaw plywood animals she and the girls were making. After a while she would burst out laughing and come after me with a bat, a shrill chorus of girl voices urging her on.

It was on the playground that I really became infected with the planes. The P-38s would go over at about 8,000 and I'd stand down there by shortstop and crane my neck until the planes were little silver winks way out to the west.

I never knew about Jane leaving me then, but I did know that some day I was going to be up there in a plane.

About four thirty in the afternoon we'd quit for the day and lock up. That was when Jane and I played our own little game. I'd go in the front door of the school and she'd go in the back. We'd both slam the doors and run quickly toward each other.

I'd take her in my arms, then I'd kiss her hair, her eyes, her lips, and the very tip of her nose. I'd hold her close in my arms and we'd talk about being married and having a place of our own.

Then the kids would start banging on the door and hollering for us to come out. We'd kiss a few times more and walk innocently out to them. They used to escort us part of the way home, and they never said a thing about the kissing, even though they knew, as all kids know.

THAT was the way it was. It was a good way to be living and loving. Now it is all changed.

Well, anyway, I am going out to the convent to see her. It is a place called Mission Hill, which is in Roxbury.

A girl who used to double-date with Jane and me wrote to me when I was in England. She said she'd seen Jane and that Jane told her to tell me that if I ever got back to the States I was to be sure and make a visit to the convent. I wrote to the girl and said I would.

I am in a taxi again, riding very fast along Huntington Avenue. The Museum of Fine Arts is on the right. I used to look at the statues of naked women in there when I was a kid.

The taxi climbs up Mission Hill, and the convent is at the top. It is red brick with a red brick wall around it.

I ring the front-door bell. You only ring once in a convent because that ring, however slight, is amplified by the silence and the distance that fill the inside of a cloister until the ring becomes something like an echoing clap of thunder.

A little nun lets me in. I ask for Jane. Jane's nun name is Sister Felicitas. I go into the parlor and wait. There is always a large wall clock in this kind of parlor, and it always says: "Wait, wait, wait." It says this over and over again. You hear a door softly open and softly close way off in a cool interminable distance. You know then someone is coming. Jane comes into the parlor.

She is just as I pictured she'd be. Her face is white, her eyes are sparkling blue pools of goodness and mischief, the backs of her hands have little red and creamy blotches as though she scrubs a lot of floors.

She is all swaddled up as I was afraid she'd be, wound in endless and oppressive reams of black cloth; she wears a tremendous white starched collar and a black veil over her head. But she is my Jane all right, she is my Jane.

She stands in the middle of the room and looks right at me for about a minute.

"Hello, Jane," I say.

She doesn't say a thing. She walks over to me and takes hold of both my hands; she comes up as close to me as a nun ever can and squeezes both my hands until they sting.

She stays close to me that way for what seems a long time; she eases the pressure on my hands and looks strongly at me so I can see that everything is there just as it had always been: all the love and the light and the music are there for me in just the way they used to be, and even though these things are God's now, I can somehow see and know they are still mine, too.

"Oh, Jay," she says, and her eyes are a little wet, "I'm so very, very glad to see you. Let me look at you."

She steps away from me, and I notice that her step, although as light and graceful as ever, is now a swish instead of the swirl that it had once been. A girl has become a nun; an elfin skirt has become a ponderous petticoat.

"My, what a handsome soldier you are! You know, I've never seen you in your uniform before. And the wings, and the ribbons. Jay, you're really a man now, aren't you!"

"Am I, Jane?" I gulp, fumbling desperately for words. "Wasn't I one before?" I finally ask.

"Of course you were," she says, "but you were a boy's man then, Jay. You're a man's man now. The kind I always knew you'd be. But come, let's sit down."

We sit down in separate straight-backed wooden chairs. The chairs are cold, unyielding symbols of poverty, chastity, and obedience. We sit in them a while and, although she does not say it, I think she wants me to talk.

But I don't want to talk. I want to be with her, to be near her, to hear her voice and watch her eyes. I want to sit with Sister Felicitas and think about my Jane.

She kind of guesses that I don't want to talk.

She says she likes it here; she has prayed for me night and day; she is happy teaching fourth grade to the little Roxbury urchins; she is proud of me and tells the little kids in her class stories about me all the time; she has read everything in the Cambridge Clarion which someone sent her, and she doesn't care if I never utter so much as a syllable about airplanes.

I have not changed greatly, she says; the wonder and the impudence are still in my face; my eyes have a distance in them that wasn't there before; I'm not as loquacious, but—"Glory," she says, "things have happened!"

I have had enough of looking at her. I begin to ache for her like when I was across. I begin to want her in my arms, and I know that it is time for me to go.

I say I have to be going. We stand up. She looks at me a while and takes both my hands.

"What happens now, Jay?" she asks.

"They're sending me out to Denver as an armament instructor. I don't want to go, but you just go, that's all.

"Well, I guess this is good-by, Jane," I stammer. "I hope you'll be very happy, kid." She hasn't heard me call her "kid" for a long time.

I turn to go.

"Wait," she says quickly. "Come in the chapel with me, Jay, and we'll say a prayer together."

We walk down the hall toward the chapel.

"You can leave me inside," she whispers when we are about to enter the chapel. "You can go out the front door of the chapel and into the street."

She hesitates a little, then she says quietly, "I love you, Jay; I'll always love you and I'll pray for you constantly all the days of my life."

She turns away swiftly and moves into a pew about three yards from me. She begins to pray.

I kneel down and I pray, too. I tell God I am sorry for not wanting to come back from fifty missions; I thank Him for bringing me back even though I had not wanted to come. I say three Hail Marys. I take a long look at Jane. I genuflect and walk out of the chapel and into the street.

MY OLD OUTFIT

By Sgt. Mack Morriss

They started out together at Fort Jackson back in the States and fought their way across Europe until the faces were no longer familiar and you could count the old men on the fingers of one hand.

Maastricht, Holland—We walked at five-yard intervals on either side of the concrete highway and watched without much interest the Typhoons and P-47s that were strafing something off to the left. The planes went into long dives and pulled out in tight circles to come back and strafe again.

We plodded along past wrecked vehicles and modern homes with well-kept yards, and glanced at the terrain off to our left where the war was. Dutch kids by the side of the road, wearing bright orange bows in their hair or on their jackets, reached for our hands.

Hutch was walking behind me.

Hutch is Mack Pierce, a mortar sergeant in F Company. He used to be in A Company, where he was a line sergeant, then an artificer, and finally mess sergeant. He was a mess sergeant for eighteen months, and then he went over the hill and got busted. He transferred to F Company after that, and they finally gave him three stripes again, but he didn't care. He never did care much for things like that.

This was our anniversary—Hutch's and mine. We had been in the Army four years. We were members of the Tennessee National Guard, inducted September 16, 1940, among the oldest of the "New Army." Today we were moving up to an assembly area where our outfit—the 30th (Old Hickory) Division—would get set for an attack.

The 2d Battalion was two parallel O. D. lines moving across the brow of a hill up ahead and swinging around the shaded curve behind us. Now—after France and Belgium and Holland—they were headed for Germany.

I was with Hutch down in F Company because Hutch is the only line soldier left out of the old bunch from the highlands of east Tennessee who came into the Army as Company A. There were about 150 of us then. Now there are only four in the regiment. There's Hutch. Then there's Porky Colman, a mess sergeant now; Charlie Grindstaff, still cooking; and Herman O. Parker, still driving a truck.

We started out in the Army at Fort Jackson, S. C., when they were singing the song I'll Never Smile Again. Lord, we were sentimental about that song! I remember Hilton was just married and was leaving his new wife.

Since then Hilton got out of the Army and his wife had a baby on the same day. Hilton stayed out of the Army for two years. Now he's in the Navy somewhere.

HUTCH PIERCE and I walked up the road. When we got a break we lit K-ration cigarettes and tried to reconstruct A Company.

It was a picturesque outfit. Those originals were close-knit, clannish, and independent as only hill people can be. Its code was "Independence." Its motto, in our own language, was "Take nothin' offen nobody."

I had seen Colonel Crumley in London. He's had a desk job there now since his lungs finally took him out of the field into the hospital. He was a first lieutenant when he went to Jackson, then company commander, and then battalion commander. Crumley loved the company.

We tried, Hutch and I, to tell each other what we knew of the men who came in with us. The outfit had deteriorated in the natural process of transfers and discharges, like an eroded hillside gradually falling away.

Earl Marshall went into the Paratroops, and so did Bill Longmire. Bill Potter went to O. C. S. and the last we knew he was in New Guinea. Ralph Snavely was one of the first to transfer out. He went down to the Southwest Pacific, too.

Doc Sharp was transferred. He's down in the Islands with a jungle-training unit. Jack Ellis came over with another regiment in the division, but he got wounded and we lost track of him.

A Company came to England with only twelve of the old National Guard bunch still left and just a few of our first and second batches of selectees. Now there's only one line soldier left from the first group of selectees we trained—a boy named J. C. Wright. Wright was wounded some time back, but he rejoined the company later as an acting platoon sergeant.

The outfit came to France on D-plus-9. Three weeks went by before they hit it rough. Then, on July 7, the regiment spearheaded the way across the Vire River and fought down through the hedgerows toward St. Lô.

It was a war foreign to the sage fields and pine thickets of South Carolina. It was a war from one piled-up mass of earth and shrubbery to another, with the artillery blasting savagely and the infantry moving up behind it.

Two of the boys from the hills stopped there. One of them was Bill Whitson, black-haired, with a face so dark that his teeth seemed whiter than they really were. Whit never took anything very seriously. Whit raised his head out of a foxhole and a piece of shrapnel caught him flush in the temple. He died somewhere northeast of St. Lô. Bull Bowers got hit there, too, the same day.

Bull is a big boy, almost pudgy, with round cheeks that are a perpetual cherry red. His name is James, but he's always been called Bull because when his voice changed, it came out low, deep, and throaty, so that whatever Bull said he said it in a rumble with a drawl.

Bull is easygoing. He never pushes anybody unless somebody pushes him. Bull's a platoon sergeant who swears softly rather often, but never with very much conviction.

So when they pulled Bull out of the foxhole, after the shrapnel had gone into him, he looked at his legs and then said, without a great deal of violence and in a slow rumble, "Them gawdam sons o' bitches."

The regiment's objective was the high ground to the west overlooking St. Lô. They took it, so they were a protective screen for the outfits that went into St. Lô itself. Then A Company moved toward Tessy-sur-Vire.

On July 28 the regiment hit trouble. The next day the 1st Battalion went in to attack near a place called Le Mesnil Opac. One of the men wounded in the action was Pfc. James R. Baines.

We always called him Beans. He had been a tech sergeant but had got busted. When he made platoon sergeant, he told one of the boys who got another rocker with him, "Well, they made everybody else, now they made us." Beans got hit by shrapnel and was evacuated. The next night Clyde Angel was killed.

Clyde was blond and fair. He talked with the nasal twang of east Tennessee. He was a mess sergeant, and before that he had been a cook in the company. There were two other cooks, men who had come to the company later, who were killed with Clyde.

The kitchens were dispersed and everybody was dug in. Clyde and the other two dug a deep shelter and covered it with logs and dirt. Then Jerry came over, dropping big-stuff bombs that straddled the shelter. The concussion killed all three of them in the hole.

THE next night the regiment made its objective beyond Tessy-sur-Vire and later moved on to relieve elements of the 1st Division near St. Barthelmy. St. Barthelmy is close by Mortain, not far from the base of the Cherbourg peninsula. At St. Barthelmy, A Company gave everything it had.

The SS had counterattacked with tanks, and the German artillery was trying to cut through to split our forces in Normandy and Brittany. The Germans hit savagely. The regiment fought like animals with everything that would fire and then fought hand-to-hand with the German infantry that poured in behind the tanks.

The fight went on for four days while the division struggled and gave ground but never broke. Then, on the fifth day, the power was gone and we went back into St. Barthelmy. The SS spearhead was blunted and then broken off. But Bud Hale was gone, and Ed Markland.

Bud was the top kick. He was a little guy with skin stretched tight across the cheekbones. He was the kind of boy who drew people to him. Over here, one of the new boys in the kitchen put it right: "We had to take the chow up to the line, and when I could see Bud, I felt like the whole company was there."

After the SS ran over the company, Bud was listed as missing in action. So was Markland.

Ed and I were mortar corporals together for a long time, and our anniversary today would have been a great day for him. The division commander came around this morning, presenting medals to a few officers and men in the regiment. The general order for the award of the Silver Star included T/Sgt. Edward Markland "for gallantry in action in France."

The day after Angel was killed Ed's outfit had been held up by fire from a dug-in position. Ed crawled up ahead, "consistently exposed himself to murderous enemy mortar and artillery fire." We adjusted our own artillery on the strong point and the attack went on. Ed wasn't here to get in on the little ceremony by the road this morning, but he may catch the later one. A Company doesn't refer to Bud and Ed as M. I. A., but as captured.

St. Barthelmy-Mortain was the division's great trial. It was infantry against armor, and the division fought for survival. Colonel Frankland, the 1st Battalion's commander, saved his own C. P. by killing the crew of a German tank with his .45.

In the fog of the morning of August 7, the regiment and division survived. Our artillery, T. D.s, rocket-firing planes, and armor were thrown in to add strength to a line that was thin. A Company survived.

One battalion of a sister regiment was isolated for three days, cut off on a cliff and blasted mercilessly. When the Germans came forward under a white flag to talk surrender, the battalion said, "Go to hell."

Our 2d Battalion—Hutch's outfit—helped get them out.

Hutch has had the experiences of a line soldier. A machine-gun bullet burned the back of his neck.

Hutch laughed and said, "The damnedest thing I've seen in combat happened that day. We went up after the battalion that was lost. There was a goat up there.

"Well, we were getting artillery, and every time a shell would come in, this goat would dive for a foxhole. Then he would raise his head up and if he didn't hear anything he would come out. There were plenty of foxholes and he knew what they were for. He'd do it every time."

A Company had two of our originals left in the line after St. Barthelmy. Now both of them are gone—perhaps to come back to the outfit, perhaps not to come back to it at all.

Both went back with fatigue, with nerves that had stood all they could stand for a while.

One of them left just a few days ago, after a river crossing that stirred up a fight. It was a fight like a dozen others the company has had. But it was one too many for him.

The other who went back is a twin. He and his brother are identical. They're squat and towheaded and when they laugh their faces crease into a fan of wrinkles from the outside corners of their eyes. They grinned almost always, but when they got mad, their lips quivered and they trembled all over. Not long before the company left the States, one of them was transferred and the other stayed on alone. But part of him was gone.

Yesterday, in a courtyard, Parker and I lay sprawled on the trailer of his jeep and watched as the infantry went past on the outside lane. It was a patrol coming in. "Hit anything?" somebody asked. A voice answered, "Nuh." The patrol went by silently.

"Was that some of us?" I asked Parker.

"Doggone," said Herman, "I don't know. I don't know anybody in the company any more."

HOW TO GET LOST IN A JUNGLE

By Sgt. Joe McCarthy

Everybody in the Army seems to be writing handy pocket guides these days telling you How to Keep from Getting Lost in a Jungle. These books are all right, but a lot of my friends are not reading them. In the first place, my friends never read anything, anyway, except beer-bottle labels and the Daily Racing Form. In the second place, my friends are all gold-brickers and they don't want handy pocket guides that tell them how to keep from getting lost. All they want is to *get* lost as soon as possible.

"The thicker the jungle the better," one of them remarked the other day, squeezing himself into the barrel of his M1 when the first sergeant approached to select a detail.

So my friends have requested, through channels, that I write a piece about How to Get Lost in a Jungle. They couldn't have picked a better man.

I happen to be an expert on getting lost. I spent most of the Carolina Maneuvers in 1941 at the top of the center pole in my pyramidal tent, where nobody could find me when there was a truck to be unloaded. As a matter of fact, I would have beaten Shipwreck Kelly's old record one week, but a certain corporal, who shall be nameless, set the tent on fire and smoked me out.

I also happen to be an expert on jungles. I spent most of my summers as a youngster in a jungle near the Gillette razor-blade factory in South Boston, Mass.

The first thing to remember if you want to get lost in a jungle is not to lose your head. There are a lot of head hunters in the jungles. If you put your head down somewhere for a minute while you are washing your feet or pressing your pants, a head hunter is liable to pick it up.

And don't be afraid of a jungle. A lot of soldiers get nervous when they find themselves in a jungle and notice that it has no traffic lights or sewers. But the jungle is really your friend. It provides heaps and heaps of food which can be found in the form of animals and plants. It also provides malaria mosquitoes, leeches, snakes, crocodiles, and nettles, but there is no need to go into that now. However, you will be glad to learn that you have much less chance of catching poison ivy in the average jungle than you have around Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.

I see that the T-5 down there in the fifth row with the Good Conduct ribbon and the whistle has a question. Would you mind speaking a little louder, bully? You say you want to know what kinds of food in the jungle are safe to eat?

Well, my fine chowhound, my advice to you is to make the acquaintanceship of some young monkey about your own age who knows the neighborhood. Just watch what he eats. Then follow his example and you'll make out O. K. But be careful about the kind of monkey he is before you start associating with him. Be sure he doesn't drink too much or run around with loose women. Many a careless G. I. in the jungle has been led to wrack and ruin by hanging out with the wrong type of monkey.

Now let me see, where was I?

Oh, yes. The best way to get lost in a jungle is to get rid of your compass. I wouldn't recommend this, however, because the supply sergeant may get nasty and swear out a statement of charges to be deducted from your next month's pay. Pawning the compass wouldn't do either. You might get grabbed for hocking government property and sent to Leavenworth to cool off for a few years. But then again, if you want to look at the bright side of it, Leavenworth is an excellent place to get lost in, too. Even better than a jungle, because it has no malaria mosquitoes.

I find the best way to get lost is to ask directions from an M. P. Simply go where he tells you to go, and in no time at all you won't have any idea of where you are.

That covers about everything except malaria mosquitoes and the natives. The best remedy for mosquitoes is to burn punks. This is getting rather difficult to do now, because most of the punks in the Army have either gone to O. C. S. or have been released under the thirty-eight-year-old law.

There is no need to try to cover the natives. They have been walking around without clothes all their lives, so you can't expect them to do anything different.

In closing, I suggest that you bring this page with you next time you feel like getting lost in a jungle. It might come in handy to light a fire with.

SQUARE-CUT DIAMOND

By Allen Churchill, Y3c

The U. S. Marine Corps is celebrating its 168th anniversary this month, so that makes Lou Diamond, the most famous marine in this or any other war, 200 years old.

Any leatherneck will tell you that Lou has been the best mortarman in the Corps since it was founded by the Continental Congress, November 10, 1775. They claim he was rather old when he enlisted—thirty-two; so by now he must be rounding out his second century.

Nobody is exactly sure about this, however, because Master Gunnery Sgt. Leland Diamond is not a man who likes publicity and he flatly refuses to divulge his correct age to anybody. It is on his service record, of course, but Lou takes great care to make sure this record is kept secret. According to strict Marine standards, Lou was even rather old for combat service in the last war, but his boundless energy and tremendous vocal powers were well known all over France.

Last year, just before his outfit was to embark for Guadalcanal, there was scuttlebutt that the tough old sarge might be left behind because the South Pacific was no place for such a venerable and ancient man, even though he was twice as strong and three times as nasty as the youngest boot in the Corps.

When Diamond heard these rumors, as he hears everything, he acted upon them as he always acts—energetically and in full voice. All the ground he had to cover he covered at a fast trot. All the orders he had to give—and he gives more orders than five generals—he gave in a raucous bellow. The trotting and bellowing began every morning at 5 A. M., and in three days Lou had everybody in the camp worn to a frazzle. But when the transport moved away from the dock, Lou was aboard.

The Diamond legend grew considerably in the South Pacific, where Lou roared his way through the battles of Guadalcanal and Tulagi and did much to back up the Marine Corps' contention that he is far and away the most expert mortar sergeant in any branch of the service.

At Tulagi he demolished fourteen Jap buildings with his trusty 81-mm. Then he turned to the colonel and bet him fifty dollars that he could put a shot down the chimney of the fifteenth. He won.

John Hersey, the war correspondent, saw Diamond in action at Guadalcanal and described him as "a giant with a full gray beard, an admirable paunch, and the bearing of a man daring you to insult him. As we went by, he was, as usual, out of patience. He wanted to keep on firing and he had been told to hold back. 'Wait and wait and wait!' he roared. 'Some people around here'll fall on their —— from waiting!' "

Writing in the Marine magazine, The Leatherneck, Frank X. Talbot describes Diamond as an inch or so under six feet, pushing the scales to the vicinity of 200 pounds. Most of the time he is talking or roaring, and when he isn't roaring, his tongue hangs out of the corner of his mouth, relaxed and ready for the next outburst.

In mid-November last year the tension of the Guadalcanal campaign showed signs of wearing on Lou. He was ordered to New Zealand for hospital care. Protesting with wolflike howls, he was dragged into a plane and deposited in a clean hospital bed, where he immediately got into trouble because he refused to permit his beard to be shaved off and because he patted a pretty nurse in the right place. Lou had been there only two days when the hospital superintendent said, "I thought I was head of this hospital until Diamond got here. Now I'm not sure."

When the sergeant was released from the hospital he promptly made tracks for Guadalcanal. When he got there he found the Army in charge, his unit gone, and himself farther than ever from joining them. His curses of rage and frustration tore the air and made the soldiers cringe. Anger spent, Lou then efficiently began thumbing a ride across the Coral Sea to Australia.

Some weeks later his burly figure appeared on the remote Australian field where his company was drilling. It was fifty miles from the nearest port to that field. It was hot and there were no transportation facilities, but Lou had covered the distance on foot. Walking smartly up to the major, he snapped to attention, saluted, and said, "Sir, I'm here."

Diamond gives his mortars more affection than anything in this world. At the Marine base in New River, N. C., he spent many nights sleeping with a ring of 81-mm. mortars around his bunk. He called them his sweethearts, and nobody dared approach them.

The only other things for which the sergeant shows affection are his pets, of which there has been an endless chain. They include Bozo, the ugly bulldog described by Master Gunnery Sgt. Mickey Finn as much prettier than Lou, and a disagreeable goat named Rufus, and a couple of trained chickens whose names are unprintable.

Lou rules his men with an iron hand. They fear him at first, get to like him when they know him, and end by loving him as much as a marine can love anything. Lou treats anyone who has less than ten years of service like the meanest boot. This gripes some of the men who serve with him, but they end by taking it philosophically. "After all," one of them said, "if you can get used to that old bastard's voice, you can get used to anything."

Dear Yank:

In reference to an article in your Yank magazine [in a November issue], I wish to state that I have been insulted by the article on "Square-Cut Diamond," written by Allen Churchill Y3c, and I have written to my lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, to take action on the article. 1) I am not an old bastard. 2) I am not 200 years old. 3) My tongue does not hang out and I did not hike 50 miles to get back to my outfit. 4) And those chickens I had was named "Bud." 5) I had orders to report to the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal, which was on the same place and I did leave with a part of the 1st Marine Division. 6) Who gave your outfit permission to use my name? 7) Also I am figuring on a nuisance charge against you. I served in the last war and am trying to do my bit in this one, and I do not like the way your outfit is trying to do.

Parris Island, S. C.
—Master Gunnery Sgt. Lou Diamond.

Dear Yank:

The article on Lou Diamond was splendid and everyone in our office enjoyed reading it. It was called to the commandant's attention. We thought it an especial tribute, on our anniversary, to have a meeting of the services in your article: a Marine subject in an Army publication, written by a Navy man. Let those who are captious on the co-operation of the services be silent.

Hq. USMC,
Washington, D. C. —Brig. Gen. Robert L. Denig.
Director, Division of Public Relations.

THE COLONEL AND THE PAPER BOY

By Cpl. Richard Eells

Our colonel was sweet. He organized our post exchange and he organized our camp paper. More than that, he pictured himself as possessing extraordinary parental relationships. He told us he was our mother because he fed us and kept the mess hall going. He told us he was our father because he gave us money. He said he had never been defeated in anything. He said he would do anything to avoid defeat. He said that was the way to be a good soldier. Our colonel came from Vermont—just like maple sugar.

Our post exchange made the colonel very proud. It was the only store of its kind in the South, he claimed, that was out of debt. One month it made a dividend of twenty dollars. That was the month the pinball machine was installed. The colonel wanted something diverting.

For the most part, the pinball machine was used by officers because enlisted men were too busy with duties.

The colonel spent a considerable part of each day playing with his new little pleasure machine.

The paper boy also played with it. The paper boy was twelve years old, was trying to finish grammar school, and was a dead shot. The colonel was obviously over twelve years old, had finished grammar school, and rumor had it he was a dead shot, too.

The object of this particular game was to shoot down the enemy. The highest possible score was 75,000.

The colonel never played the pinball machine without the assistance of his adjutant.

"'At's a baby! Look at that shot! That gives me a final score of 35,000."

"Right, colonel," replied his adjutant. "Let's see, now, that places you first, myself second, the PX officer third, the supply officer fourth, and the Intelligence officer last. It certainly is a swell game."

"Bet it is," agreed the colonel, walking over to the counter of the PX. "Our pinball machine at the officers' mess is child's play. This is different. This is just like being out there and givin' 'em hell."

"Right, colonel," repeated the adjutant.

"You know, this gives me an idea. Let's have these scores typed up and posted here on the machine. Nothing like a little competition, you know; good for morale."

"Right, colonel."

When the paper boy played the pleasure device he had to stand on his toes to sight the gun, but he didn't mind. After his first try he rolled up a score of 45,000. And with the nonchalance of Louis XIV he wrote his name and score above that of the colonel's and walked out.

THE next day the colonel was hot and red and not at all sweet. He was playing the pinball machine grim as death. His adjutant stood next to him, pale, intense, and with a handful of nickels. "Well, you did it. Knew you could, colonel."

"Yes, by heavens, 47,000," was the gratified reply.

They left, and in a few minutes the paper boy entered.

"Hey, Jimmy," said the soldier behind the counter, "the Ol' Man just beat your score. But it took him two solid hours to do it."

"That so?"

"Yeah, the ol' boy had phone calls from all over the country, but he let them all wait. Had to beat that lucky paper boy, he said."

"Hey, this ain't luck; this's skill. I wasn't even tryin' yesterday. Watch me now."

Jimmy dug a nickel out of his dungarees and started to fire. First he got 55,000.

"See that?" Again he wrote his name and score above the colonel's.

It took the colonel three days of concentrated playing to top the paper boy's score. But finally, after spending the average private's monthly pay, he wrote down 56,000. This time he had a notice posted which read:

"The weekly high score on this machine will be mentioned in our camp paper."

This was Saturday.

Sunday the paper boy had five nickels. He played for about half an hour and finally rolled up a score of 70,000. A few minutes later everyone in camp knew about it. A soldier in the orderly room typed the new score: paper boy, 70,000; colonel, 56,000; adjutant, 40,000; supply officer, 35,000; Intelligence officer, 5,000.

The next week was terrific. Monday the colonel sweated over the pinball machine all day. Tuesday was the same. Wednesday he looked flatulent. Thursday the turgid condition became audible. Friday this sign appeared on the bulletin board:

"The use of the pinball machine is henceforth restricted to the use of military personnel only."

Saturday the colonel's name appeared in the camp paper as the winner of the week.

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

STALLION ROAD, by **Stephen Longstreet,** was grabbed by Hollywood before the bindings of the first edition were dry. There's nothing surprising about this, for it's a full-bodied story, replete with romance and dramatic situations set against the open-spaces background of a group of horse-breeding ranches.

Stephen Longstreet

Nevertheless, this novel doesn't represent an unconditional surrender to the movies. It has a quality of stubborn integrity, and its plot develops as naturally as does the grain of a slab of wood in the process of polishing. Its characters — Larry Hanrahan, the happy-go-lucky veterinarian; Henry Purcell, the Hemingwayish novelist; and Fleace Teller, the ardent, muddleheaded girl—talk and act like real people.

Some of the situations in which Larry finds himself will evoke great joy in Hollywood story conferences. For example, Larry, with a horse of his own entered in an important competition, is called on to cure the sickness of the chief contender for the prize. However, Mr. Longstreet handles this and kindred situations in the love story with an air of casual understatement. His style gives an impression of relaxed power.

Published by Julian Messner, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75.

"ONLY a pilot is in a position to appreciate ultimate perfection in weather," says **Carleton Putnam** in **High Journey.** "Indians worship the sun, farmers the rain, sailors court a following wind, but a flier's prayer is for a clear horizon . . . Aloft in immaculate air, free of dust, smoke or moisture, the aviator enjoys a unique beneficence, a special and wide beauty peculiar to his medium."

Carleton Putnam

Mr. Putnam is president of Chicago and Southern Air Lines. Telling the story of his struggle to gain a foothold in our aviation industry in its pioneering days, he reveals a grasp of human values and a narrative skill that would be worthy of the memoirs of a literary celebrity.

This pleasant book is the success story of a man to whom success means a great deal more than the piling up of money and power. The high spots of his life were his carefree trips at the stick of a Curtiss Robin plane.

We'll have to accept the coming air age, for better or for worse. Mr. Putnam's adventures indicate that, for anyone with a healthy appetite for life, the accent will be on "for better."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.75.

A **Texan in England,** by **J. Frank Dobie,** is the urbane story of his experience as a professor of American history at Cambridge.

The British don't share our satirical attitude toward professors and "brain trusters," Mr. Dobie points out. "No Prime Minister," he says, "could be devastated by the charge that he has consulted a 'long-haired' college professor. The Prime Minister's public regards knowledge as something respectable. . . . I must admit that I have felt less apologetic for my professional existence at Cambridge than I have felt in a country where two Presidents within my time have suffered grievously for not having abstained, like the sainted Harding, from all intercourse with professors."

Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

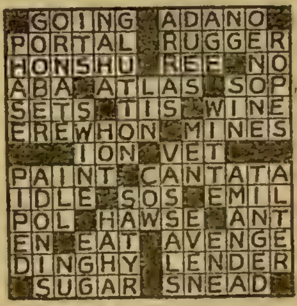
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

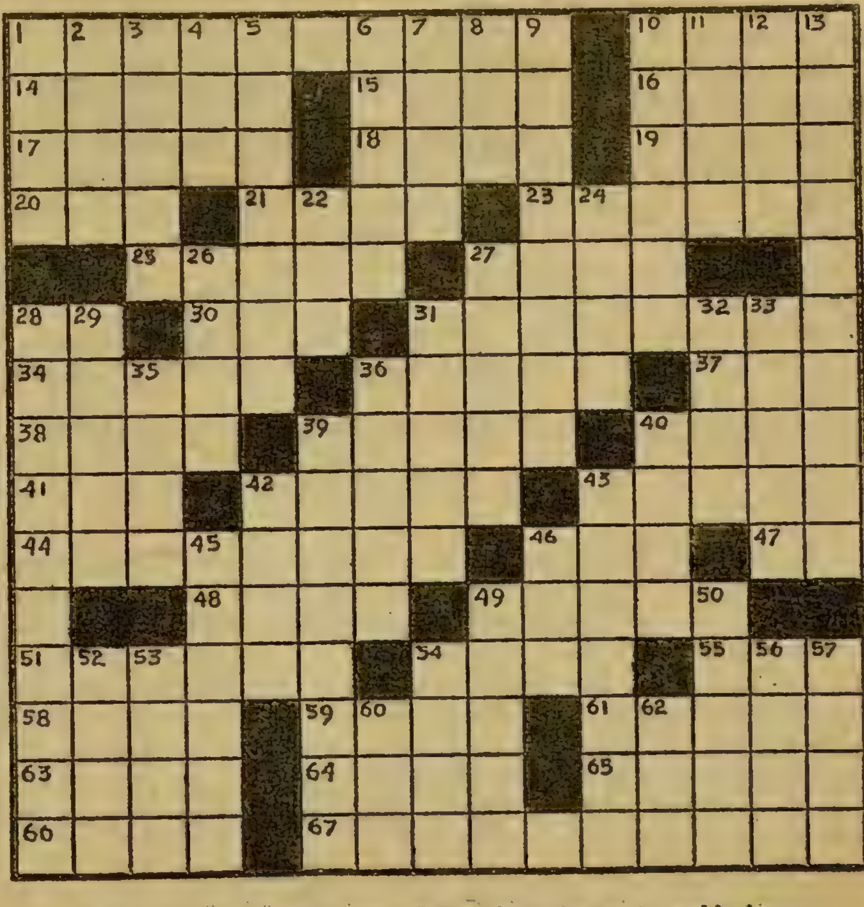
1 A number of things on a G. I.'s mind—
10 —and one thing usually on his stomach
14 Ye Olde Towne Alarme Clocke
15 Chops you'd lick if you had 'em
16 World's funniest tooth-paste salesman
17 Just an old big-mouth
18 He's uplifted millions of Americans
19 Head of old-time Greek High Command
20 Kind of meat 'Arry'd heat these dyes
21 Dough for spaghetti
23 Lubricating devices for human food mashing machines
25 Big 3ville
27 Person there when you want (him, her) and there when you don't want (him, her)!
28 Air Force most often over Tokyo (abbr.)
30 Thingum, thingorum, etc.
31 1000s of yellow rat exterminators (U. S.)
34 It's stuck out on stuck-up diners
36 Short-haired big-foots
37 Old-fashioned windshield wiper
38 Pod berries
39 Baby pacifiers
40 A big squirt
41 Chicken-and-yellow-hearted thing
42 One of the shires
43 Chew-chew car
44 Trainers (anag.)
46 Sharp thing, has a head on it
47 Kind of kaput troops (abbr.)
48 FHAs—Fine Houses of Africa
49 Minxes want theirs made of minks's
51 The Fiend's last Fling (coll.)
54 Shade worn about legs to counteract masculine eyestrain
55 Keystone Kriminal Katcher
58 Employer
59 Guy you fight with to live with, then live to fight with
61 Make a match hastily
63 Slip someone five openhandedly
64 Never do this with the chin
65 Though he never walks, he gets bunions in the end
66 Franchot, the man of note
67 Sexty-sex Street (two words)

VERTICAL

1 It's got a comeback for everything
2 The eyes have it
3 Man without a country
4 Kind of cat
5 Poor man's Packard
6 The flower of some man's eye
7 Smallest I in Greece
8 Caesar's lucky inning
9 What Fascism does
10 What Jack Benny does with his old razor blades
11 A hole in a sweater
12 He makes a mockery of everything
13 What people who like to take things slowly become
22 Pronoun
24 This comes at the end of a long illness
26 Zu-boats
27 Where they hung the Heel by the heels
28 A bunch of crumbs held together by dough (two words)
29 Japan'll be crushed under a big one
31 Kind of Runyon
32 It demonstrates the power of the press
33 Sahara soda fountains
35 Shrewbawls
36 Bird, containing bird
39 Most folks'ld gladly settle for just one
40 A little kick in the mental pants
42 Lease-breaking instrument
43 Three-cornered slacks
45 Great Indian athlete
46 It gets stewed every night in Hawaii
49 It's either the Firth or Forth River of Scotland
50 The works the Krauts got from some bad Czechs
52 Where Quisling's no longer chiseling
53 Basic Navy fighter fuel
54 He refused to add an e to his name and become one
56 Bad way for a woman to keep her mouth
57 Mere man of France
60 A lion gent
62 Love Induces Lunkheadedness (abbr.)


GOING ADANO
PORTAL RUGGER
HONSHU REE NO
ABA ATLAS SOP
SETS TIS WINE
EREWHON MINES
ION VET
PAINT CANTATA
IDLE SOS EMIL
POL HAWSE ANT
EN EAT AVENGE
DINGHY LENDER
SUGAR SNEAD

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ALGIERS
LOS ANGELES
MEXICO CITY
NOME

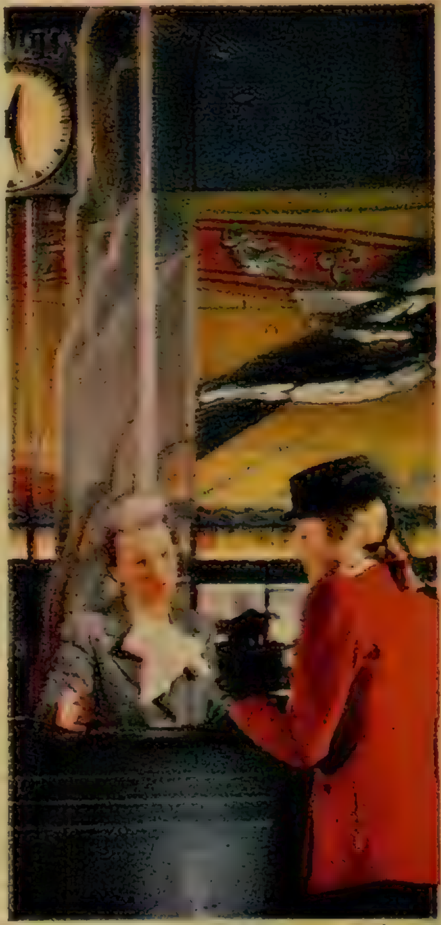
the tomorrow that came today!

It didn't come the way you may have thought it would. It hasn't changed your everyday life much . . . as yet. In fact, it wouldn't be surprising if you are still thinking about the Air Age as something promised for *tomorrow.* But take a look at what has actually happened.

Recently adopted as the standard aircraft for Troop Carrier combat operations, the Curtiss C-46 Commando is equipped with jump doors on both sides of fuselage . . . can drop 36 paratroopers in double streams.

JUST recall the historic record-breaking day when 14,000 planes were over Germany in one 24 hour period. That meant probably 50,000 men in the air at one time. Thousands of tons of bombs, shells, medicine, food — delivered to one country within a few hours. *Mass air travel and mass air-cargo transport are here!*

Huge, modern air transports, powered by Wright Cyclones, with cargo space nearly equal to two average box cars, now fly across the country coast-to-coast in approximately 6 hours . . . Giant planes take off every 13 minutes to hop the Atlantic and every 90 minutes to span the Pacific . . . 3 Curtiss Commandos recently transported 23,000 pounds of critical radar equipment from Miami to India in just 4 days . . . You are living in the Air Age *right now!*



To make air travel convenient, hundreds of air terminals are already established — more on the way. For instance, 15 nations are already seeking landing facilities at New York's new Idlewild airport. Set your hopes high—the Air Age has already begun.

FIRST IN FLIGHT **Curtiss-Wright**

AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

MR. GOLF, HIMSELF

Continued from Page 25

perhaps his biggest kick came from the $12,000 Open he promoted at Belmont Spring in 1937. It was a record sum for those days and the tournament drew 229 entries and 28,000 people. The club of his caddie days made him a life member.

But the All-Star vs. Ryder Cup team matches, which have rung up a tidy $90,000 for the Red Cross, were probably his masterpiece. These, too, represented some rapid thinking. Gene Sarazen, disappointed at being left off the 1939 U. S. team that was to meet the British in the Ryder Cup matches, was sounding off about it in Corcoran's room. Not the man to let such an opportunity drop, Corcoran fanned the flames a bit. Before long, Sarazen was feeling pretty sure he could pick ten men who could whale the everlasting daylights out of the incumbents. When Whitney Martin of Associated Press called for a yarn, the fat was in the fire.

Russell Gnau, Detroit sportsman, read the story and liked the idea. So a year later the P. G. A. accepted his bid to sponsor the sparkling Red Cross series. The Corcoran machinations had given golf one of its headline attractions, even though Hagen's cupsters walloped the Sarazen challengers 7-5.

NEXT, Corcoran cocked a quizzical eye at the long-standing feud between Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth. Running into Cobb on the West Coast one day, Corcoran asked casually, "Can you beat Ruth in golf?"

"You bet," growled Cobb.

"Will you play him?"

"Sure," said Cobb, not realizing what he was letting himself in for.

Freddie returned East and wired the Babe that Ty Cobb had challenged him.

"Bring on the so-and-so," rasped Ruth.

In 1941 the two met in Boston, New York, and Detroit, with Cobb winning two out of the three matches. Golf got reams of priceless publicity, charity benefited, and, to make it perfect, the Georgia Peach and the Bambino wound up as pals.

Another Corcoran high light was the famed music match of 1940 in Connecticut. To debunk the theory that silence is essential to golf, Freddie arranged a four-ball match involving Gene Tunney, Ruth, Sarazen, and Jimmy Demaret, and had Fred Waring's orchestra play during the match. At one point the musicians became so absorbed in Ruth's antics that they forgot to play. Ruth yelled, "Strike up the band or I can't shoot!" They whipped into Take Me Out to the Ball Game and he sank his putt. The match was Page 1 news all over the land.

At about that time Freddie also arranged the Bing Crosby-Bob Hope matches that have raised a fortune for China Relief, the Red Cross, and other deserving charities since 1941. Five of these jousts this spring, in Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Omaha, and Topeka, put a welcome $50,000 into the P. G. A. Rehabilitation Fund for convalescent soldiers.

Again it was Corcoran who came up with the idea of bringing sports celebrities into American hospitals overseas. This thought struck him while he was in England on a voluntary sports assignment for the Red Cross, and now overseas tours by U. S. athletes are a commonplace.

Naturally, Freddie conducted a sports quiz in the clubs, camps, and hospitals, using his trigger memory to warm many a G. I. heart by mentioning athletes from the soldier's home town or state.

During a second Corcoran tour, Joe E. Brown was sounding off about Babe Ruth one night in Bizerte. He insisted the Babe hadn't become a home-run slugger of note until he joined the Yankees. Corcoran objected. Brown, no slouch as a baseball savant, mouthed a robust rebuttal.

"The Babe had already set a record of twenty-nine homers in Boston in 1919, before he went to New York," Fred insisted. But Joe E. had the last word. When Freddie pulled the record book on him, Brown slammed it to the floor. "The record book," he declared, "is wrong."

Just before the boys went in at Anzio, Corcoran, Jack Sharkey, and Lefty Gomez, erstwhile Yankee pitching hot shot, did a show for the men of Mark Clark's Fifth Army. Later, when they flopped into their bunks, Gomez asked, "How did we do tonight?"

"Swell," Corcoran answered. "But why did you tell the boys I played on the Ryder Cup team? I was only the manager."

"Well," Gomez retorted, "where do you get off telling 'em I ever pitched against Dizzy Dean in a World Series?"

Freddie stared. "Are you kidding?"

No, Lefty wasn't kidding and he had $500 that said he had never pitched against Dean in a World Series. Corcoran refused to bet, but he pulled out the little book.

Gomez gasped. "Hey, that's right! Dizzy *was* on the Cubs in 1938, wasn't he?" Gomez not only had pitched against Dean, but had beaten him.

Freddie once did a bit of promoting in baseball itself, and it wasn't his fault that the deal fell through. When Charles F. Adams was being pressed to unload his Boston Bees because of his horse-racing interests at Suffolk Downs, Corcoran got busy with two bosom friends—Bing Crosby and Elmer Ward, the Goodall tournament backer. "Why don't you two guys buy the club?" he suggested?

The two went over Adams' books, dickered, and agreed on a price. Freddie would have been the man who put Bing into big-time baseball, and would have had a job running the club, if the late Judge Landis hadn't taken a look at Bing's name on the Del Mar race-track letterhead and turned a rigid thumb downward. But baseball has had its eye on Corcoran. Already he has received two attractive offers from the major leagues.

Another of Freddie's lightning inspirations served to help bring Betty Jameson back into the game. Not long ago he met the former women's amateur champion in San Antonio, where she was doing newspaper work. She had lost interest in golf and was "down." He talked her into playing a pair of matches with Babe Didrikson. The matches raised $20,000 for a good cause and restored Betty's interest. A few weeks ago she turned pro.

As indicated earlier, Freddie knows the rules by heart and can cite many a situation that has called for the wisdom of a Solomon. He likes to recall an incident he witnessed in the 1934 British Amateur at Prestwick. Jesse Guilford, the Boston Siege Gun, was playing Jock McLean. In a trap, the huge Guilford swung his niblick and sliced his ball in two.

Freddie tossed that one at the Duke of Windsor, himself a stickler for the rules, during a fanning bee at Nassau, and the Duke was stumped. "My goodness!" he said. "What *was* the ruling?"

If you, too, are stumped, Freddie will tell you Guilford had the right to replace the larger remnant with a new ball.

CORCORAN isn't a bad man with a golf stick himself, although he denies it. Once in his earlier days he ripped off a neat 69. Today, despite his many duties, he manages to stay in the low 80s.

He believes that no outstanding golfers are being produced now and that it will be at least a few years before we match the present crop of Sneads, Nelsons, and the like. His opinion rates respect. He called the turn early on Snead, Ben Hogan, and others, and a year ago named Hamilton, the eventual winner, as a dark horse for the P. G. A. championship.

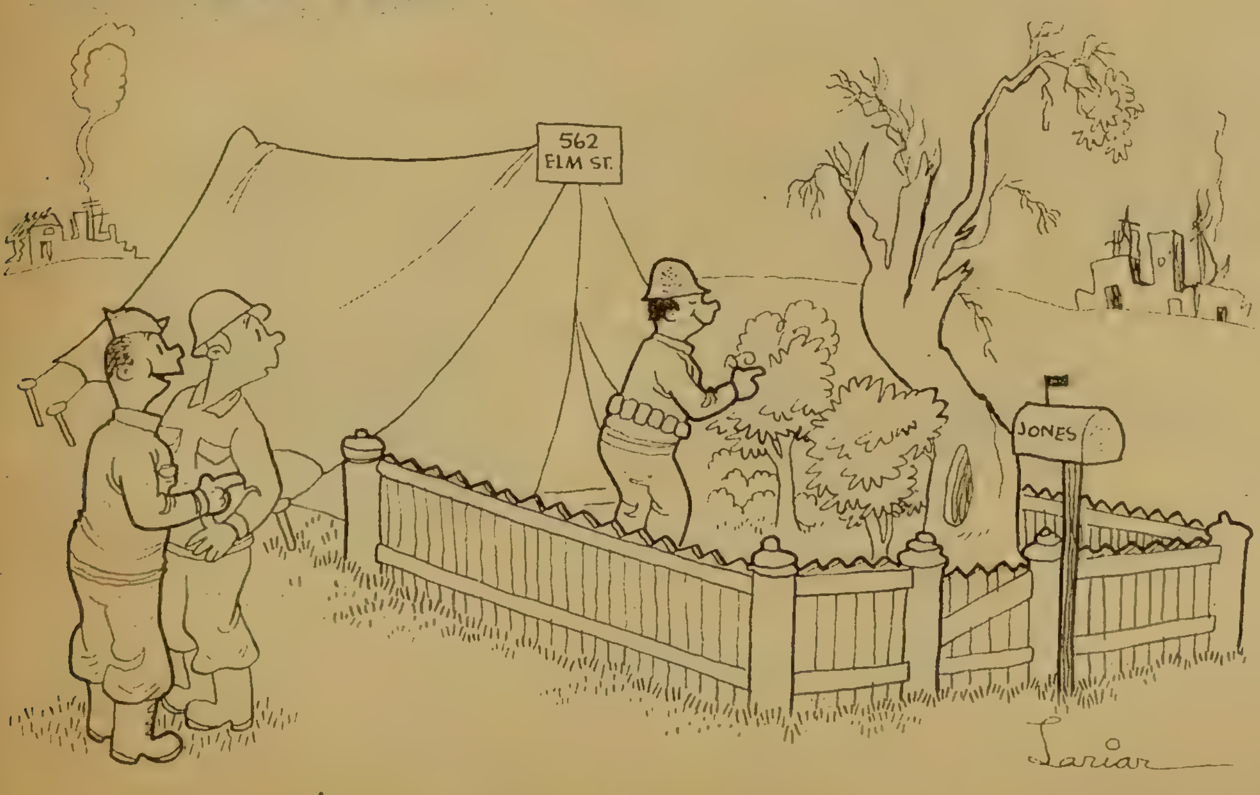
Recently Freddie and his brother John bought a Ford agency in Wellesley, a suburb of Boston. John will run the place, because Freddie, with a contract running through 1947, plans to stay with golf. Right now his principal headache is one he owes largely to his own genius as a promoter: What to do about the growing crowds?

The Crosby-Hope match at Chicago alone drew 30,000 onlookers. American courses weren't designed to handle such mobs; they impede play and offer the constant possibility that some front-row fanatic will get bopped by a drive. Freddie is equally afraid that private clubs will start balking at tournaments because the hordes rip up so much valuable real estate.

By now, Freddie's wondering whether we'll have to build stands at strategic points, rope the entire course, limit the crowds—horrible thought!—or revive our links into spectator courses like the British. Meanwhile he'll keep right on promoting golf for the millions.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT

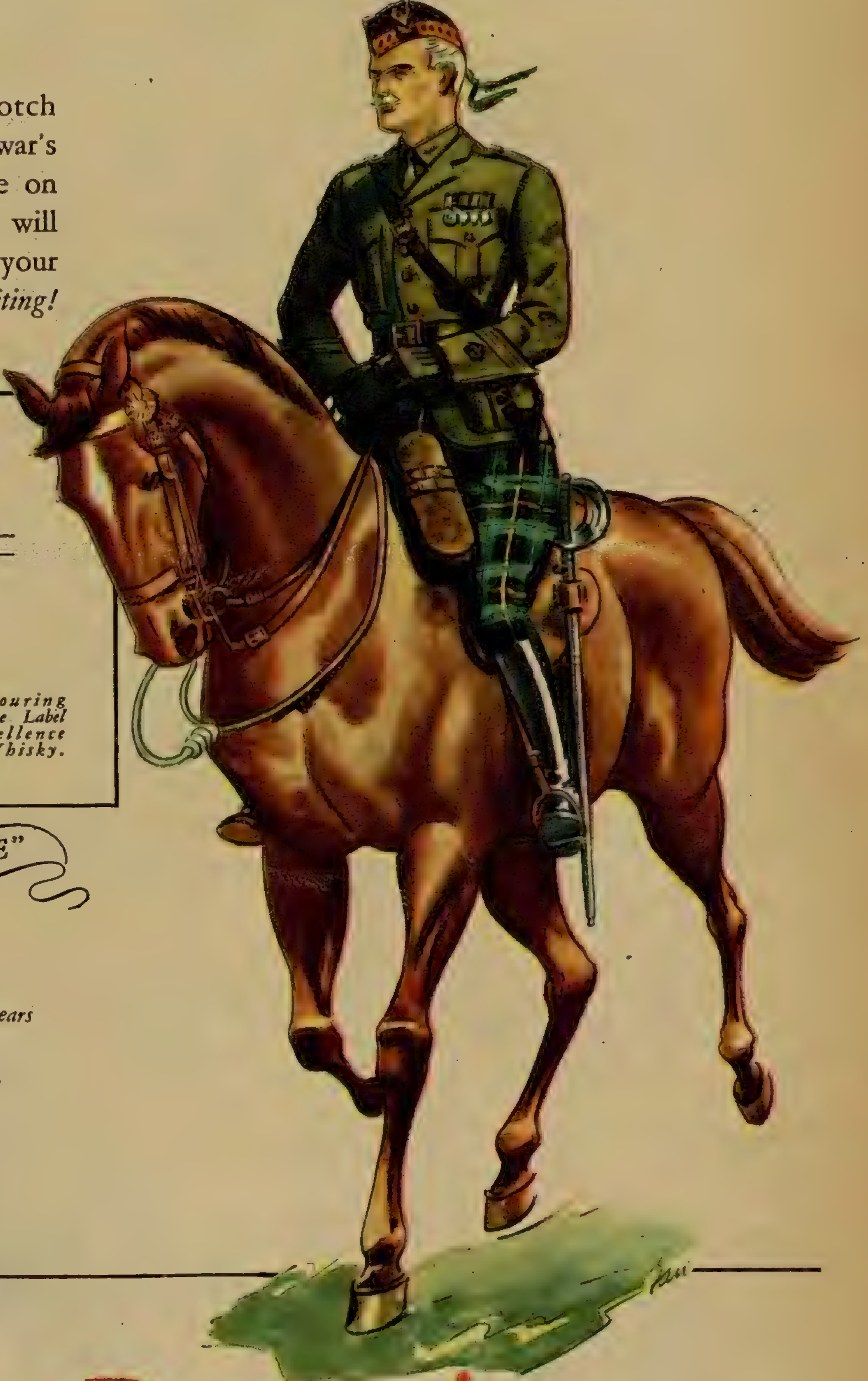


"Under the point system, he figures he'll be here for a while!"

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

IF reconnaissance at your favorite Scotch Headquarters shows there is no Dewar's on hand, be patient. Reinforcements are on their way. And Dewar's superb quality will score another unconditional victory for your good taste—*and for your good judgment in waiting!*



HONOURS OF

The Seaforth Highlanders

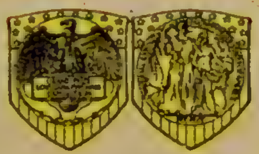
(Ceremonial Parade Dress)

Carnatic—Hindoostan—Cape of Good Hope, 1806—Kabul, 1878—Afghanistan, 1878, 80—Egypt, 1882—Armentieres, 1914—Cambrai, 1917, 18—Baghdad

HONOURS OF

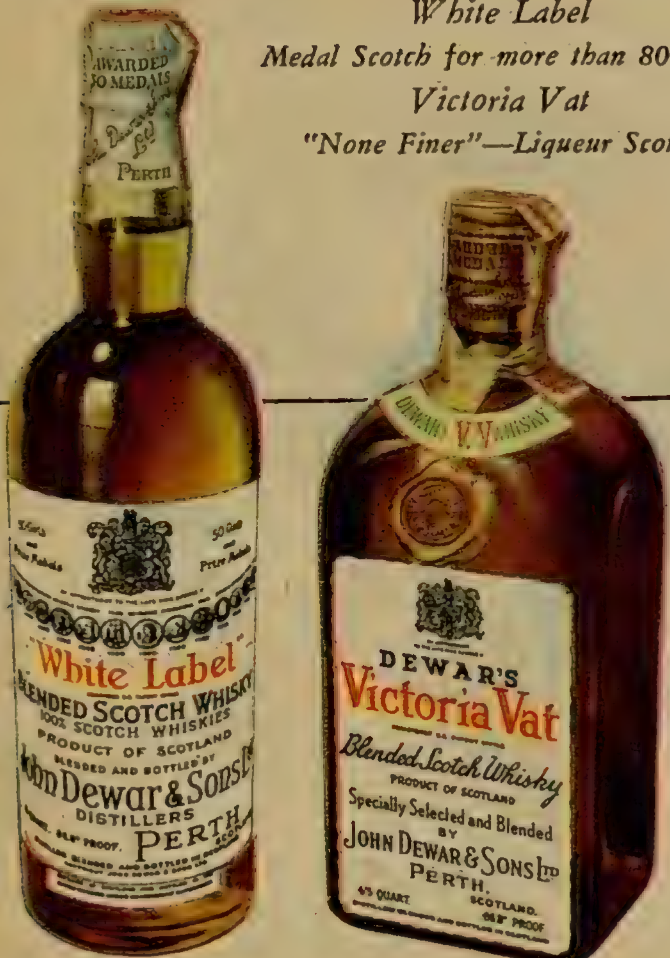
DEWAR'S "White Label"

GrandPrize...Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for its Excellence in Scotch Whisky.



COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch


AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
"White Label"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH
4/5 QUART
SCOTLAND

Dewar's "White Label"

and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • Copyright 1945, Schenley Import Corporation, New York

LIFE ON THE SPACE MACHINES

Continued from Page 21

beautiful rainbow or the slamming roar that wakes you in a Pullman berth when two fast trains pass in the night.

In the Azores, we land at Lagens, where the American taxpayer has again contributed one of the finest airports in the world, two miles long and lighted up at night like a Polish cathedral.

The twenty-four-hour poker game is still plugging along in the transient officers' barracks. People are still trying to sleep while G. I. shoes clump endlessly along the uncarpeted corridors.

"Wake up, sir!" Oh-oh. There's that man again.

"They want you all down to Operations in two hours. You've got No. 7281 estimating in here at seven hundred GMT for Paris."

WE gather ourselves together again. Shave, eat at the twenty-four-hour transient mess, and lug the B-4 bags into the back of a weapons carrier which bumps us down the hill to Operations. Everybody is pretty sleepy, but the sense of the ridiculous still gets a laugh.

"It's a hell of a long way around to kill the enemy. . . . If it wasn't for the traveling, this would be a nice job. . . . Why did I ever leave the farm? . . . Some days ya just can't seem to make a dollar. . . . There'll always be an Azores. . . ."

The truck swings down the steep grade from the top of the ridge. A fantastic panorama of aircraft activity is spread out below in the valley, dimly lighted by R. A. F. searchlights. It's drizzling, as usual. As far as the eye can see, sleek C-54s are lined up on the vast tarmac ramp, their dorsal fins fading into the murk. Litters are being carried from some; others are being refueled from huge tank trailers. Still others are warming up or trundling around on their three-wheel gear. Every few minutes the air reverberates as one of the thirty-ton whalelike ships gathers itself with ponderous dignity and hurls down the runway, purple flames snarling from the exhaust stacks as the full 4,800 horsepower takes hold.

"Boy! Look at that flock of flying machines! Must be bad weather in the States or up in England to hold up this many."

The flight plan to Paris figures nine hours for the 1,700-odd miles, the way we fly it. Seven hours after leaving Lagens, we ease the big ship down to cross the French coast line at 3,000. War has only slightly scarred the Normandy countryside. Occasional smashed towns, bombed road intersections, rusty tanks, and tortured patches of ground where tanks slugged it out testify to last summer's terrific struggle.

Flak towers, like misplaced lighthouses, line the approaches to Paris, but the city is as beautiful as ever. It takes three hours by C-54 to fly from Paris over London to Prestwick on the west coast of Scotland. From Paris to the Channel coast near Dieppe, cows gather around water holes excavated by random 1,000-pound bombs. But terribly mutilated spots stand out where Allied bombs concentrated on rocket-launching sites, still discernible in shattered patches of woods.

"Obscene Dog from Jarvis Tower," says the English accent on Prestwick's control-tower frequency. "You're cleared number one to land. We're using runway one four —Ovah."

"O. K., O. K.!" The banging on the door stops and the Scotch porter repeats the familiar theme song of the ATC: "You're leaving in two hours for Meeks with litters."

Here we go again! The big ship sweeps off the runway and we are heading northwestward into the gloom over the Firth of Clyde.

Iceland is five hours away. Bleak, rocky, rainy, forbidding, where the women look like goddesses but smell like fish. Nissen huts; the reek of oilstoves; mashed potatoes and cold pork chops for breakfast: mud and a PX that's always sold out of everything. Meeks Field, Iceland, is the most unpopular base on ATC routes. We've barely warmed the damp blankets when "There goes that song again!"

"You've got a ship estimated in here in two hours. Ambulatory patients. No. 2297."

The route between Iceland and Newfoundland has been pictured as a nightmare of ice and storm, but two years of regular flights over this stretch have disproved it. The North Atlantic "fronts" are barely perceptible compared to the banging slam of fronts we fly through on domestic schedules back in the States. Even though storm winds of ninety and 100 miles an hour churn the ocean below us into foaming fury, we rarely get even the slightest turbulence at 8,000 or 10,000 feet.

As for the deadly icing hazards you've read about, we have yet to find them. We often fly for hours through ice crystals which whisper monotonously against the windshields like blowing sand, causing a *shhhhhh* on the radios. Occasionally ice sticks to wings and windshield. Then we merely go up or down 1,000-odd feet. Most of the experienced "line captains" agree that they've encountered far tougher icing conditions at home, between New York and Nashville, or Buffalo and Chicago.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A New England farmer had most of his cattle and crop destroyed by fire. The insurance adjuster looked over the damage. "I'm sorry, Si," he said, "we won't pay you any money on your cattle, but we will replace them with new cattle."

"Well, sir," replied the farmer angrily, "if that's the way your company does business, they can cancel the policy on my wife right now!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The spectacle of Greenland and the Ice Cap is fantastically impressive. Even badly wounded soldiers lying on their litters raise themselves on an elbow and gaze in awe at the jagged peaks and iceberg-choked fjords and cobalt blue ice of the crevasses.

"Take it easy, mister!" A ground crewman at Stephenville shouts a warning to a crew member who is balancing precariously at the top of the twelve-foot ladder from the cargo door to the snow-covered ramp. "They ain't givin' no Purple Hearts for falling out of airplanes in Newfoundland this season."

At this stage of the trip we are getting slightly slaphappy. We could sleep almost anywhere. Given a hot meal for a change, we fall into our sacks in "Insomnia Inn," the transient barracks at Stephenville.

AFTER a few hours of knocked-on-the-head sleep we are alerted for the last leg of the long voyage home. The cargo: litter patients to Mitchel Field.

Across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and over Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Maine our ship now follows the civil airways under the same control from the ground as a domestic air liner. Checking over Boston and Hartford, we start slanting down over rock-bounded Connecticut farms and Long Island Sound. We pass low over the beautiful gardens of North Shore estates and the symmetrical pattern of Long Island potato fields.

"Army three-four-one from Mitchel tower—wind southeast ten—using runway one-two. Check wheels down and locked —you're number one to land."

A few minutes later, Red Cross workers and medical corpsmen are gently lowering the stretchers from the open cargo door. The litters are being lined up in the warm spring sunshine behind waiting Army ambulances. One soldier grins weakly at a pretty young aide.

"Boy! You American girls sure make the women on the other side look like daughters of Frankenstein's monster!"

Those G. I.s we bring home are our favorite passengers. We admire and respect them more than any big shots we shuttle to and from Teheran, Yalta, and San Francisco. But we're looking forward now to taking you and those boys and their brides back to London and Paris on two-week postwar vacations. In the beautiful new DC-6s we'll whip you across from New York to London in fourteen hours instead of the twenty it takes now. And it won't cost much more than $285 round trip, cocktails, meals, and sleeper berth included.

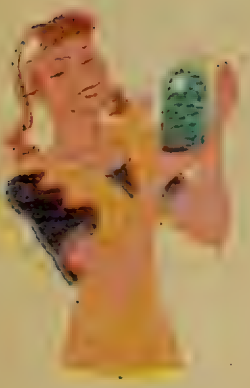
THE END

HARDTACK

Reamer Keller

"Good-Luck" Secrets for your Pickling

Do–



. . . make certain that jars, rubbers, lids are in perfect condition. Examine tops of jars and lids to be sure there are no nicks, cracks, sharp edges, etc. Wash jars, new rubber rings and lids thoroughly clean in hot soapy water. Rinse well.

Don't–

. . . put away filled jars for at least twenty-four hours. Set jars on several thicknesses of paper. Cool away from draft. Test to be sure that seals are tight. Contents of jars that are not properly sealed may be reprocessed or should be used right away . . . Store pickles in a place that is cool, dry, *dark*.

Do–

. . . use best possible pickling vinegar — Heinz Distilled White Vinegar — full-strength. This delightfully aromatic, clear and sparkling Heinz Vinegar has been the choice of expert cooks for generations because it is always uniform in strength, delicious in flavor . . . Too weak vinegar will allow pickles to soften, spoil. Overly strong vinegar causes alterations in taste.

Don't–

. . . put off till tomorrow the canning that should be done today. Never attempt to use partially spoiled, wilted or blemished fruits or vegetables for pickling. Perhaps you can salvage some of them for immediate use! If pickled or canned they will not keep.

Safeguard Your Canning with . . .

HEINZ VINEGAR

1 The same vinegar used in Heinz own pickling

2 Best for either hot or cold packing

3 Good, full flavor, yet mellow because it's aged in wood

4 Available in bottles and gallon jugs

57
HEINZ
DISTILLED
WHITE
VINEGAR
Aged in Wood
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY
H.J.HEINZ COMPANY

DEAD BEATS TELL TALL TALES

Continued from Page 29

eight to twenty per cent, depending on the size of the bill, how old it is, and so on. The agency works generally on a twenty-five- to fifty-per-cent fee, unless it's a special deal. This may seem high, but it isn't when you check into it. We don't get the job usually until all the original creditor's tricks have been exhausted and the bill more than likely written off.

"Also, the debt is probably two or three years old.

"Whatever it was, the pleasure has long since departed, and paying now is just a pain of memory. Private-school collections are a good example. Parents keep stalling off while the kids are getting educated and then they try to brush off the whole thing. Other times, the trail is cold when we get on it. The account is a 'skip'—the people have moved and we have to hunt them down. We call this 'skip tracing.' Since we take business on strictly a we-collect-or-you-don't-pay basis, our commission is not out of line. Whatever we can salvage for the creditor is gravy for him, meat and potatoes for us.

"You've heard about those untouchables in India. We get that breed in our business, only we call them 'uncollectables.' These sharpshooters prey on the little business man who can be fast-talked or is not well enough equipped to look into their credit.

"They seldom get their hooks into a big firm, because their rating and reputation won't stand up.

"They are either self-employed or work on a commission so you can't garnishee them or get a payroll attachment. They have no income or assets in their own name, so there's nothing you can levy against with a court execution. You just hope their name doesn't come up in your file. Many of them are wolves. They will give the little darling of the moment a fur coat, a watch, a ring, a bedroom suite. All of a sudden she will find that paper she signed as a 'character witness' makes her liable for the bill. Romeo has gone on to other pastures.

"ANOTHER bugaboo of our business is the federal Civil Service worker protected by law from garnishee. Not state and city Civil Service workers, but the ones with the national government. About the only recourse we have with these cases is to get their superiors to help. You can go only so far with this, though! Maybe the boss isn't good pay either.

"We have a problem, too, with fly-by-night collection agents. These chiselers drum up business and then the original creditor has a tougher time trying to collect from them than from the original customer. The gyps collect the debt and then close out their joint, move it, or jump town.

"If ever you want to hire a collector, do a little checking first. Make sure the organization is bonded. That way you have maybe an even chance of getting something on what's coming to you."

In addition to writing that book, Collector Winn has had one other pet project stirring within him since he turned down the chance to occupy the pulpit.

The next time a church complaint comes up, he is going to try to talk the preacher into signing a short but snappy letter. The letter will read:

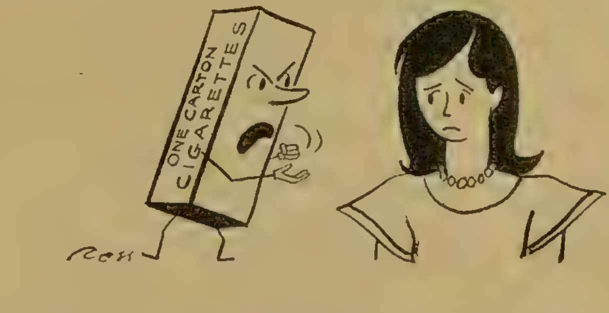
> Dear Church Member:
> Pay up or go to hell.
> Yours truly . . .

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

STATISTICS UNDER FIRE: Though impressed by staggering statistics, I always look them over with a skeptical eye. Take, for example, the fancy figures offered by the Fleming-Hall Company, New York cigarette manufacturers, who conducted a recent "survey among 18,000 cigarette retailers all over the United States to determine just who is smoking most of the 329,000,000,000 cigarettes a year which are being manufactured in this country for civilian use." The company states that "69 per cent of the nation's cigarettes are being smoked by women." Even the accurate New York Times used this last figure as a headline for a summary of the facts, opinions, and advice offered in a release sent out by the Fleming-Hall publicity agent.



Farther down in the release it was stated "questionnaires revealed that 69 per cent of the cigarettes are being sold to women." Which is something else again. The fact that women *bought* the 69 per cent doesn't prove that they *smoked* them. Perhaps they did, but I doubt it. Women have long been credited with buying 85 per cent of the goods sold in department stores, but that doesn't mean they personally wear the diapers and the pants of the family, or that they sit in all the chairs they buy or sleep in all the cribs. I alone can shoot a small hole in that 69-per-cent figure, for I buy cigarettes for my husband, though I don't smoke.

The Fleming-Hall survey offered some more useful statistics—in connection with wasteful smoking habits. Though the average cigarette measures 2¾ inches in length and can be burned down two inches, the average smoker burns it down only one inch, leaving a stub of 1¾ inches. This was determined by measuring 50,000 discarded cigarette stubs from ash trays in war-plant cafeterias, restaurants, theaters, arenas, etc.

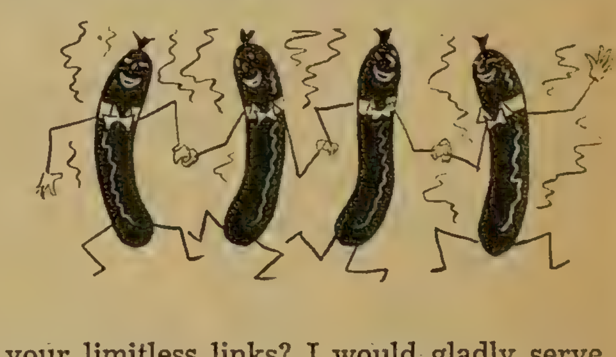
Restaurant diners were found to be among the most wasteful of all, their extravagant system being to light up just before the waiter arrives with grub, then grind the cigarette out after only a puff or two. The company recommends using a holder to smoke a cigarette down to its shortest length.

Anyone who is lucky enough to have a whole carton would do well to keep it in the refrigerator in order to preserve the moisture in the tobacco.

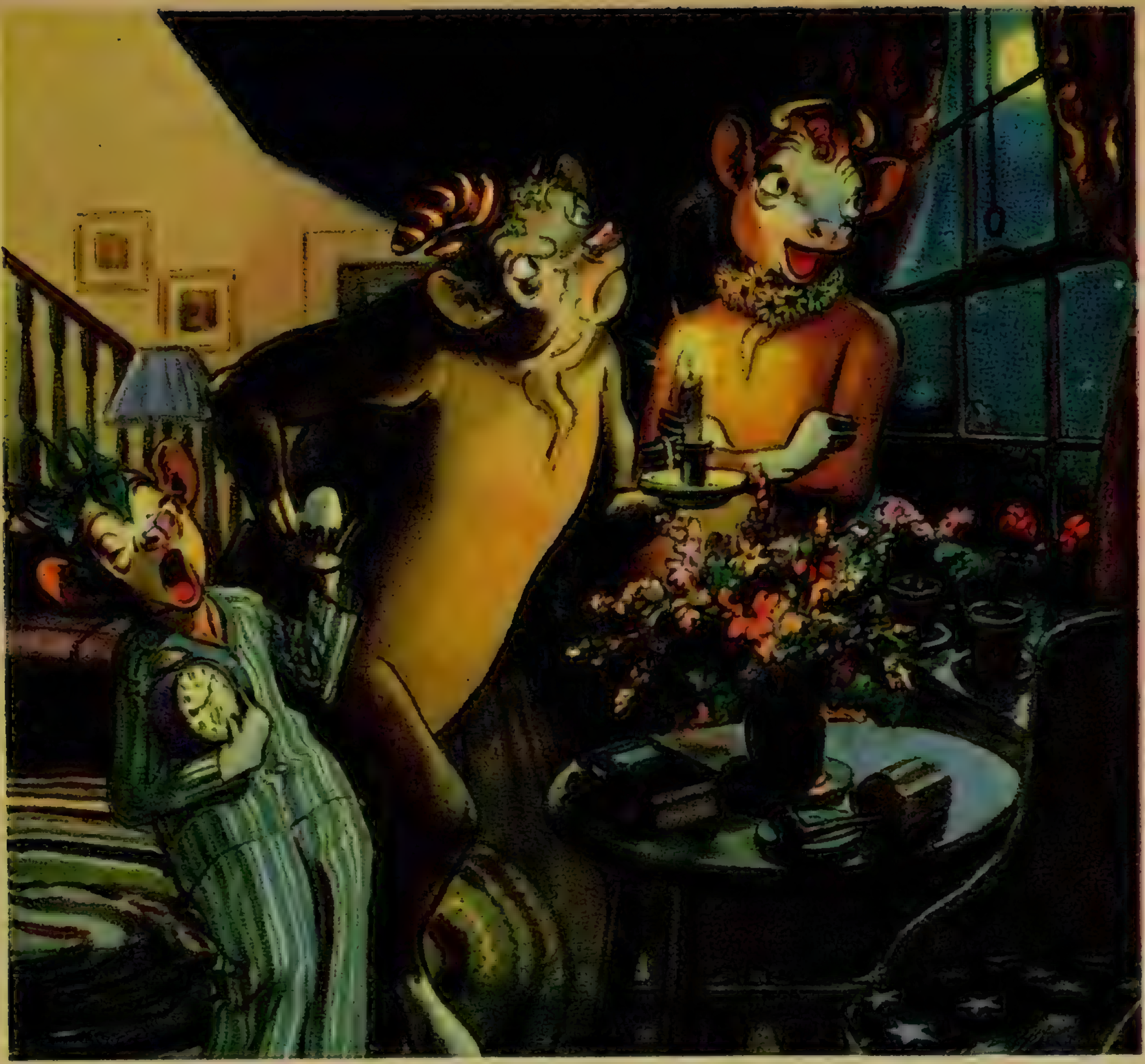
FURTHER FIGURES: According to the American University in Washington, war since 1934 has cost the world more than a trillion dollars, or $500 for every man, woman and child under the sun. . . . A more cheerful figure comes from the U. S. Forest Service, which says that by the year 2070 the 400,000 white-pine seedlings now being planted in Idaho will grow into merchantable timber. A sixty-man crew is planting the trees in an area of the Coeur d'Alene National Forest which was burned in a forest fire in 1942. . . . It is healthier to live in a city than a small town, according to Census Bureau figures. In 1940 the highest number of deaths, 11.8 per 1,000, occurred in towns under 10,000 population. In cities over 100,000 the rate was 11.4. Best chances of longevity are enjoyed, however, by those who live in the country. The rural death rate in 1940 was 9.8 per 1,000.

SEXTET BY RAZZINI: Mrs. Anthony Razzini of Hamden, Connecticut, has six daughters. Three of them enlisted together in the Women's Army Corps this spring and explained with regret why their sisters could not join up too. One sister is only fourteen, another has two young children, while the third is taking care of her husband, a wounded soldier.

FURTHER FOOD FOR THOUGHT: Says Clementine Paddleford, food editor for the New York Herald Tribune: "Hot dog! That's one of the answers to the meat shortage. Today the lowly weenie, that bun-bound hunk of succulent sausage, is deserting the bun for a yeast-dough overcoat. It is climbing into casseroles, bedding down with noodles, with tomatoes and carrots. It is being sauced and served in the folds of the potato pancake. It's the 'hot dog' in limitless links that is making both ends 'meat' through the lean days." Hey, Miss Paddleford, where do you get your limitless links? I would gladly serve frankfurters without benefit of fancy dress, if I could find any. In fact, I'd prefer them in their pristine glory, reclining snugly in rolls, with just a touch of tawny mustard to supplement their own rich color and taste. . . . Gourmets who hanker for meat can get it in various New York restaurants, if they have the cash and go to dinner around five thirty. After six o'clock, many items such as steak, roast beef, and lamb, are crossed off the menus. Illegal eating places that don't do right by their red points are now known as meat-easies.



FAST WORKERS: V-mail letters are the fastest workers the post office offers. They have priority over all overseas mail. What's more, they're inexpensive—only three cents apiece. V mail saves cargo space and never clogs supply lines. A mail-bag holding 300 average letters carries 43,000 V-mail letters. Don't keep *your* man (or men) waiting for news from home. Write a fast V-mail letter today!



"I admit it," sighed Elsie, "I have men on my mind!"

"WHAT!" exploded Elmer, the bull. "*Men* on your mind! And me slaving my hoofs to the bone for you! Woman, have you gone man-crazy?"

"I was never saner in my life," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The men on my mind are the millions of boys who'll be returning from war. And I'm terribly concerned about them. We folks at home must *never* let them down."

"Who's letting them down!" stormed Elmer. "Didn't you ever hear of the G.I. Bill of Rights? Isn't the government putting up the money for special training? Isn't it doing a bang-up job of fixing up the wounded? If that's all you're mooning about, we can all get back to bed, and leave those boys to the government."

"But we can't do that!" protested Elsie. "Those boys will need things no government can give them. They'll need the feeling that they *belong* again. They'll need understanding and love."

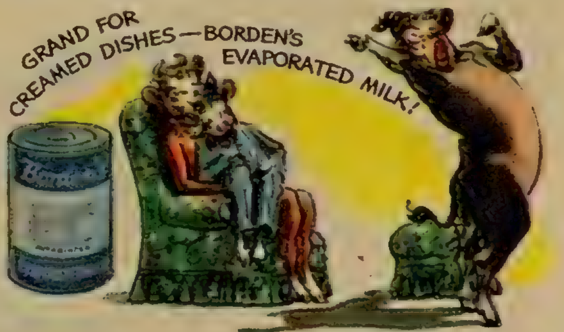
CREAM AND VITAMIN D IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"Love!" mimicked Elmer. "I suppose you'll dole it out with the cereal and your *Borden's Homogenized Milk* mornings?"

"Morning, noon, or night," countered Elsie, "Borden's Homogenized Milk has cream and Vitamin D in every sip."

"Now, look here!" bellowed Elmer. "I know we make our living from milk, but our red-blooded fighters will want three square meals a day!"

"Especially if they're good American meals," agreed Elsie, "with real American food. Like fresh orange juice, and creamy mashed potatoes all fluffy rich with fine *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* And 3-inch steaks. And, naturally, *Borden's Fine Cheeses!* They're mighty smooth nourishment!"


GRAND FOR CREAMED DISHES—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES SUPPLY CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT!

"And you're a pretty smooth one," countered Elmer, "sliding in your plug on Borden's! Get back on the trolley! Who's to dispense all this love and understanding to the boys when they come home?"

"Mothers, wives, sweethearts—and friends, too," answered Elsie. "Mothers can do a lot by recognizing that sons who went away boys have come back *men,* and should be treated like men. Wives can help by being patient and understanding when their husbands rebel at routine. It's not going to be easy for an ex-fighter to learn all over again how to be a civilian, particularly if he comes back handicapped. Then he needs more than government help and vitamins."

"Don't tell me," needled Elmer, "that you're passing up a chance to tell about *Hemo,* the gl-orious chocolate food drink that's *teeming* with vitamins and minerals?"

HEMO'S THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"See!" cried Elsie, "you *can* be helpful. But let's save some of that helpfulness for the boys. Maybe we can help them get settled in homes and jobs. Maybe—"

"OK!" said Elmer, "I'll throw a party."

"That's not exactly what I mean," smiled Elsie, "but if you *do* throw your party, don't forget to serve ice cream. It was a wonderful help in keeping up the morale of the boys when they were in the service! And just to be *sure* they like it, serve delicious *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets.* They're cheery treats at any time."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS WONDERFUL FOOD!

"The treat I'd like best in all the world," sighed Elmer wearily, "is to hit the hay. And now that you've said your piece about the boys, please say your other one, and let's get to bed. You know—"

"Everybody knows," chuckled Elsie, *"if it's Borden's it's GOT to be good!"*

– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

TUNE IN Borden's Radio Show — Fri. Eve. on CBS Starting July 6 — Starring Jerry Wayne, Jeff Alexander's Music, Guest Stars! See your Newspaper for Time and Station.

©The Borden Company

MORE THAN $100,000,000 WORTH OF WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC OIL HEATING EQUIPMENT IS NOW IN USE

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

War Bonds are the world's safest investment.
Buy all you can . . . and KEEP all you buy!

LITTLE DARLING

Continued from Page 23

As she lifted the lid of the silver coffeepot, the thin gray face of the waiter looked anxious and then brightened as steam arose and she said, "Um'm—nice and hot! How wonderful! Thank you both so much. No, nothing else, unless I ring."

The coffee was too strong and not quite fresh, but she reminded herself of the war. Sitting up amid her pillows, she glanced out of the window, observed that a watery sun was breaking through, and felt really quite happy.

As she ate burnt toast, she composed in her head a telegram to Archie. Archie would worry dreadfully when he read in the morning paper about the storm. Almost any minute now she would have a wire from him.

"Old fussbudget," she murmured, smiling.

It was the last playful word she was to utter in quite some time. For at that moment, bending forward to reach a magazine, she glanced through the farther window, which gave her a view of the corner of the dingy station. Coming around this corner was a carefree man wearing an old cowboy hat. When he saw the long train standing still in a spot where it had never stood still before, he looked startled. He pushed his hat back from his forehead and tugged at his right ear. Then he turned and went in at the door marked FREIGHT AND EXPRESS OFFICE.

Like a woman frozen into an attitude of the most extreme and horrified astonishment, Little Darling uttered a small queer sound. "Nick!" she whispered. For the man who had pushed his hat back with a gesture so dreadfully familiar was indeed her first husband.

Unless it was Nick's ghost? Or was she going crazy? Certainly something uniquely horrible had happened to her. For Nick was buried in the cemetery of her own home town. Papa had brought Nick home and buried him there in the family plot, and twice a year she herself made a pilgrimage to place flowers upon his grave. So it couldn't be Nick, she cried with her very soul; it *could—not—be.*

But in the shivering cold deep within her, she knew, as well as she knew she was crouching there in Drawing Room B, that she had seen Nicholas Breen in the flesh. She knew that gesture of pushing the hat back and scratching his right ear—had she not tried a thousand times to break him of that habit? She knew the way he carried one shoulder a little higher than the other. She knew the cool clear hazel of his eyes. Oh, she knew all right.

She was still kneeling at the window when he reappeared with an express package under one arm and a cigarette between his smiling lips. A grizzled man wearing glasses followed Nick to the door. They had the look of old friends, joking each other. Nick did not glance again at the Super-Chief. He merely disappeared around the corner. There was something about the way he walked that told her he was a contented man.

Little Darling fell back upon the bed. "I am going to scream," she whispered, but knew she would not, for in this steel cage no one could hear her. After a while she began to tell herself that the whole bizarre event could not have happened. Then, by the usual process, her mind flew to her refuge in time of bewilderment—papa. If only papa were here to tell her what to think, what to do. Very quickly after this thought came another, so truly horrifying that she sat upright with a jerk.

Had papa for the only time in his life made a mistake? And if so, who could papa have buried in Nick's grave?

IT was at this point that she sprang off the bed and began to snatch blindly for her clothes. Little Darling was beside herself with rage. Somehow somebody had put over on her a shocking and horrible hoax, and he was going to suffer for it if it was the last thing she ever did.

With her hat and handbag in her hand, she ran down the car steps. But at the door of the freight office she took herself in hand. There was in Little Darling a core of good sense. She must be calm. She went into the freight office, gave the grizzled man wearing eyeglasses her pretty smile and received in return a spate of information. The man in the cowboy hat who had called for an express package a few minutes ago was Jack Hebron, an up-and-coming beekeeper who lived five miles out on Route Ten, his telephone was five-twelve, ring three—

"Oh, thank you so much," she said, and, as the man leaned a bit nearer, "but I don't think I know him, after all."

She then went around the station to the main street. She was not shaking now, for a tight hard purpose blotted out everything, including time and the Super-Chief.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

PAUL WIDEMAN: An orchestra leader with width and humor.

SPONSORE: He doesn't like his radio program.

CO-WED: A married girl student.

SNAILIEN: A slow foreigner.

TYPE-RIDER: He jockeys words around.

CIVILLAIN: A non-military scoundrel.

STYFULL: To smother all your pigs.

CRYME: Illegal use of tear gas.

LAKE EERIE: The one with the long ghost line.

APE-RON: Something to put on while monkeying around the kitchen.

In spite of his false name and his beekeeping, she was certain the man she had seen was Nick. She had to know why he had left her. No man could do so dastardly a thing to her and go scot-free.

At the gasoline station she hired a car and a man to drive it. His name was Eddie and he would have enjoyed conversation with his pretty passenger, but after a glance into the mirror he concluded there was something eating her that was not eating him. No one could have put it better. Little Darling was literally gnawed at by rage and bewilderment. That was during the first few minutes of this strange drive, before the open spaces began to get her. These great reaches of raw country made her feel very queer. After a while even her rage gave way a little to an odd sense of growing fright.

Finally, as they topped a slight rise, Eddie pointed to a rambling white-painted farmhouse just below them. "That's where Jack Hebron lives," he said. "That feller is a whiz with bees. They say bees work for Jack Hebron like for nobody else. Packs 'em in trucks and takes 'em up into the orchard country and rents 'em out— You want to get out here? I can take you right to the house door—"

"I would rather get out here," she said. "I'm not quite sure this is the place I mean. Wait here, please."

THERE was a rutted dirt road leading from the highway to the barns and beyond them to the white farmhouse. It was true she was not sure she had come to the right place. The details about the bees did not fit the Nick she had known. But there was another reason why she did not choose to be driven to the door of the house. She was afraid. When she had gone along the dirt road far enough to be out of Eddie's sight, she stood still for a moment, waiting for her heart to stop pounding. Then she walked slowly on.

Just as she rounded the corner of the big barn she heard the voices. A child's voice and a woman's from the other side of the tall hedge. Stepping up to it, she peered through. She could see a rough lawn, a big maple, and under its branches a woman and two children. The older child, a little boy, swayed back and forth in a low swing. The baby lay kicking and crowing on an old quilt. Between them the woman sat paring apples from a wooden bowl. She was young and her blonde hair was braided and wound about her head.

It was a charming picture, but to Little Darling in the hedgerow it was merely confusing. As quietly as possible she backed away, turned around, and then she gave a small squeak. For she was looking into the face she had once been in love with.

"Nick—Nick—" she whispered.

He did not say a word. He must have been watching her from the shelter of the barn, for his face, though grimly gray, was not surprised. He merely took her firmly by the arm and whisked her back to the barn and around it to an overgrown wood lot. And there he let go of her arm.

"So you have found me," he said.

"You—you aren't dead," she stammered.

He grinned dryly. "Not yet. You were on that train, I suppose. Are you alone?"

"If you mean is Archibald with me—no."

"Archibald?"

"My husband. A very fine man. He is devoted to me."

"That's nice," he said, and then chuckled. "I can't help it, it's so comical, our standing here behind the barn talking like a tea party back in Forest Hills. Well, I suppose we've got to have this out. Maybe you'd better sit down. There's a good dry log behind you."

She staggered back and sat down. She shook with rage, and yet she wanted to weep. Long-lost memories floated to the surface of her boiling thoughts—Nick taking off her skates, Nick carrying her upstairs when she fell asleep in her chair. Little things that Archibald never thought of doing.

But, on the other hand, when Archibald died he would stay in his grave. She could depend on him.

"I want to know what you and papa did!" she cried.

Leaning against a tree, he gazed down at her ruefully, as if he felt sorry for her and a little for himself. "It's kind of a tough story, Luella. I hoped you would never have to hear it. Anyhow, you can leave your papa out of it."

"You mean, papa didn't know—you mean, he thought—"

He smiled dryly. "I don't know what he thought. I've sometimes wondered. You know, your papa didn't have much imagination. I guess he just saw what he was expected to see. So he scooped up my remains and buried them, and no questions asked. He didn't happen to say anything to you about there having been a tramp with me on that trip down the river?"

"A tramp? I don't know what you are talking about. They said you got caught in some rapids near a canyon. They found your canoe smashed to pieces, and you— They wouldn't let me look at you!" she cried. "They said your face was— Oh, why do I have to go through it all over again?"

He let out his breath as if he had been holding it for years, but there was pity in his eyes. "I'm sorry," he said. "It wasn't my face that was ground on the rocks; it was the tramp's."

She shrank back. "Nick! Did you kill that tramp?"

"Good Lord, no! Look. You've got to get this straight, no matter how much it upsets you. I was camping on a mesa above the river, see? And the tramp came out of the darkness to join me. He wanted to go downriver with me. Maybe he had a good reason for wanting to get away from the railroad. I don't know. I took him along. No one saw us start—no one saw us finish—"

"But a tramp!" she interrupted. "How could you? And why did you go on that horrible river when you must have known it was dangerous? Why didn't you think of *me?*"

He looked as if he had not heard her; he was gazing over her head. "It's like something clean out of this world, that river. Beautiful and—deadly. When I was a kid I heard about it, and all my life I wanted to see it. I never told you, did I? You wouldn't have gone with me, anyhow. Too uncomfortable. Anyhow, my tramp enjoyed the ride. But he was no good in a canoe; never had been in one before. That's why he stood up when the rapids caught us—"

Nick was standing straight now, staring beyond her at something she had not the imagination to see. "I couldn't save him," he said. "He didn't have a chance. The rapids and the rocks did for him. If I hadn't been a good swimmer they'd have done for me too. But I tried to save him, you've got to believe that. You do believe that, don't you?"

He looked at her as if he hoped she would say something, utter one understanding word that would bring him back from the grim fantasy of that day he had never been able to forget. But he saw she had not actually taken it in, the horror of seeing a man battered to death.

Nick sighed, and slowly he let himself down on his haunches, his back to the tree. "It was almost dark," he said, "by

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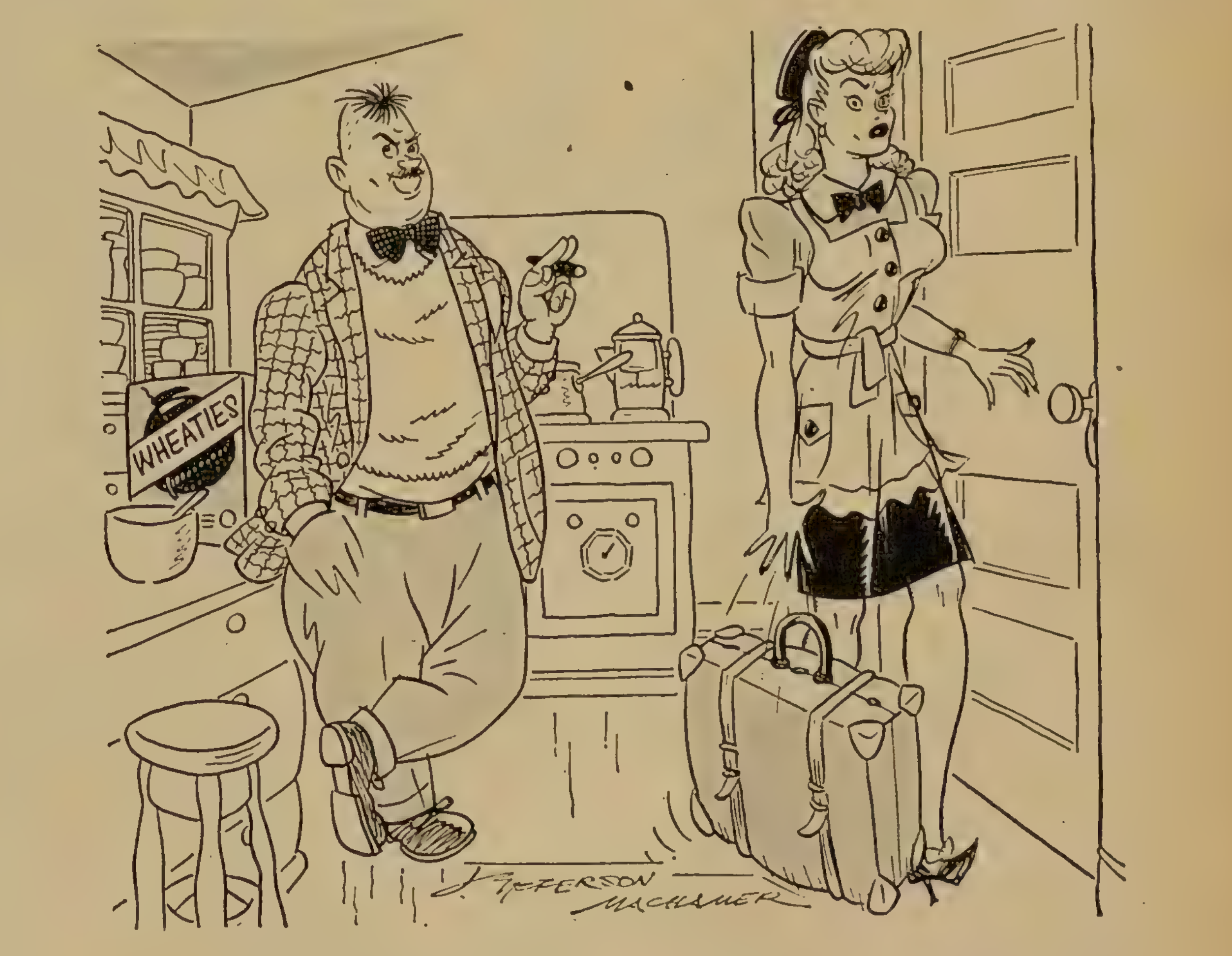

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the time I found him and fished him out. He was just a bag of broken bones. And his face—well, the shape his face was in, gave me my idea."

"Oh, don't!" she moaned. "You are making me sick."

His face hardened. "I felt a bit sick myself at the time," he said. "But by morning the tramp was me, and I was the tramp. He wore what was left of my clothes, and I wore his rags. We were about the same age and build. I was careful of every detail, even down to one of your letters in the tramp's pocket—I mean my pocket. For that was me lying there. You understand, I was beginning all over again."

"You must have been crazy," she whispered.

"I was never saner," he said. "I was beginning all over again."

"But why? You had everything—our lovely home and all our friends, and the bank—papa did so much for you always—and I was always sweet to you, you know I was, Nick."

"Yes, I know. You are a sweet person, my dear."

"Then, why—why?"

His gaze was level and clear. "Because all those things—the bank, the house, the sweetness—are trimmings. I couldn't live on trimmings."

"What on earth do you mean? You can't call papa and the bank trimmings!"

"I can," he said. "I left because I couldn't stand your papa and the bank. Maybe I could have stood either one alone, but not in combination. And I couldn't stand your papa's town. Then, when I went home at night—I'm sorry, my dear, but sometimes I couldn't stand you, either."

"Me?" she shrieked faintly.

"I was a coward," he said. "And now I am a heel to say these things to you. But, good heavens, Luella, aren't you ever going to grow up? That's why I couldn't go on. I couldn't keep on kneeling to a spoiled child. I got hungry in my mind. Do you get what I mean, Luella?"

"You never loved me!" she cried.

HE sighed, and on that breath the remains of all those years of irritation went out of him. He smiled at her gently. "I was in love with you, Luella."

"But you said you couldn't stand me!"

"I'm trying to tell the whole truth," he said slowly. "If I had loved you I would have gone back. But we were only in love. There's a difference—don't you know that, my dear? You have to be grown up to love. It takes guts. And character—"

He fell silent and she stared at him, her eyes bewildered, her soft lips parted a little.

"Nick—"

But he did not hear her. He was seeing something she could not see, he was thinking about something she had never experienced. The difference between loving and being in love.

"To love someone is a sort of coming-of-age," he said. "It means you forget yourself."

She stared at him, puzzled, affronted. Every instinct in her stood on tiptoe listening, and suddenly her heart began to beat violently.

"Nick!" she cried. "That woman—those children in the yard—"

He nodded. "Yes, they're mine. My kids, my wife."

"Oh! Oh!" She was breathless. "I see it all now. Now I understand."

She sprang to her feet, but he was even quicker. He stood between her and the way back to the house.

"You think I left you for her?" he said. "Well, you're wrong. I had been—shall we say dead?—for almost a year before I met Helga. Let's get this straight. She knows everything there is to know about me. She knows I began all over again. She knows why. And she was willing to take a chance on me."

Little Darling's eyes were full of scorn and her lips were prim. "Then she is a very reckless, unprincipled woman."

"Reckless, maybe, but not unprincipled. She's the best person I ever knew. She loves me and I love her. From the first we were grown up enough, thank God, to know that."

But Luella, clenching her charming hands, was following a line of her own. "You are not married to that woman," she declared, "and I am going to make that clear to her."

He grinned and his eyebrows went up—how well she remembered those impish and mocking brows! "Well," he inquired, "if I am still married to you, where does that leave Archibald?"

Archibald! She had forgotten him. He had been wiped out by waves of emotion, fury, bewilderment. And now for a queer instant she could not remember what he looked like. But his name evoked a number of objects—the chocolates, the lovely fruit, the jacket of pale fur in Drawing Room B, and the long train on the siding.

Oh, dear, what if it had gone on without her? Suddenly she knew stark panic. She wished she had never left the shelter of the train, then all these unpleasant things would never have happened to her, this bewilderment, this tearing up by the roots of old, buried things.

"I must hurry." She began to run through the woods, up the road, stumbling and panting. Nick strode along beside her, saying nothing until Eddie and the car came in sight. Then he stopped. For an instant his hands rested on her shoulders. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not proud of what I did. But I had to do it. Will you try to understand that, my dear?"

She felt oddly defenseless, so small, as if she were becoming almost invisible, like a little figure seen through the wrong end of opera glasses. It was all she could do to keep from clutching at him to anchor her down.

"You have said dreadful things to me!" she cried. "But Archibald loves me, and I have many, many friends."

"I know you have. You're quite a person, Luella. And when you grow up, you'll be—"

"Oh, stop it! You keep on saying that. I don't want to listen to you. I don't know what you mean."

But he did not hear her words. He was gazing into her face, into her frightened, furious eyes. He looked as if he might laugh or shed a tear. "I wonder," he said. "Do they still call you Little Darling?"

"Of course! And why not?"

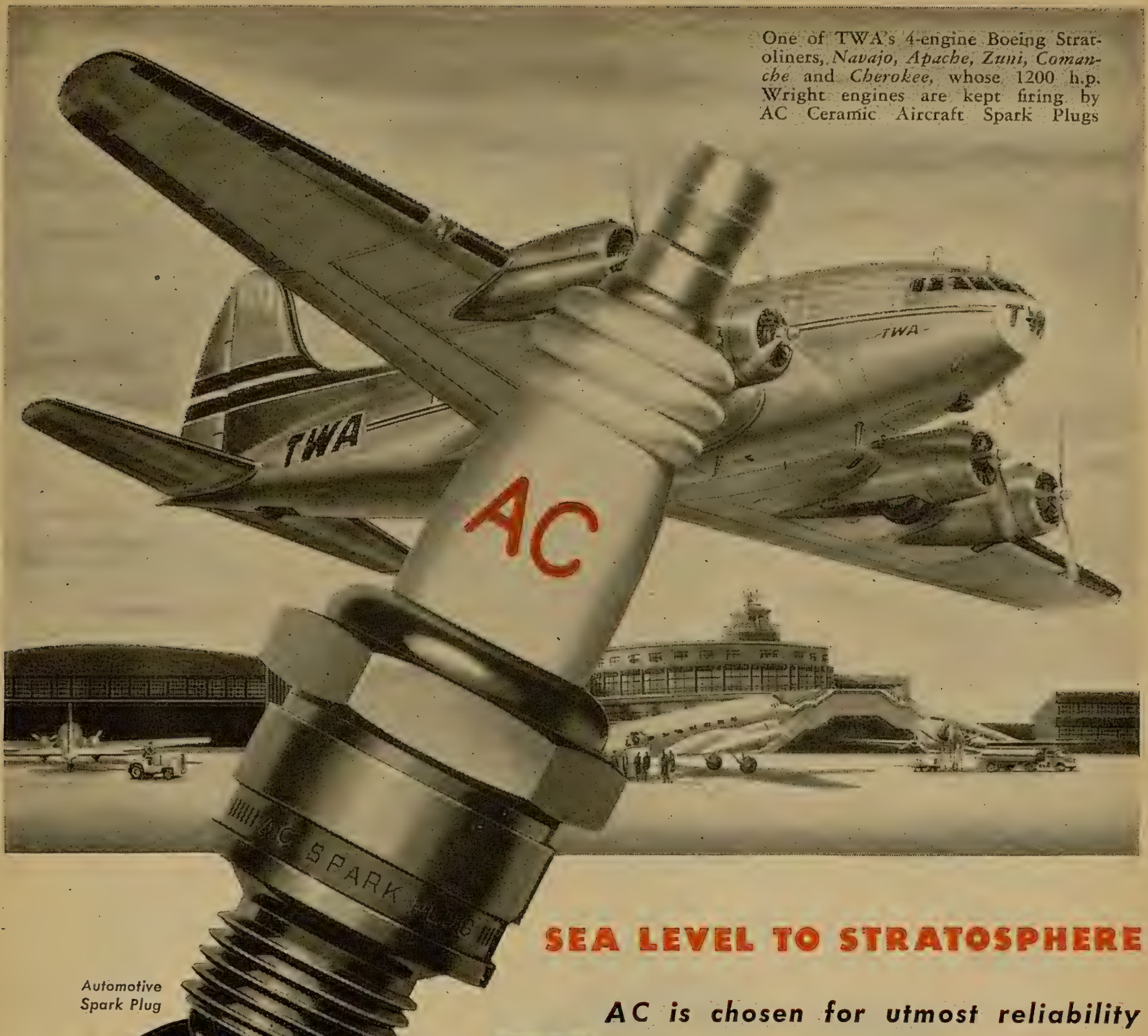
"Because it's bad for you. Make 'em stop it. Spit in their faces when they call you Little Darling."

"Oh!" It was all she could say. Turning from him, she hurried to the car and Eddie. But with a long free stride Nick got there first. He opened the door and handed her in politely. "It's been nice seeing you," he said. "O. K., Eddie."

SHE threw herself back in the corner and with a shudder she put her hands over her face. She had a queer feeling that she had been lured by Nick outside of herself, and might never again find her way back to the nest where she had rested sweetly all her life. She felt cold and already exposed to the harsh winds that blow upon women who have never been called Little Darling.

"I must catch the train," she called to Eddie. "Drive faster."

(Continued on page 66)



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(*Continued from page 64*)

It was a great relief when she reached the station to see that her train still stood there. She hastened to the station telephone. By now she had but one wish in her heart—to hear Archibald's voice, to pour out the story of her dreadful day, to receive consolation and counsel. To be again the center of someone's universe.

SHE waited rather a long time before she heard the voice of Archibald's secretary, who said Mr. Janeway just happened to be out, but perhaps she could reach him if Mrs. Janeway would hold the wire. In a moment Archibald's voice boomed: "Well! Well! Little Darling. Quite a surprise."

"Archibald, you're not in the office! You're not ill, are you?"

Archibald declared he had never been better. He was at the club with an out-of-town client. "Trying to forget," said Archibald, "how lonesome I am, Little Darling."

He went on talking, but the words she did not hear. For something strange was happening to her. She heard Archibald's voice as if she had never heard it before. It was as if she really listened. She listened and knew that Archibald was but human. It seemed to her he was tired. Perhaps he, too, had trouble with his knees. Did they ache from too much kneeling? Did Archibald have a river he thought about sometimes?

Her hands clutched at the telephone. "Archie—Archie, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. What's the matter? Your voice sounds queer. Aren't you having a nice trip, Little Darling?"

She stared into the black throat of the telephone. Oh, yes, a nice trip. All the way from babyhood to old, old age in two hours. A wonderful journey. With amazement she heard a voice that did not sound like her own crying into the telephone:

"Archie, I love you, but, please, would you mind not calling me Little Darling? Please, Archie, not ever again."

Then she hung up the telephone and walked toward the train. She felt oddly weak, like a person walking for the first time after years in bed. She was glad Simpson was there to help her up the steps, to open the door of Drawing Room B for her.

"You look plain tuckered out, ma'am," he said.

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. "I took a walk, Simpson. I went too far."

No one should be asked to go as far as she had gone in the last two hours. "I will think about papa," she promised herself.

She needed him as never before. She had been cruelly shocked, first by Nick and then by Archie. Papa must tell her what to do about it.

She put her hands over her eyes and waited.

After a few minutes she dropped them into her lap. For papa had failed her. In eternity, it seemed, he had gone off somewhere about his own affairs. That was a pity. She meant to tell him he must never think of her again as Little Darling. For she was through with that name, she was sick and tired of it. She averted her face from Simpson's pitying eyes, for a sharp pain—a growing pain, perhaps—had wrenched her heart.

"It's all right, Simpson," she said. "You go and take care of someone else. I shall be all right now."

A shiver, a gentle bump ran through the train. "Glory be," said Simpson, "we're on our way."

THE END

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THE MENTAL RENTAL

Continued from Page 33

afternoon. "What's this nonsense about Meatball?" she demanded.

I almost stabbed myself with my chin telling her.

"Daddy," she announced, "you have been using the wrong tactics."

"Could be," I said, "but if I hit him with a club, I think this time he is so scared he will hit me back."

She shook her upsweep, very impatient. "I mean that trying to dominate him consciously is useless."

"O. K.," I said sarcastic. "Then maybe you could argue with him unconsciously."

"Don't be silly, daddy."

"But what is there for me to do to get Meatball into the ring?"

"Nothing."

"Are you nuts?" I hollered. "Everything depends on it, and you tell me to do nothing. How can you say such a thing?"

"Because," said Alice, powdering her nose, "he'll be there."

I gaped. "He told you?"

"No. I'm telling you."

"Alice," I said, "this talking in circles is making me dizzy. How will you do it?"

"That," she said, "is a problem I'll wrestle with myself."

I was disappointed. If she thought strong-arm stuff was going to work with Meatball, she was thinking in the wrong department. Still, partners is partners. "All right, then, let's go," I said, "and we'll wrestle him together."

ALICE shot a look at her watch. Then her voice exploded like a bomb: "Don't you dare go near him!"

"You mean—"

"Exactly what I said. You'll see him at the Arena tomorrow. And I'll handle him in the ring myself."

"Alice," I said, "I don't get it."

"You will—in the neck—unless you do as I order," she snapped. Then she scrammed.

I felt insulted. But I needed Alice in my business, so I did like she said.

Still, it was very aggravating. Because, from the looks of it, nothing Alice could trot out, not even reinforcements from Belmont Park, would drag Meatball into the ring.

All night I twisted it around in my mind. And the more I twisted, the worse got my headache. When Alice was out of town she had bet a bundle for me on Meatball to win by a kayo. True, if he didn't show up in the ring, the bet was off. But what if, by accident, Alice made him? That would save me from being blacklisted by the Trust. But it wouldn't save Meatball from getting slaughtered. Not in his condition. Coming or going, I had a one-way ticket to Jitters Junction.

Then suddenly it hit me. There might be some hope with insurance! And in such a crisis, insurance was the Hex Sisters. Bubbles and Chubby.

Grabbing my hat, I beat it up to the hotel where they lived. Bubbles' three hundred pounds filled the door when I knocked. "Hiya, Larceny," she greeted, giving me a swat on the shoulder that made me leave footprints in the linoleum. Then she hopped onto a trapeze that hung from the ceiling and began chinning herself with one hand.

This was her morning exercise, and a hangover from the days when she and Chubby, the six hundred pounds of them, were the heavy artillery in an adagio act called the Cannonball Cohalans. They retired a couple of years ago, after flying by accident over the footlights of the

(*Continued on page 68*)

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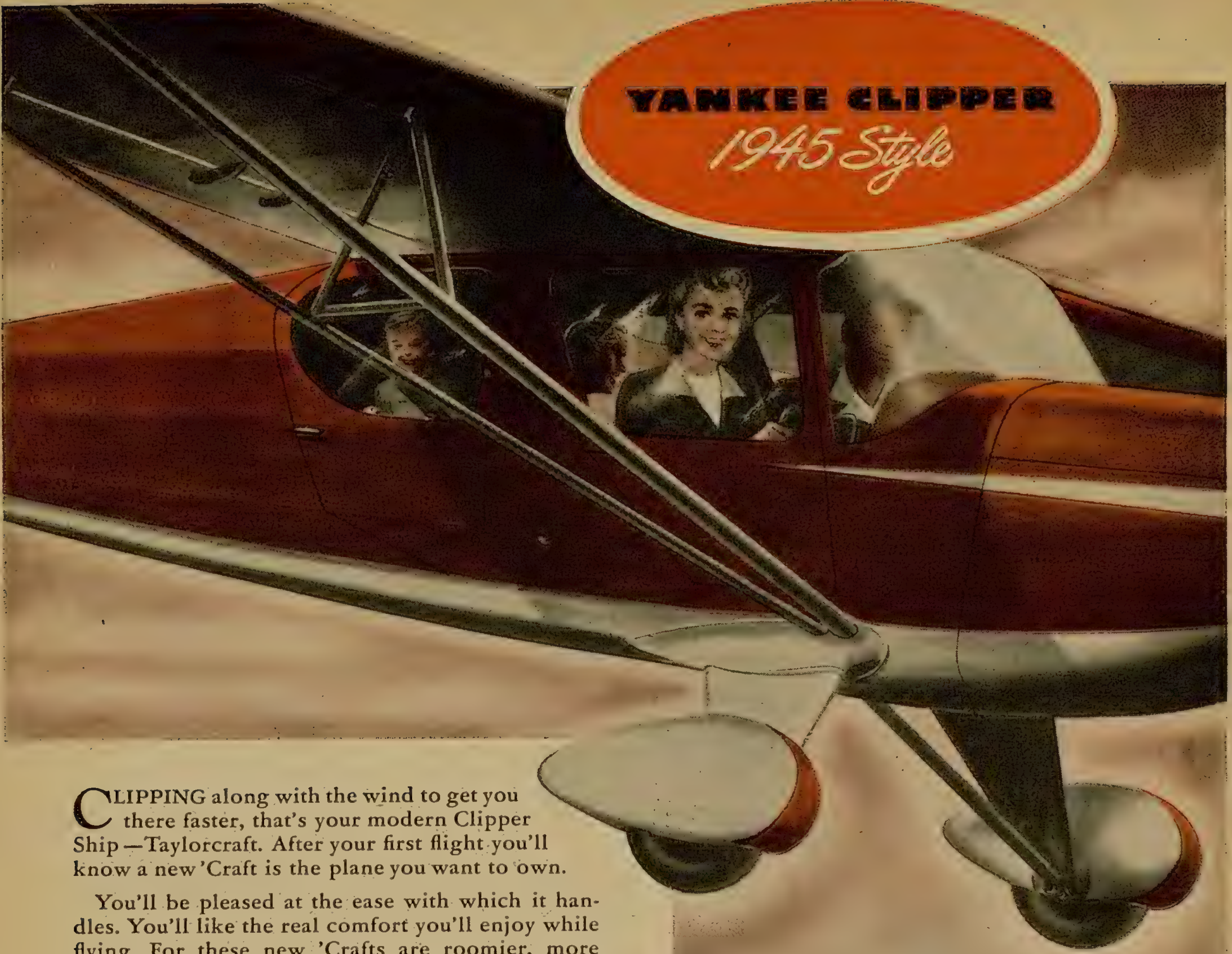

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(Continued from page 66)

Fresco Theater face-first into the bull fiddle. It left them with one crossed eye each. But since between them they had a double cross, they were doing all right by renting it out in the palooka industry.

"Bubbles," I said, after she came down, "I want you should put the curse tonight on Hercules Schultz."

"It'll be a pleasure," she said. "It'll also be a hundred bucks."

Such cheapness surprised me. The price was always twice this for hex insurance. So for the same money I grabbed double indemnity.

"And a hundred extra bonus, Bubbles, if the curse comes through with a kayo."

Bubbles was so grateful she looked at me only with her good eye. "Baldy," she said, "I always knew you were a gentleman."

What she didn't know was that I was also a business man. If Meatball didn't show up, neither would the premiums.

"Be there early," I warned, "and don't forget to tell Sister Chubby."

Bubbles backed up with a snort like a locomotive. "Haven't you heard? I'm through with that sister of mine. I work solo now!"

"Aha!" I said. "So that's the reason for the cut rate. But I can't use it. Good-by."

She dragged me back by the collar. "Why not, Baldy?"

"Because half a hex is like a suit without pants. It doesn't cover the problem."

"Oh, no?" growled Bubbles. "What I did with Chubby, I now do by myself, only better. See?"

Very slowly, like she was doing it with a corkscrew, she crossed her good eye behind her nose, giving out with a double-cross look that turned my blood to chicken soup. "What do you say now?" she whispered.

"I say uncle, and you're hired. So long."

When I got to the Arena that night, the semifinal had just ended and Hercules Schultz was climbing into the ring. One squint at him and I could see why Meatball was discouraged. The bum looked strictly gorilla and strong enough to crack coconuts with his eyelashes.

GOING down to the ringside, I found Bubbles already in her seat, next to mine. And squatting a dozen seats away I was surprised to notice Sister Chubby.

"I'm glad to see you girls have made up," I told Bubbles. "Sisters should always stick together."

"That's just the trouble." Bubbles glared. "My sister's here trying to stick me."

My chin fell in my vest. "But don't worry," said Bubbles. "By herself, Chubby is only a single double cross. Like you thought I was, but I wasn't."

"I don't like her face," I said.

Bubbles nodded, very grim. "Me neither. So maybe this is the time to change it for her."

She stood up, and the crowd let out a yell. Bubbles bowed. Chubby popped up and bowed, too. Then they both sat down, disappointed. The hollering was for two other people.

Togged out in red slacks and a yellow sweater, my daughter Alice was marching down the aisle, lugging a sponge, smelling salts, and a bucket. Following behind was Meatball.

I thought maybe Meatball's first gander at Hercules would upset him. It didn't. He stared through the gorilla like he was a keyhole, wagged his dome while Alice whispered last-minute instructions, and charged to the center of the ring at the bell. Hercules was there to meet him. Also Hercules' nose and breadbasket. A left landed on the first, a right on the second, and the rest of Hercules landed on his pants.

Bubbles applauded on my beezer. "How's that for hexing?" she squawked. "Get that bonus up. It's a kayo!"

But it wasn't. Because Hercules had bounced off the canvas like he had springs in his pants. And he was standing now swapping bombs with Meatball. Except that his weren't landing on the target. A couple exploded on Meatball's elbows and shoulders. But those he aimed at the head didn't even come close. Meatball was ducking them.

Bubbles poked me. "Nice side show your daughter's putting on," she snickered.

Standing down from Meatball's corner, Alice was ducking the punches exactly like Meatball, throwing leather when he threw, and grunting when he got whacked, which was more than Meatball did himself. Because he never opened his trap. And his dead-pan expression never changed.

The second and third rounds went the same way, and the fourth ended with Hercules very much damaged. The crowd was howling. I howled at Bubbles.

"Where's that kayo you promised me?" I demanded.

My question made Bubbles turn uncomfortable on her axis. "I can't figure out what's the matter, Baldy. Except"—and she pointed very disgusted at her sister—"I still don't like that Chubby's face."

Chubby was buried up to the hair-do in a fur coat, and slumped in her seat so we couldn't see her.

Aiming her double cross direct on Hercules, Bubbles held up two fingers in the sign of the devil's horns. The bell rang. And then came fireworks. Nailing Hercules before he was out of his corner, Meatball swung an uppercut from his knees. It landed square on the button. Hercules' head flew back and he bounced against

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the ropes. Meatball reversed a step and measured, automatic. Hercules sailed off the ropes into a straight right, then hit the deck with a crash.

The crowd went wild. But Meatball was as dead-pan as ever, wagging his haircut to the count in time with Alice, who had her eyes glued on the back of his neck.

"Pay me!" bawled Bubbles, as Hercules still lay there at eight.

She was a little previous. Because Hercules staggered to his feet and into a clinch as Meatball rushed in for the kill.

"Break!" yapped the referee.

Hercules began to droop, with his arms around Meatball's shoulders and his legs on Queer Street. Meatball shifted like a machine. Stooping to ease the weight, he parked his chin on Hercules' noggin, drew back his left and sunk it in up to the wrist. Hercules shot up in the air a foot. And Meatball likewise, as the gorilla's skull caught him under the chin.

Hercules caromed off to the ropes, went halfway through, and got stuck. He sat there. But not for long. One of his handlers, reaching up, gave him a terrible pinch on the sitting part. That unstuck him. Wobbling out, he came to the center of the ring, where Meatball was posed flat-footed.

One punch now and it would be over. Meatball cocked his right. So did Alice, who was still shadow-boxing along with him. Alice swung. A beautiful haymaker. But not Meatball. His right remained hanging like a frozen lamb chop. For a second he just stood there and stared. Then his knees bent in, his eyes bugged out, and his mouth opened the size of a soup plate. "It's Schultz!" he moaned.

Meatball backed into his corner. Hercules weaved in after him.

Alice jumped up and down, waving signals with her handkerchief. "Look at me!" she yelled. "Adelbert, look at me!"

Instead, the dope covered his face with his gloves, let out a bleat, and waited dumbly. Hercules waited for a few seconds, too. Then suddenly he came to life.

What happened the rest of that round shouldn't happen to a rug. The beating Meatball took raised even the dust from the Arena's floodlights. Hercules hit him with everything except the ring posts. And these he didn't have to use because Meatball was doing all right smacking up against them himself.

THEN it came. Two crashes. Hercules' left on Meatball's jaw. Followed by Meatball's everything on the canvas. Out cold.

The crowd screamed. At the count of four the bell rang and Alice dragged Meatball to his stool. It was a cinch that even if Alice got him on his feet for the next round, he would fall down if Hercules just blew on him. Bubbles' hex had backfired.

"Crook!" I hollered at her. "You have robbed me of my future. But remember, crook, crime doesn't pay. And neither do I. No bonus!"

Bubbles jumped to her feet. "Not guilty!" she roared. "There's the crook. My sister Chubby. She has robbed my act!"

It was the truth. Chubby had swiped the trick of crossing her good eye and used it in the last round to uncross Bubbles' double cross.

Shaking like an earthquake, Bubbles rumbled down the aisle. Taking a short cut, Chubby plowed through the press box, plucked the timekeeper from his chair, and neatly forward-passed the chair under Bubbles' legs. Bubbles went sprawling. Chubby ducked out of sight.

Bubbles came up roaring. So was the whole joint by now, especially Hercules. "Throw those fat pots out," he bellowed to the referee.

Bubbles hopped into the ring. The referee took a powder.

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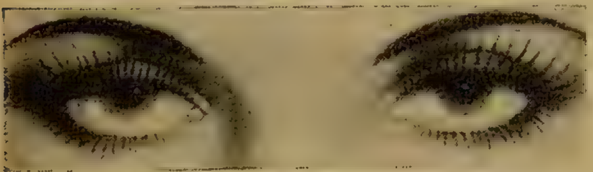

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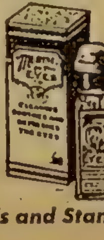

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"Who'd you call fat?" snapped Bubbles, waddling over to Hercules.

"Yeah, and what do you mean by pots?" growled Chubby, popping through the ropes beside her.

The sisters didn't look mad at each other any more. "An insult!" said Chubby.

"To the family!" added Bubbles.

Then happened like used to happen in the Fresco Theater. Bubbles gave a kick very graceful, and Hercules flopped over very not. Before he could budge, she had him by a foot and the back of the neck. Then, raising him high, she began to spin.

"Allay!" she called to Chubby.

"Ooop!" answered Chubby, dancing to the other side of the ring.

Bubbles let go. Hercules zoomed through the air. Chubby caught him, gave him a flip, a spin, and tossed him to Bubbles.

Over in his corner Meatball was groaning too, as Alice kept slapping him in the kisser and begging, "Look at me."

Meantime Hercules was seeing things like through a revolving door. For Bubbles had him now by an arm and a leg and was swinging him sideways in a loop. Wider and wider she swung him, while on the other side of the ring Chubby waited with her arms upraised. This was the clincher of their old adagio act.

Bubbles gave a heave, Hercules flew up in a triple somersault. The sisters scooted toward each other to catch him. But their scooters were too fast. They skidded. Down came Hercules with a crash. On top of him crashed Bubbles. And on top of Bubbles crashed Chubby.

Then came the police, hospital doctors, and ambassadors from the booby hatch.

In one second the sisters were dressed in strait jackets. They were carted out.

With Hercules, the hospital doctors were more polite. For ten minutes they rubbed and poured brandy into him. But when he didn't wake up, they carted him out too.

The referee sneaked back into the ring and looked at the timekeeper. The timekeeper rang the bell for the next round. Alice answered it like a fire horse. With a hefty kick, she booted Meatball to his feet. He stuck out his left. The referee grabbed it. "The winner!" he bawled. "By a technical knockout—Meatball Brown!"

It took me a while to push my way through the mob to Meatball's dressing room. The bum hadn't come out from the showers yet. Alice was sitting on the rubbing table.

I patted her on the upsweep. "Partner," I said, "Meatball has punched his way onto the gravy train. And we with him. But one thing I'm still not sure of. How did you get him to fight tonight?"

"I used the science of suggestion," said Alice.

"Like I suggested—with a club?"

"No, daddy. Mental suggestion and hypnosis!"

"Hyp—" Suddenly I got it. "From Cousin Clara," I said. "That's where you learned it. From Cousin Clara, who stooges on the stage for Electro!"

Alice nodded, very glum. "Eight lessons, and then Clara went on the road. Two more lessons and it would have been perfect."

"So what?" I consoled. "It worked."

"Until Meatball was butted under the chin. After that I couldn't get him back under the spell."

Meatball barged out of the showers fully dressed. In his hand was a valise and on his face stubbornness.

"Bum," I said, "where you going?"

"Back to work in Kelly's Museum."

"Bum," I said, "are you crazy? Fourteen hours a day you want to stand on your feet?"

"Don't be a dope," sneered Meatball. "This time I am standing on a box."

THE END

THE FACELESS MEN

Continued from Page 19

father, at stern behest, had held in readiness to decapitate his own father if he had faltered in the act of hara-kiri. The major's grandfather had not faltered, however, to the everlasting glory of the family. The ceremonial short sword, or *wahazashi*, had been pressed home according to the rules of honorable suicide, and the great samurai saber had thus been spared a dishonorable taste of Hikawa blood.

As a child, Hikawa had sat many an evening on the matted floor, curiously watching his father's ritualized care of this heirloom weapon. When the boy, grown, had been graduated from the academy, the sword became his.

With the coming of the China Incident, Hikawa was a captain of supply troops. He had gravitated almost unwittingly to noncombatant status. Now, years later, he had come, after a succession of other garrison commanders, to Wangtzemiao. The sword which he had never unsheathed to let blood came with him.

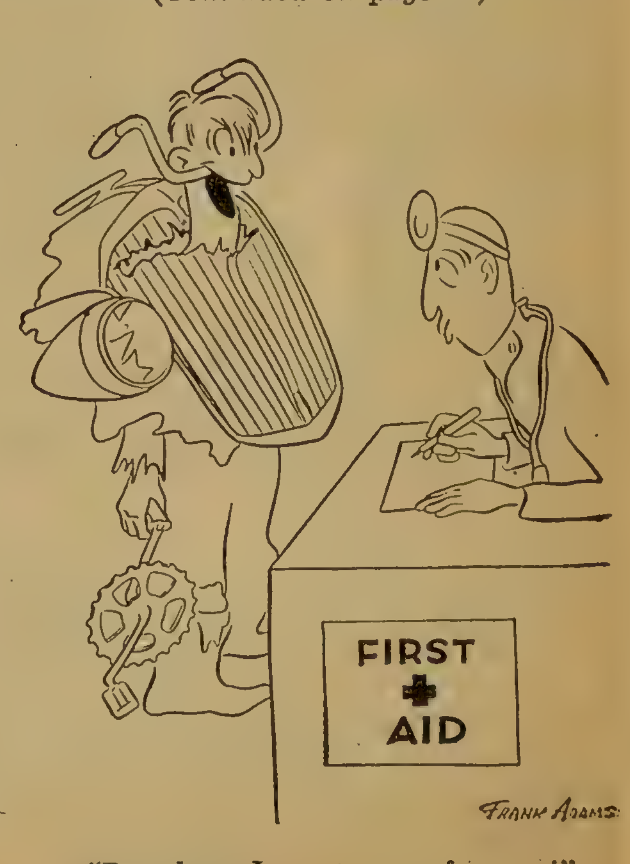
Thinking not of the sword, Major Hikawa studied his signature delicately etched in red at the bottom of the public notice. Its intricate lines, classically compressed within the square border of the seal, delighted the eye. He scarcely read the order. It had been laid before him by his adjutant. It had been drafted at the command of zone headquarters.

Hikawa's womanish fingers fondled the little ivory seal. Major Hikawa, who once had written a treatise on flower arrangement, loved beautiful things.

The seal had been a gift from his colonel in the Malayan campaign. It mattered not that it had been paid for with some of the specially printed money the invaders brought with them. To Hikawa what mattered was that it was a present from his colonel and that it was beautiful. He had treasured it throughout his assignments in the East Indies, and now with it signed his orders as garrison commander at Wangtzemiao.

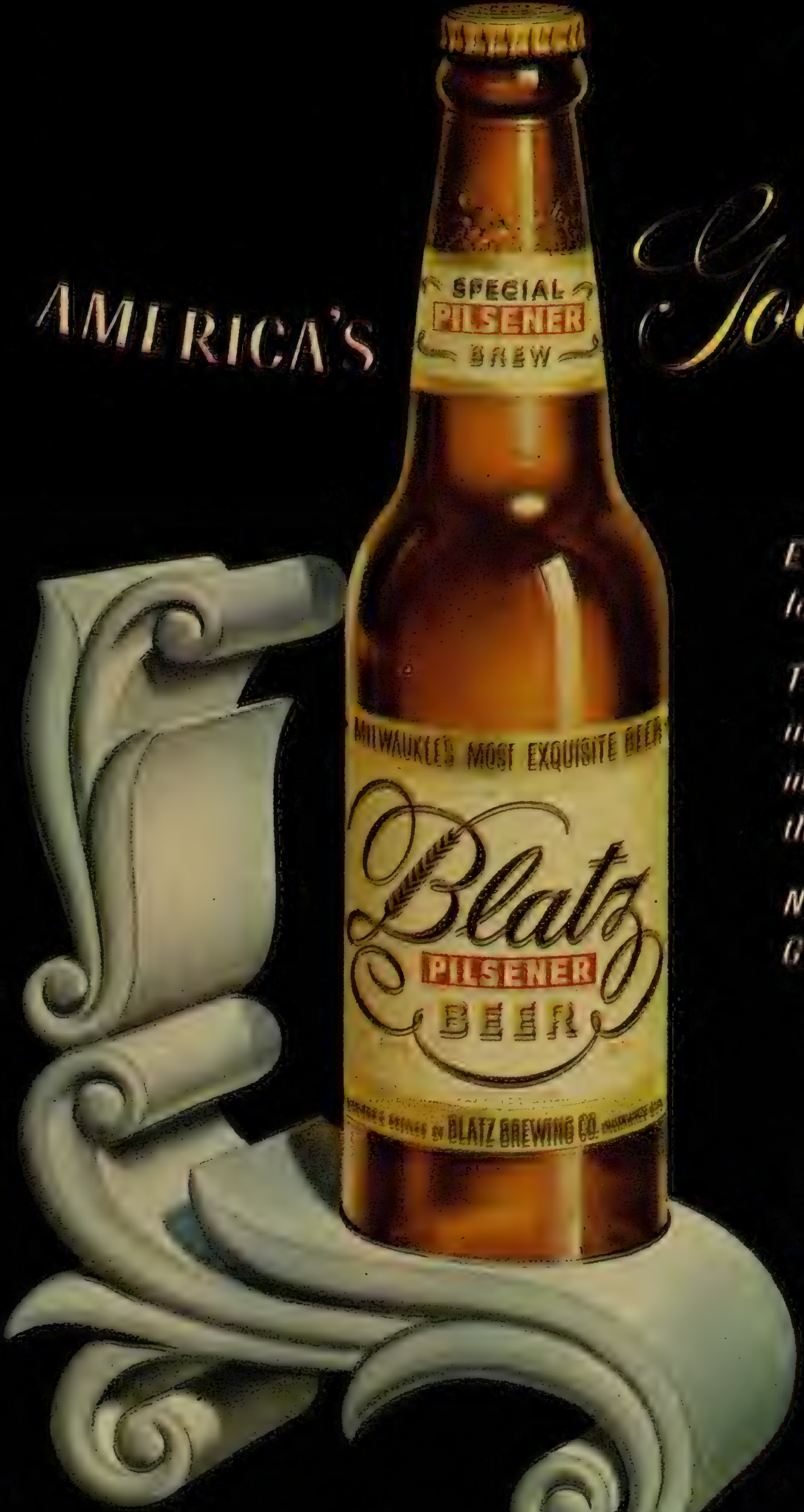
Distaste flickered in his little eyes as his mind returned to Wangtzemiao. Thirteen months already among these sullen people! A people so unyielding, yet unresistant, that Major Hikawa sometimes permitted himself the seditious doubt that happiness

(*Continued on page 72*)



"Boy, have I got a story for you!"

Blatz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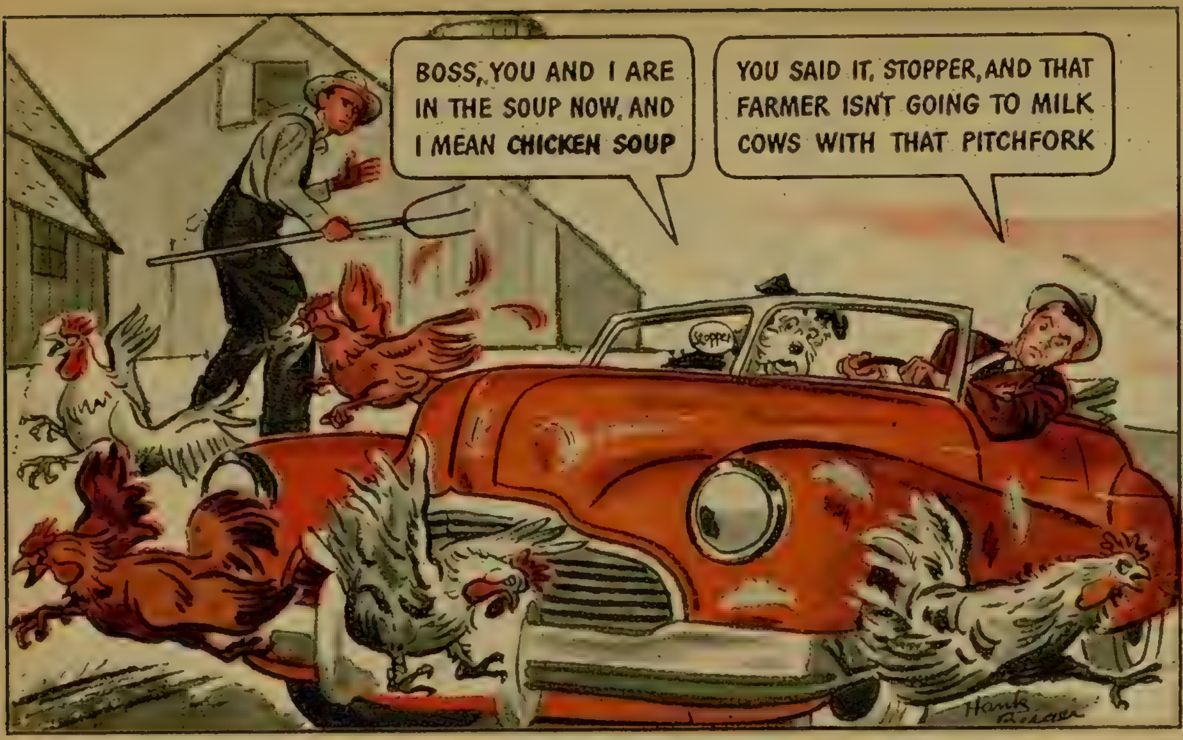
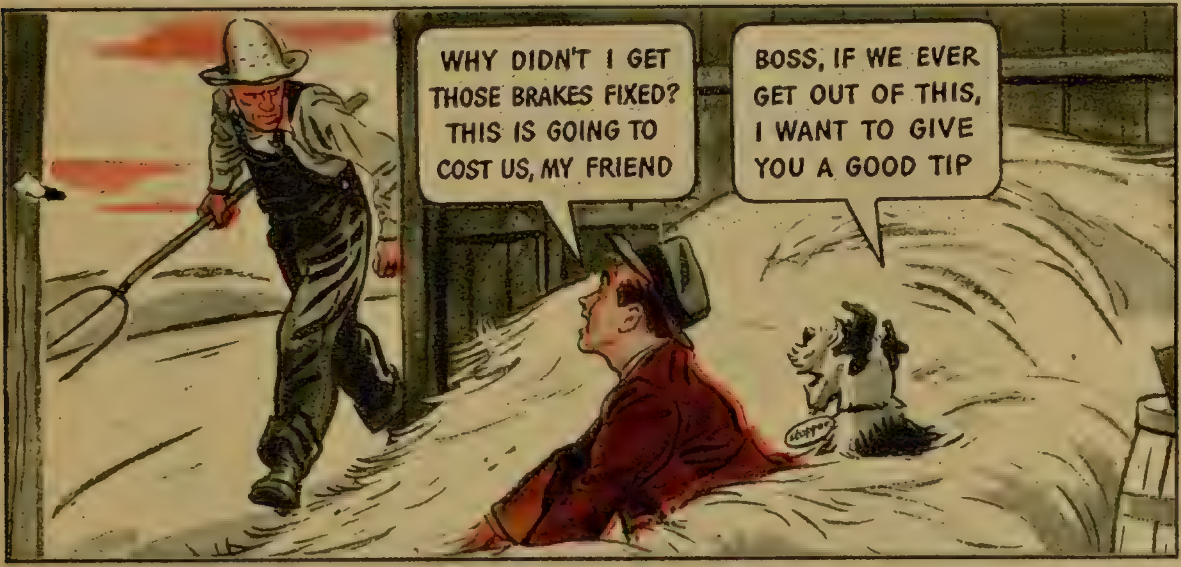
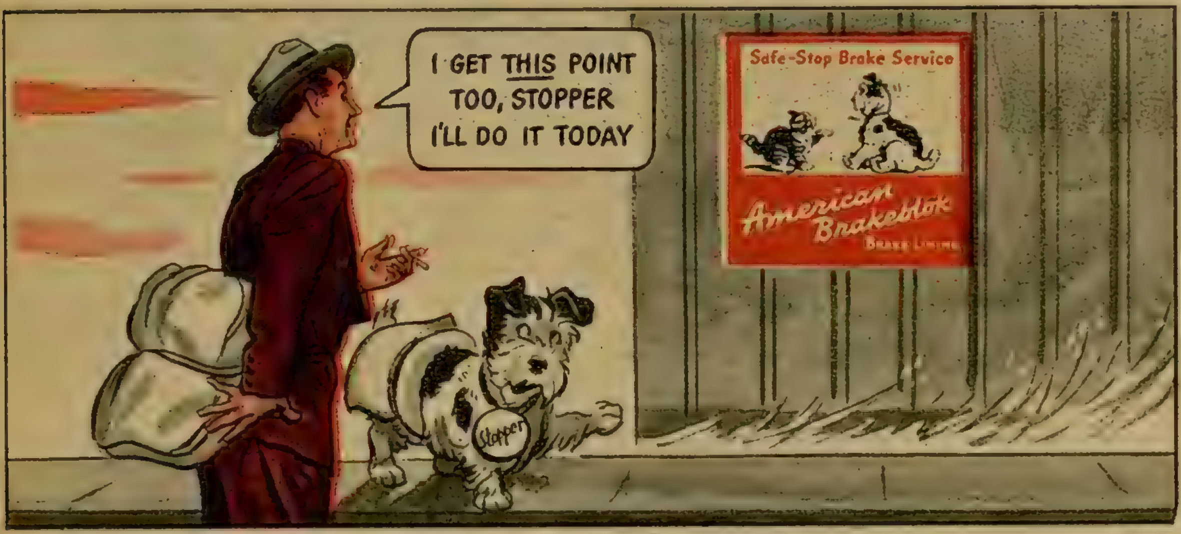

BOSS, YOU AND I ARE IN THE SOUP NOW, AND I MEAN CHICKEN SOUP
YOU SAID IT, STOPPER, AND THAT FARMER ISN'T GOING TO MILK COWS WITH THAT PITCHFORK
STOPPER


WHY DIDN'T I GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED? THIS IS GOING TO COST US, MY FRIEND
BOSS, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD TIP
STOPPER



STOPPER SAYS—Folks, there is enough foul play in the world without having bad brakes cause more. That's why you should stop when you see the "remove a wheel and have your brakes checked" poster. Then you'll be sure to get American Brakeblok Brake Lining if you need it. The same good lining many automotive manufacturers use on new cars and trucks.

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AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
DETROIT 9, MICHIGAN

(*Continued from page 70*)

would ever be possible under the New Order.

He passed the newly signed notice to his adjutant, young Lieutenant Imamoto, who had been standing at his elbow. Lieutenant Imamoto, whose thick features showed his peasant blood, bowed from the waist as he took the sheet of paper.

"Have this posted in the market place," the major ordered. "Arrange to start the examinations tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," Lieutenant Imamoto replied in a whisper that breathed utter abasement—abasement befitting the son of a fishmonger in the presence of a samurai. He sucked his breath through his teeth with a polite hissing sound.

Major Hikawa scarcely knew why zone headquarters had directed this new order. Something to do with guerrilla attacks on river shipping, no doubt. Had not a warehouse up there been burned last week? Major Hikawa hardly cared. Nothing like that ever happened at Wangtzemiao.

As Imamoto backed from the room he could see the major's fingers still stroking the ivory seal before he should restore it to its ebony case.

THE people in the market place read the order as they had read the others before it—with empty eyes and faces. They read in silence except when those who could not read sidled close to ask in whispers what new demand the barbarians were making. They would obey the order as they had obeyed before, sensing out of their heritage of patient history that all things change and most things pass away.

Wangtzemiao, engulfed in the first surge of the war of blood, years earlier, had long since known only the war of the spirit in which no shot is fired. In the reckoning of the invaders, Wangtzemiao was pacified. All furtive attempts to stir resistance went unheeded by the people, and the conquerors were glad.

Yet the people were still at war—at war in the grudging bitterness with which farmers, having harvested their rice, delivered most of it to the occupying troops; at war in the smothered hatred of householders required to billet a foreign garrison. Wangtzemiao had learned not how to resist but how to hate.

Too small a town to have the ringing dignity of a wall, Wangtzemiao lay at the center of a valley now greening with the spring's first crops. Spidering out from the drab little town were the bare well-trodden paths through the paddy fields and along the old motor road.

The road, which ran from the Great River through Wangtzemiao, had been torn up years before, ahead of the invaders, and it had never been repaired. But footpaths now snaked around its earthen barricades and pitfalls so that the road was still the best way to travel to or from the river. Nearing the river, the road curved along the lower, gentler slope of Forever Peaceful Hill.

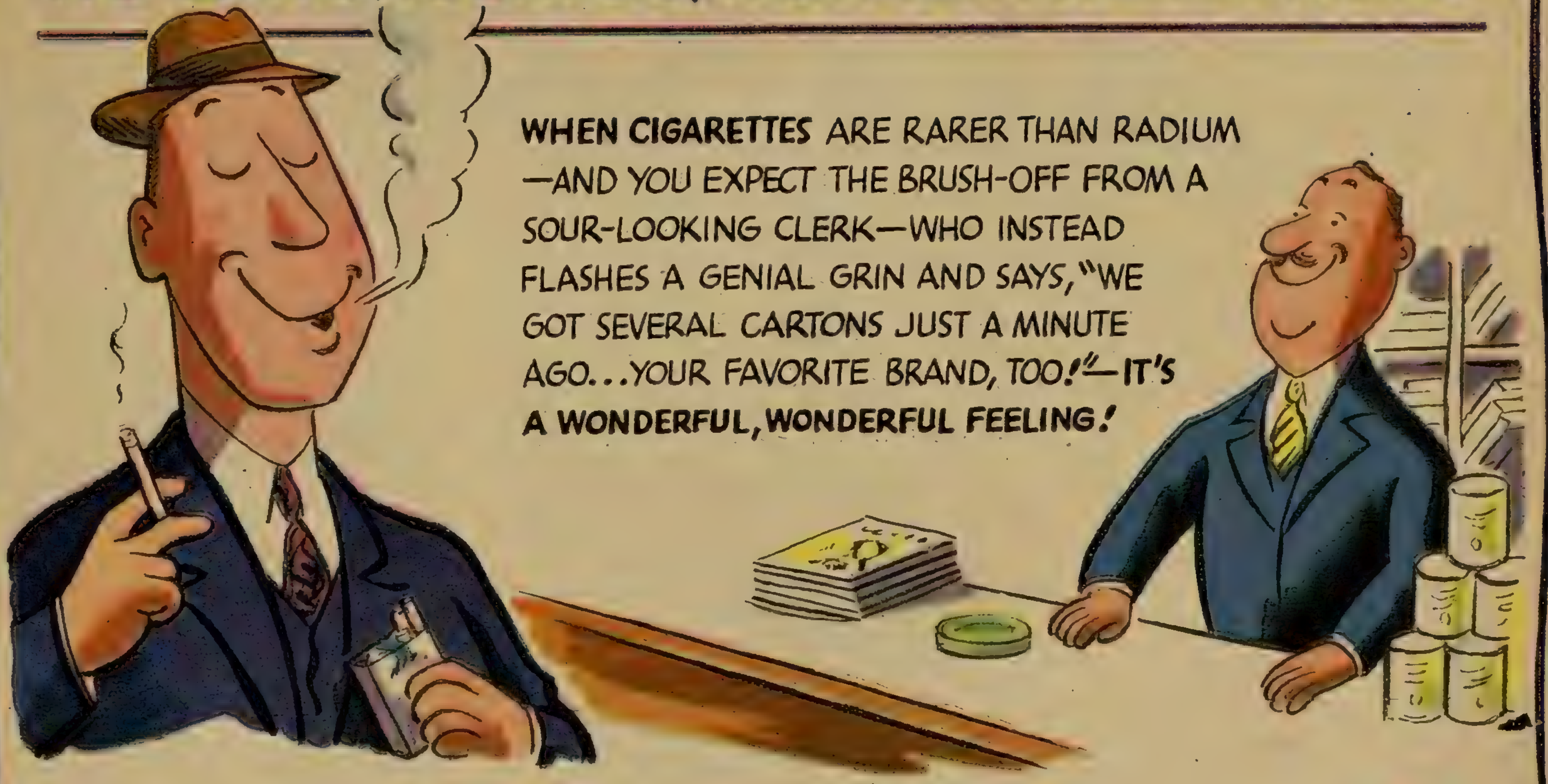
The war of blood had raged on Forever Peaceful Hill before it ever reached Wangtzemiao. Now coolies, resting their shoulder burdens along the lower slope of the hill, could look up and see the grass-grown earthworks.

Stone buildings that once crowned the hill were now mossy ruins with only tumbled masonry, embedded stone foundations, and old cellars to mark where they once stood.

Forever Peaceful Hill had been the site of a leper colony. The unfortunate ones and those who had worked among them had been killed or scattered by the war. No one knew what had become of them. Few cared.

(*Continued on page 74*)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



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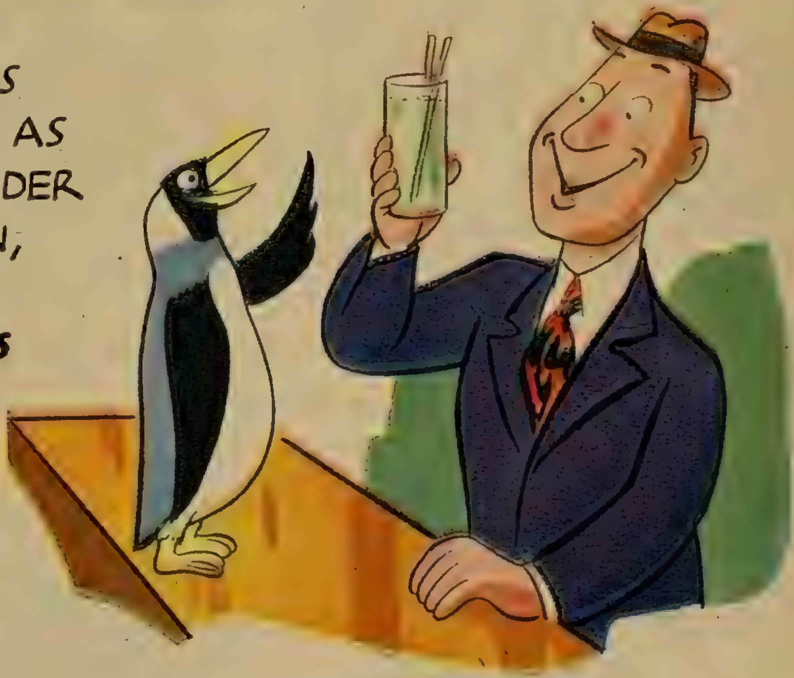
THEN WHEN YOU DECIDE TO PUSH YOUR LUCK—AND HUNT FOR A TOM COLLINS THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL AS COOL AS A PENGUIN—AND A WISE OLD BARTENDER REACHES FOR KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN, AND MAKES A COLLINS WHICH LOOKS GOOD AND TASTES TWICE AS GOOD—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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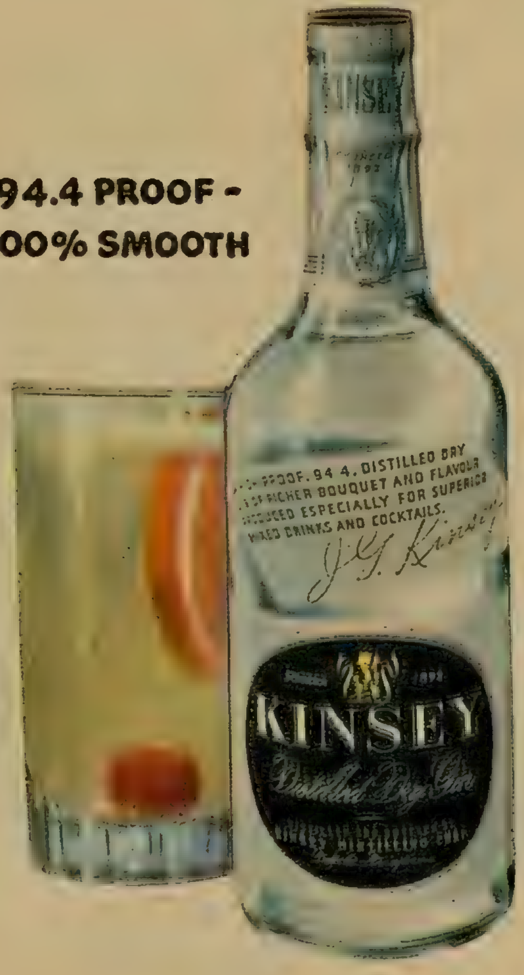

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(*Continued from page 72*)

THE schoolmaster Wang, passing through Wangtzemiao's market place to the day's first class, paused to read Major Hikawa's order, peering intently through his glasses. He was a slim stern-faced man with the hungry burning eyes of a philosopher who had also learned to hate.

He had learned, in an area where war lords once contended for rice and taxes, to look upon soldiering as the lowest calling among men. His father had said, "You would not use good iron to make a nail, nor would you use a good man to make a soldier."

As a youth he had come back to Wangtzemiao from a coastal university and told his father of the brave dreams of the students. He poured out the story of a China that could be. He would go back and help them build it.

The father smiled patiently.

"Dreams, my firstborn, should be forgotten in the daylight," he said. "I need you at my side."

Wang stayed. It was he who sought to dissuade his two younger brothers from fleeing to join the guerrillas. It was he who remained with a handful of pupils when half of Wangtzemiao fled before the invader. It was he to whom his father's body was surrendered when the latter had been killed after refusing to permit his house to become garrison headquarters.

Later the garrison commander told Wang: "You will continue with your classes. But you will teach nothing that is contrary to the New Order in Greater East Asia. Please continue to teach from the Four Books and the Five Classics. Teach your pupils docility above all."

This the schoolmaster had done, hearing the children sing out the characters in their reading day after day, while within him had grown a hatred that screamed for action. But outwardly there was little change. Wang still sought refuge in his precious books, and took time for long walks to the distant hills for meditation.

After the interval of propriety following his father's death, he had taken a wife, Ching-li, a daughter of the town's furniture maker. She was one of the furniture maker's many children and so promised to bear sons for Wang.

This was a promise never fulfilled, although Ching-li went often to the little shrine at the edge of Wangtzemiao and implored the Goddess of Mercy to let her bear a son. But it was not to be.

In dreadful finality, after visiting a sage woman of the town, she went to her husband and told him contritely that she could never bear children, even girl children.

But he kissed his young wife and touched her plaited black hair, saying, "One can never be sure of such things. Moreover, it is better that no woman bear sons in such a time and place. We will not speak of it again."

THEN the schoolmaster went for a long walk. When he returned, it was dark and he told Ching-li he had walked to Forever Peaceful Hill.

"Did you see anyone there?" Ching-li asked timidly.

Wang was silent for a moment, and when he answered his voice was suddenly strange.

"Yes, I saw someone. I wish I had not. I cannot forget his face. It was a face like—" Wang paused, searching for words, "like the face of a man already dead."

He ate without saying more. Being a good wife, Ching-li did not press him, but everything that happened that day was etched in memory.

And now the schoolmaster stood in the market place, reading Major Hikawa's order. He read, knowing that his response would guide other people of the town.

Should they let themselves be tagged and numbered like things instead of men? Should he, Wang, the teacher of their children, bow to this indignity and so lead them into bowing?

Wang knew the alternative, remembered sharply, though it had been a long time since the first garrison commander, after murdering Wang's father, the magistrate, had ordered a handful of other leading townspeople rounded up and slain as a lesson to anyone harboring dangerous thoughts.

And now: Should he submit? Wang carried the question with him, but unspoken, to his school that morning, and then home to Ching-li.

"You must," she said, "or we must run away and join those who fight. We could do it," she said, "I know we could. It is not too far, and we could cross the lines by night. They must need teachers. You could teach."

"I know that is so," Wang answered, "but as a teacher I am needed here also, among our people's children. If I were not a teacher I would go. No, we must wait."

The next day Wang took his place in line in the market place to have his name recorded and to get one of the numbered cloth patches to be sewed on his street gown. Others already in line turned to see him. He bowed slightly. The line moved slowly, and Wang knew that his pupils would have a long wait for him.

The men were silent until, inching forward one by one, they answered the questions put by the officers at the table and were given their identification patches. Then each went away to his house. No one was refused.

It came at last the schoolmaster's turn at the table. Two officers sat with writing brushes, one recording names and the other inking in cloth patches with the name and number of each one who passed the examination. Two soldiers with bayoneted rifles stood behind them.

"Your name?"

"I am the schoolmaster Wang—everyone knows me."

"Yes," the officer replied. "We know you. You are the son of the magistrate Wang."

The schoolmaster's jaw tightened.

"Are you well-disposed toward the occupying force?" the officer went on.

"I am a peaceful resident of Wangtzemiao," Wang said.

"But please state whether you are well-disposed toward the occupying force."

"Have you anything in your records to indicate that I am not?" Wang countered.

"We are not here to answer your questions. You are here to answer ours. Please answer. Are you well-disposed?"

Wang was quiet for a moment.

"I am as well-disposed as one can be whose father has been murdered."

The smile faded from the officer's face.

"That means, I presume, that you are ill-disposed toward us."

Wang did not reply.

THE two officers glanced at each other. The two guards moved around to the front of the table, one at either side of the schoolmaster. The officers got up and stepped a few paces away.

"It might be well to detain this man," one whispered to the other. "We have arrested no one yet. Our major may wish to make an example."

"Probably so," the other answered. "We must tell our major that he answered insolently."

As the guards led him away, Wang

(*Continued on page 76*)

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(*Continued from page 74*)

thought sadly of Ching-li and his waiting pupils.

His place of imprisonment was one of the rear rooms in his father's house, a room off the garden where he and his brothers had played as children. There he felt strangely peaceful, as though he had come home from a long journey.

THE report in the case of the schoolmaster was forwarded to Major Hikawa through his adjutant, Lieutenant Imamoto.

Imamoto, at stiff attention, carefully detailed what had happened in the market place.

The major was inclined to curtness.

"Oh, I say keep him overnight and then give him his identification and turn him loose."

"But, sir, he was insolent to our examiners. Other persons of the town heard his words."

"Possibly you are right," the major said. "Perhaps we should make an example of the man. Should we kill him?"

"On the contrary, sir," Imamoto said humbly, "your judgment is no doubt more sound. The schoolmaster by all reports is peaceably disposed. It may please the people that we let him go. It will surely please his wife."

Imamoto lowered his voice, adding, "She is good to look upon."

Hikawa was staring out the window.

"What did you say?"

"I said, sir, it will surely please his wife for us to release him. She has been waiting all afternoon in the street. She is, I am told, good to look upon."

The major's eyes wandered over the rooftops again. He was quiet for a moment. Imamoto smiled faintly.

"Send her in to me," the major ordered.

Ching-li, her face stricken with fright, sat on the big carved chair in front of Major Hikawa. The chair had been placed so the major could study her face in the twilight.

She was, he thought, almost beautiful. The paling light indefinably smudged the anguish in her face, and her eyes, when she faced the major, were, he told himself, like those of a wounded bird.

"Your husband is a stubborn man," he was saying. "He does not accept us. He does not accept the New Order. We suspect your husband of having dangerous thoughts, even of working with the unpacified people."

The latter, he knew, was not true, but the words came out in his search for something that would bring her eyes again to him in terror.

"That is not so," Ching-li answered quietly, but fresh fear was a leaping flame within her.

"If you want to help your husband you must tell us everything about him," Major Hikawa went on.

"But there is nothing to tell."

"We must know everything about him," the major insisted. The woman's face had the pallor of moonlight.

She faced him in torment.

"My husband does nothing but teach his pupils and read his books and go walking," she pleaded.

"Go walking? Where does he go walking?"

"He walks through the fields, alone. Sometimes he goes to the Great River."

At mention of the river the major paid closer attention.

"Why does he walk to the river?"

"He goes there to be alone—to sit on the hills."

"Whom does he see there?"

"He sees no one—*no one.*"

Ching-li's unexpected emphasis in de-

(*Continued on page 78*)

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BLENDED SCOTCH TYPE WHISKY

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King's Treasure
FOR YOUR PLEASURE

(*Continued from page 76*)

nial must have given the major some inkling, for he pressed the point.

"But that is not true, is it?" he demanded. "He has seen someone there. Who was it?"

Ching-li pressed her pale lips.

"I do not know his name. I do not know anything. I should not even speak, but it was long ago. My husband scarcely mentioned it."

"What did he say? Tell me," the major's voice rose, "or we will force your husband to tell us."

Ching-li hoped only that what she would say would help her husband.

"He had been to Forever Peaceful Hill," she said slowly. "He came back after dark. He said he had seen a man—seen a man with a face like one already dead."

"What did he mean?"

"I do not know."

"What more did he say?"

"He said nothing more. I did not ask."

The major thought for a moment and then told Ching-li to return to her house.

"But may I see my husband?"

"Not yet," the major said. "I wish to see him first. But you may have helped him—and us."

THE moment Ching-li left, Major Hikawa called Lieutenant Imamoto.

"The woman must be watched," he said, "and we must talk to this schoolmaster fellow. We may have found something here."

The adjutant bowed and hissed politely. Together they went to the room off the garden where the prisoner was kept.

"Your wife has told us everything," Major Hikawa announced to Wang. "You, yourself, may as well speak fully."

"I do not know what you mean," the schoolmaster replied, truly puzzled.

"If you do not speak you will force us to employ drastic measures," the major said. "Who is it you see at Forever Peaceful Hill?"

"I see no one there," the schoolmaster said. "I go there for solitude."

"It will be difficult for you if you do not speak," Hikawa said.

"Whether I speak or not makes no difference," Wang answered, rising from his wooden stool. "I have nothing to say. Do with me what you will."

It had come slowly to Wang what his wife must have told the major.

Imamoto stepped up and snatched Wang's glasses from his face. He dropped them to the floor and ground them with his heel. Major Hikawa turned away. Wang stood, gazing nearsightedly about the room.

"Barbarian!" The schoolmaster spat the word.

Imamoto seized the stool and, swinging it by its legs, struck the schoolmaster across the back. Wang grunted and pitched to the floor.

"I leave this man to your care," the major said, when Imamoto joined him.

LATER, when the soldiers cut the thongs and the schoolmaster slumped to the floor, Lieutenant Imamoto went to the major's room and reported.

"He told us nothing of importance. When I left him he was out of his head."

"Out of his head?" the major said. "Lieutenant, you work well."

Imamoto did not detect the irony.

"When I left him he was babbling something fantastic about the 'faces of the dead.' I do not believe this man is dangerous, sir, but we might make an example of him for his insolence."

"On the contrary, my dear lieutenant, I believe we do have something—something important. Tomorrow I will lead a skirmishing force to Forever Peaceful Hill."

He enjoyed the amazement on his adjutant's face.

"Meanwhile get for me those Intelligence reports on the last guerrilla actions on the river."

The major got up from his chair and took down the big cavalry saber.

"See that I get the best mount in the stables," he added. "I will want one heavy machine gun and one flame thrower. They may be dug in."

Imamoto left him toying with the sword.

AS Ching-li made her way home the moon was rising over the river hills and the words of the major, which at first had rung with hope in her ears, now came back discordantly: *"You may have helped him—and us."* What had she said? What had she done?

She strained to recapture every phrase. Always she came back to the little smile of triumph that had grown on Hikawa's face when she told him what her husband had said that evening when he returned from Forever Peaceful Hill.

Whose secret had she violated? Whom had she betrayed? The questions drummed in her brain as she neared her house on the edge of the town. She found herself running. Out of breath and leaning at last for strength against the cold stone of her gate, the conviction came to her.

"Whoever it was my husband saw on Forever Peaceful Hill, I had no right to speak—even to save him. I must go there. I must warn anyone I find there. I must say that I have betrayed them."

She did not see the two faceless men who watched her from the shadows.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

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— findings reported in a leading medical journal.

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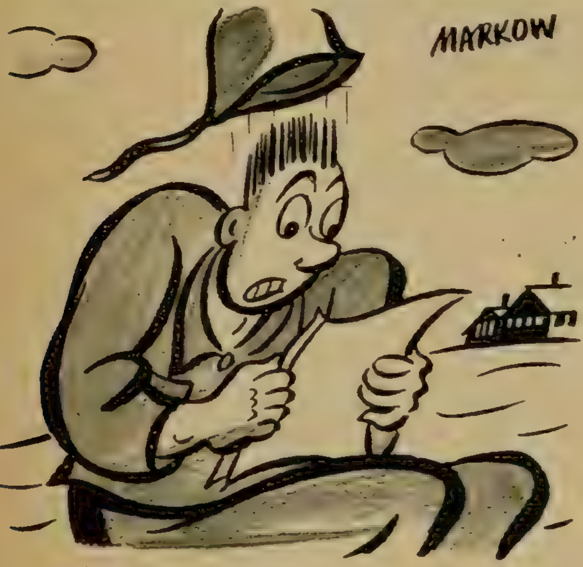
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

CPL. H. N. DALTON, *East St. Louis, Ill.* A soldier back from overseas duty currently assigned in the States may continue to wear the shoulder patch of his old outfit by switching it to the top of his right sleeve. The patch of his new outfit is worn, as usual, on the left sleeve.

* * *

M. C. Murphy, S1c, FPO, San Francisco, Calif. There is no such club, officially, as the Brush-Off Club, but several similar organizations have been started by men who got letters from their girls or wives which started: "My dear ——: This is the hardest letter I ever had to write," etc. If you want my advice, don't swear off girls, even if you have been brushed off twice. Keep your chin up, but don't stick it out too far.



Brush-Off

* * *

Pvt. H. M. N., Bowling Green, Ky. In this war thirteen of our general officers have been killed in action, two have died of wounds, five are listed as missing in action, one died of exposure in action, one died in a prisoner-of-war camp, and nine have died in airplane crashes.

* * *

Frank Messenger, Great Falls, Mont. The Navy Good Conduct Medal is awarded by Commanding Officers and indicates three years of spotless behavior. Your son will receive all of his medals from the Navy Department after the war, when the various metals used will again be available.

* * *

Mrs. R. P. N., Samoa, Calif. If your daughter's boy friend in the Navy would like to get an annulment from the girl he married in Australia, have him apply to the Legal Aid Officer at his nearest Naval District Headquarters.

* * *

Mrs. W. M. T., Philadelphia, Pa. If your husband did not apply for an allowance until a year after he entered the service, there is no way of getting the money for that period. Allowances start upon being approved and are never retroactive.

* * *

Mrs. F. Bennett, Spencer, Iowa. For any information about war bonds which have been purchased by your husband or anyone else in the Army, the proper authority to write to is: Officer in Charge, Office of the Fiscal Director, Army War Bond Office, 366 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

* * *

Pvt. C. W., Fort Missoula, Mont. Under the Soldiers and Sailors Civil Relief Act of 1940, as amended, anyone who is serving in uniform has until six months after he leaves the service before any property which he bought on time can be repossessed. You have a case.

* * *

Cpl. Ralph George, Kansas City, Kans. No, service with the CCC does not count toward longevity pay, since that corps was not under military jurisdiction.

* * *

Mrs. J. E., Berkeley, Calif. WAACs who served on or after December 7, 1941, and who did not join the WAC are not eligible for mustering-out pay, but are entitled to hospitalization.

* * *

J. C. R., S2c, U. S. N. R., Norfolk, Va. Yes, it's true that many of the hospitals run by the Veterans Administration are in ghastly condition, and it's also true that the doctors are horribly overworked, with the result that many patients receive less than a minimum of proper treatment. The way to correct the situation is to have everyone you know write to his Congressman, since Congress appropriates money to run the Vets Hospitals.

* * *

H. C. W. Bickford, Bangor, Maine. I agree with you 100 per cent that people should recognize the gold discharge button on sight, and know what it means (see Liberty's cover, issue of May 19); also, that we must be very careful lest the country be split into two groups—those who served in uniform and those who didn't. If that happens, we will have lost the war despite our military victories. There can only be one type of American, and we must fight those who try to split us into classes. That is a hallmark of the Fascist in any country.

* * *

Cpl. Roger Lewis, San Antonio, Texas. If you want to send any money to your brother overseas, you should go to the post office and get a money order. Sending currency to overseas APOs is prohibited.

* * *

J. M. McLean, Jr., Indianapolis, Ind. The Medical Badge may be awarded to any serviceman who served with a medical outfit assigned to an infantry regiment, battalion, or company which engaged in combat. Thus far, it does not carry any extra pay raise with it.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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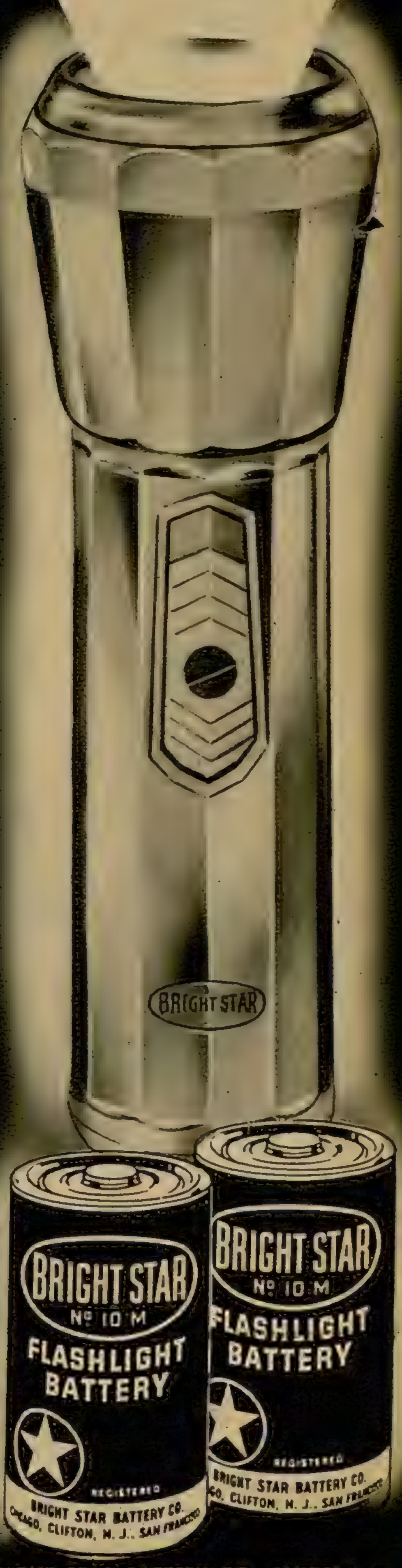

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO. CLIFTON, N. J.

LAST CALL FOR THE MOSQUITO

Continued from Page 30

dreds of thousands of soldiers—perhaps as many as a million—will bring malaria home with them. There are plenty of *Anopheles* mosquitoes in nearly all parts of the United States. And there you have the makings of an epidemic.

Dr. Kahn, along with most other authorities, thinks there is no great danger of such an epidemic coming about. Provided, that is, we put into effect the mosquito-control measures we already have at hand. Otherwise, look out!

Filariasis, of which the most frightful form is called elephantiasis, is probably the most dreaded ailment which threatens American troops. Actually, the chance of contracting it is very small, it is rarely fatal, and the likelihood of its reaching the elephantiasis stage is very slight.

On such romantic Pacific islands as the Samoans, it visibly afflicts seven out of every eight native inhabitants. Elephantiasis manifests itself in legs swollen to eighteen inches around the ankle. It shows itself, to quote a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association, in "adult males whose external genitalia are as large as coconuts, watermelons, and, occasionally, beer kegs."

Seeing things like that has filled American troops with deep depression. They are in little danger of developing such symptoms, because the disease is not likely to progress if the victim is moved out of the tropics. But Navy doctors label the men's disproportionate fear the "hardest single thing" they have to meet.

More than 3,000 Americans with suspected filariasis have been brought home already. Before the ailment was understood, some troops arriving in Samoa were temporarily quartered in native villages. Now our doctors know that mosquitoes that carry microfilariae from one person to another are rarely found even 100 yards from a native village. Simply staying away from the native villages where infested mosquitoes live is nearly always an effective preventive.

Dengue and yellow fever are other souvenirs a mosquito bite may leave behind. Dengue, also known as breakbone fever because of its painful symptoms, may become a menace in this country. There were a million cases in our South in 1922. Fortunately, when dengue is cured, it is eliminated from the victim's blood; he cannot bring it home to be transmitted to others. However, he may be in the incubation period while en route.

Dengue, filariasis, and yellow fever can all be transmitted by mosquitoes native to the United States. Mosquitoes are suspected also of transmitting sleeping sickness, or encephalitis, of which baffling epidemics have broken out from time to time in the United States.

Yellow fever's great day happily seems to be past. It is prevented in this country by mosquito control, but there are vast silent areas in Africa and South America which still are a menace. Airplanes from such areas must be fumigated with aerosol bombs before they land. But since the yellow-fever mosquito is the principal carrier of dengue and filariasis in the United States, control measures whip them also.

The current war against the mosquito in the Pacific and elsewhere is being conducted furiously and with an assortment of weapons, many of them still military secrets because knowing our degree of success would help the Japanese to estimate our effective fighting strength.

When hundreds of thousands of men return, carrying malaria in their blood, the things the Army has learned in the Pacific will have to be applied in this country. It is these control measures that make doctors confident they can prevent widespread malaria epidemics in this country.

One of the finest dress rehearsals for the battle to come has been taking place in the Des Plaines Valley Mosquito Abatement District, near Chicago, where a determined group of suburbs has banded together to fight the pest.

One weapon is a high-pressure spray of oil mixed with larvicidal pyrethrum. Shot into the air like water from a fire hose, it drops to the surface of lakes and ponds to prevent mosquitoes from breeding. A sprayer in a motorcycle side car tours the area to spread oil over pools of water left standing in storm sewers. Sluggish streams and other breeding places are similarly treated.

OTHER weapons we will use at home are such larvicides as Paris green, which cheaply treats bodies of water; repellents, fish, drainage, aerosols, and of course the miraculous new insecticide DDT.

Paris green is still a standard method of poisoning larvae. Fish, too, are an old enemy of the mosquito. Only the minnow called gambusia saved Sicilians from threatened epidemics during the years when German occupation deprived them of the oil they ordinarily used to kill mosquitoes.

Any surface-feeding fish will do as well; goldfish in your own back-yard pool will keep down the mosquito population around your home.

Drainage of swamps is an old weapon, but it was a slow one until we learned to dig ditches with dynamite. Now we can dig miles of drainage ditch each day by

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planting dynamite along the proposed route and firing it all at once.

Repellents have never amounted to much in keeping mosquitoes away. Actually, scientists haven't bothered much with searching for a substance with which you can persuade mosquitoes to go bite someone else. But war changed that and, as soon as the armed forces get all they want, you'll be able to buy a mixture of three new insecticides—Formula 612, to chase off ordinary pest mosquitoes; dimethyl phthalate, to discourage malaria carriers; and Indalone, to repel house flies, deer flies, and gnats. It's three times as powerful as citronella, has no unpleasant odor, and is effective for eight hours.

An aerosol insecticide is truly a wonderful thing. It is produced by dissolving a bug killer such as pyrethrum in a highly volatile liquid gas, such as freon. The stuff is kept under pressure; when released, the solvent evaporates almost instantly, leaving tiny particles of the insecticide suspended in the air. A pin head of pyrethrum used this way will kill every mosquito in a small room in five minutes. A lot of aerosol "bombs," looking like oversize hand grenades, are now at all fighting fronts where malaria is prevalent. When you can get some for home use, a few puffs released in your yard will make sitting outdoors on a summer evening a lot more pleasant.

Of course DDT is the most exciting possibility for mosquito control. It is a colorless, practically odorless crystalline solid that can be used in oil sprays and in some kinds of paint. Painted on walls, it kills all mosquitoes (and most other insects) that light on it. It remains effective for two or three months, which is one of its most remarkable features.

In oil, one pound of DDT will kill all the mosquito wigglers in five acres of water. As soon as enough DDT becomes available above Army needs, the U. S. P. H. S. will be able to use it to forestall the predicted flare-up of malaria.

In many ways DDT seems to be the perfect insecticide. But it is almost too good: it kills beneficial insects as well as harmful ones. By eliminating some natural enemies of harmful insects that are not themselves affected, and by killing off the bees that pollinate fruit trees, indiscriminate use of DDT could seriously disturb the balance of nature and strike a new balance unfavorable to man.

That's one reason Dr. Kahn hopes his experiments will work in the field. If mosquitoes can be lured to destruction by their own recorded mating calls, we'll have another weapon against mosquito-borne disease.

However, DDT and the other wartime ways of fighting mosquitoes may have profound social and political effects. Suppose, for instance, that military planes should be assigned to spray India with mosquito killers. To what heights might India rise if freed suddenly from the debilitating effects of at least 10,000,000 annual cases of malaria?

In a single year, General MacArthur reported, malaria was cut 95 per cent among American troops, due mostly to DDT and atabrine. Such a reduction in malaria-plagued countries would amount almost to a revolution.

The mosquito may be privileged once again to change the course of history—this time simply by dying.

THE END

* * *

The noblest of all dogs is the hot dog: it feeds the hand that bites it.—*Good Business.*

* * *

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

JUNIOR MISS *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn, Michael Dunne, Faye Marlowe

THE tremendous trivialities which go to make up the life of a budding thirteen-year-old have been described with great finesse by Sally Benson. Her keen and humorous sketches of one section of American family life, woven together with a thread of plot, made an engaging Broadway play. Now the vicissitudes of awkward, intense, and often terrifying little Judy Graves (Peggy Ann Garner) come to the screen in one of the season's most wholesome and refreshing comedies.

Judy's little family world is a somewhat scattered, exasperating, and ever-exciting place. Ice-skating at Rockefeller Center, going to the movies, squabbling with a patronizing older sister (Mona Freeman), and confiding breathlessly in a bosom companion, inadequately dubbed Fuffy, are all vital activities in the struggle to grow up. B[illegible] when Judy's unfettered imagination starts working on family problems, the developments are as ludicrous and touching as you might expect.

Peggy Ann Garner, whose acting abilities go far beyond the rather conventional triumphs and humiliations of Judy Graves, does surprisingly well as a typical movie-minded adolescent. The two situations in which she has a chance to portray real depth—one heartbroken moment when she's convinced that tragedy has entered her home, and an infinitely wistful and tender regression to little-girlhood under the Christmas tree—lend quality and pathos to Judy's comical little life. Allyn Joslyn as her distracted father also contrives to put an extraordinary measure of humor and understanding into his performance and very nearly walks off with the show.

Pudgy little Barbara Whiting, rampantly down-to-earth as the redoubtable Fuffy, is outstanding in her screen debut, and bids fair to develop into a first-rate comedienne. And as Judy's glamorous elder sister, Mona Freeman is the charming focus of a swarm of comic-pathetic suitors, individually depicted with remarkable insight and humor. The whole story, light and scattered though it may be, is so full of warmth, jollity, and genuine people that it turns out to be first-rate entertainment.

Sister Lois coolly points out the deficiencies of Judy's longed-for new coat.

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS *(Columbia)*

Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes, Phil Silvers, Adele Jergens

COLUMBIA has turned out a gaudy Technicolor edition of the Arabian Nights by the simple expedient of slitting Cornel (Chopin) Wilde's shirt right down to his manly waist, twisting Phil Silvers' comic specs into harlequin design, and turning them both loose in a loving reproduction of M-G-M's Kismet.

There are also enough assorted horses, marcelled dancing girls, and burnoosed retainers with good old U. S. A. accents to keep everything comfortably in style with Universal's current sword-and-hoofbeat epics. So anybody in search of strictly celluloid panoply—and plenty of it—will get an eyeful here.

The idea was evidently to tie up all this standard lavishness with a jaunty wisecracking satire on the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, full of cheerfully cooked-up anachronisms like bobby-socked houris and a nifty little redheaded genie (Evelyn Keyes) in an upswept hair-do. But lacking a sufficiently lightsome script, the modern gags keep erupting through the lushly familiar array of harem belles, pastel-tinted draperies, and plastic minarets with all the subtlety of a sledge hammer. However, there's a very convincing giant (Rex Ingram) playing cat-and-mouse with doll-sized humans in a horrific papier-mâché grotto, and one supercilious camel who steals a whole scene. In addition, the purely pictorial assets of Cornel (Aladdin) Wilde, the dazzling accouterments of Adele (Princess) Jergens, and Phil Silvers' tireless geniality provide enough diversion to keep things glittering along as usual in Hollywood's Bagdad.

Evelyn Keyes as a jealous genie kibitzes Aladdin's romance with the Princess.

SPECIAL MENTION

THE WAY AHEAD (Two Cities-20th Cent.-Fox). David Niven and all-English cast.

THE WONDER MAN (RKO). Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (20th Cent.-Fox). Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie, June Haver.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Warner Bros.). Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith.

BLOOD ON THE SUN (United Artists). James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney.

A BELL FOR ADANO (20th Cent.-Fox). John Hodiak, Gene Tierney.

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JAP WAR LORD NO. 1?

Continued from Page 17

from deferential subjects blinded by his eminence, but at least the substance of truth is there. They merely ignored his weaknesses, such as his acute nearsightedness and the nervous tic which causes one side of his face to twitch in moments of emotional or mental stress. We may seriously doubt that Hirohito has a normal brain; a pronounced trend toward insanity blights his family tree, and Hirohito himself was a precocious child. Some of this aptitude for serious study may have been fostered by the patient efforts of his tutors, but his skill and pleasure in many sports developed naturally.

Obviously, a lad in his exalted position could hardly lead a normal life, even at the aristocratic Peers' School. This may account for Hirohito's preference for sports which depend on individual effort rather than team play—sports such as Japanese fencing, riding, gymnastics, and swimming. In maturer years he turned to tennis, golf, riding, skiing, and swimming for exercise and relaxation. Hirohito once explained to a member of the court that he liked tennis because of the mental and physical coordination it requires, and that he enjoyed golf because proper play necessitates great mental concentration.

One team sport which did appeal to him after he saw a game was American baseball; he immediately expressed a desire to learn to play it. The Japanese must wonder sometimes behind their masked countenances just why their emperor should prefer a group of sports only one of which—fencing—is even known to the masses.

EVEN as a child, the then Prince Hirohito Michi-no-miya had few idle moments. He worked hard at Japanese history, both verified facts and absurd mythology, and at the tiresome endless task of mastering the ancient court language, unintelligible to the average subject.

After he was graduated from the primary department of the Peers' School, Hirohito was put through a routine which must have wearied him as it would any ordinary boy. He was always up at 6 A. M.—and it's dark and cold at that hour in Tokyo during the winter—to hurry off to the Gyohai-no-ma, or chamber for prayer, where he made the proper obeisances and intoned the prescribed solemn words to Ise shrine, his holy ancestors, and his parents.

During this period his intensive earlier training began to show the desired results. Previously satisfied with reading folklore about Japan and foreign tales such as Aesop's Fables, he now wrote his own fanciful stories and special essays and speeches about his favorite historical characters, both Japanese and Occidental. His tutors added to his curriculum natural science, chemistry, and three other languages, English, French, and German, all of which he now reads easily and can speak to a certain extent, but never does because such a practice would insult Japanese honor and dignity.

This constant memory training sharpened Hirohito's already agile brain, and caused his doting tutors to comment on his ability to retain facts and sift them into logical order. His memory became virtually photographic; indeed, his weak myopic eyes made such a memory necessary.

By the time he was twenty Hirohito had completed his schooling and the dull palace routine was beginning to irk him. Following the first World War with intense interest, he began to realize the growth and power of the Western nations far removed from his own home islands.

Brushing aside the shocked opposition of the Imperial Court, he insisted on visiting Europe. Never in all the 2,500 years of what the Japanese like to consider recorded history had an heir apparent left the holy soil of Japan. But the usual checkreins failed. There was no suitable force to use on the stubborn young prince, and the graybeards dolefully and despairingly shook their heads at the unconventional attitude of the first emperor to receive a liberal Western education. Even the threat of mass hara-kiri failed to move him. To the feudal minds of the advisers, this was a bad omen. Moreover, this determined stand was significant, because after Hirohito became emperor in 1926 he also modernized the throne, took unprecedented power and authority by Imperial prerogative, and let it be known that he would not remain a puppet, a complacent tool of the military machine, or an idle prisoner in his palace.

THOUGHTS of war, however, were far from his busy mind when, in 1921, he set out for the British Isles and Europe in the Japanese warship Katori. Only the growing U. S. sentiment for the Oriental Exclusion Act prevented his visiting this country; Hirohito preferred discretion to boldness. Nevertheless this voyage gave us several unusual glimpses into the character of the man, unhampered by the protective secrecy of the palace routine.

At Singapore, a wealthy Japanese resident presented Hirohito with a monkey. The prince was delighted, and used to let the monkey play about on the ship's deck. Annoyingly, the monkey would go around patiently loosening screws, then hiding them in his mouth. One day a sailor caught him and tried all sorts of schemes, including abuse, to get him to give up his loot. Finally the amused prince suggested to the sailor that he offer a lump of sugar to the monkey, who welcomed the change in diet and promptly spat out the screw.

"When the monkey takes a screw again," the prince said, "give him something as a substitute which he likes more. Don't try to obtain it by force." Unfortunately for the world, Hirohito was not smart enough to follow his own advice in international affairs.

Then there was the strange day in Paris when the prince traded clothes with a trembling servant and disappeared on the city streets for an entire afternoon, for once in his life rid of royal ritual, a footloose and presumably happy young man. Hirohito never mentioned the incident afterward, but undoubtedly the diary he has been keeping since he was ten years old contains a complete account of this one afternoon stolen from pomp and ceremony. He was still the little boy who once cried out, "I'm sick of seeing policemen's faces all the time!" and then broke down into tears of self-pity.

Among Hirohito's hobbies is photography—one trait, at least, that he shares with ordinary Japanese—and almost from the first he has illustrated the diary with his own pictures—pictures of his family, of his walks along paths at the various palaces, of his boyhood friends, all handpicked by his guardians. Without fail, and in voluminous detail, he records the events of each day as his last task before he retires.

If he has permitted himself to be honest in his observations, this diary may some day become one of the most valuable records of wartime Japan.

The welcome freedom the prince found abroad was short-lived, however, for he returned to Japan to find his father insane. He ruled as prince regent until the Taisho emperor died in 1926, when he ascended the throne. The ceremonies, elaborate and costly, lasted for two full years. Then it was that he really asserted the imperial will. No amount of persuasion and deferential suggestions would move the new emperor from the path he had chosen to follow.

This adamant trait had shown itself vaguely during his earlier years, such as the time in 1911 when, as a boy of ten, he climbed into a rickety old Curtiss plane with James C. (Bud) Mars, a pioneer barnstormer, for a flight over Tokyo. Mars, an American, said the frightened young prince was pale, even terrified, but hung on grimly to the struts and never once voiced his obvious fears.

But as prince regent, he deliberately thumbed his nose at court intrigue and ignored all advice he thought improper or ill-advised. While he was away in Europe, for example, the intricate wheels of court machinery were set turning to provide him with the proper bride, who some day would be Empress of Japan. When he returned, the imperious young prince rebelled and made his own choice — the Princess Nagako Kuni, whom he married in 1924. Of their seven children, six are living. Usually Japanese emperors have an assortment of mistresses around the palace, but not Hirohito, who seems to be faithful to the empress.

As emperor he showed himself from the first to be an alert, levelheaded, and unscrupulous schemer. He blandly named his reign "Showa," which means Enlightened Peace, but seldom has he used his unchallenged power to check the aggressive moves of the vicious war machine built up under his very nose. And he calmly accepted the violent Tanaka Memorial as gospel. Never once did he publicly protest or object to Tanaka's blueprint for Japan's conquest of the world.

I LAST saw Hirohito less than a month before Pearl Harbor at the formal opening of the Diet, or Parliament, where Premier General Hideki Tojo, the always stern and scowling war lord, screamed his defiance of the Anglo-American powers. The emperor has a pleasant smooth countenance with a wispy black mustache adorning his thick upper lip, a heavy head of black hair, and a nose almost aquiline by comparison with the typical flat shoe-button appendage so common in Japan. He is seldom seen without his rimless eyeglasses. His thin sloping shoulders now appear squared and broadened by military uniform and epaulets.

The emperor's almost awkward and stiff-legged way of walking surprised me, and as I watched him covertly I wondered whether he had a knee ailment which pained him when he took a step. I was supposed to have my head bowed and my eyes reverently closed, but all of us foreign correspondents, including the Germans, peered out curiously through half-closed eyelids. This stiff-legged gait had been less noticeable at the infrequent palace functions. I am convinced now that it is a weakness inherited from his insane father, because the most recent reports from Japan say that his movements are impaired more than ever—that his walk has become an actual shuffle.

These rumors gain substance when considered together with the unexplained campaign of radio station JOAK in Tokyo to popularize Prince Akihito with the masses. Never before has a future emperor been paid such attention, and there must be a reason for the build-up. Could it be Hirohito's failing health? Is he breaking under the tremendous strain of a losing, doomed war effort?

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The rigmarole with which favored Japanese and a few foreigners approach and leave the emperor is fascinating. No one ever turns his back on Hirohito. A subject approaches by an elaborate series of three steps and three low bows from the waist, the last step placing the humble one directly in front of Hirohito, as close as he dares to come. He conducts his business in a hushed low-pitched voice. No one talks normally in the emperor's presence, and anything above a whisper is too loud. Afterward, the subject backs away, using the same involved ceremony.

Never does a subject touch the Imperial person. His personal physician must wear black silk gloves even when he takes Hirohito's temperature; his tailor must measure his suits by eye, and even a minor mistake would bring on what we might politely call a fatal illness. Hirohito's maids undergo a purification ritual each morning before they appear to serve him, and if they thoughtlessly touch any lower part of their bodies they must be purified all over again. Plumbers and carpenters who may work in the palace are not permitted to touch the sacred walls.

The person of the emperor is so holy, in fact, that his likeness is not used on coins to be handled by any subject; even his pictures are treated with a reverence hard for us to understand.

Until the war with China, the emperor rarely let the affairs of state interfere with his other interests or his family life, which may explain why he was puttering around on a beach with his children when the Army staged its well-rehearsed incident in China to start the war. Hirohito hotfooted it back to Tokyo in his special maroon train and gave this affair his public blessing.

THE war with China put an end to his tinkering and leisurely pursuits. Before that, he had enjoyed experimenting in his laboratory with a plant collection ranging from giant ferns to minute bacteria. He himself gathered many marine specimens on the reefs near his summer palace on Sagami Bay south of Tokyo and near the great naval base at Yokosuka. That retreat was a favorite with the emperor because there he could shed the dignity of the throne and become a father and husband. Playing in the sand with his children, he wore only a swim suit and a floppy straw hat.

Only one other estate gave him similar freedom, and that is at Nasu in the foothills of the Musashino plain, where he has a hunting lodge and a stable of fine Arabian and Australian thoroughbreds. Hirohito rides only snow-white horses, and several always are being gaited at Nasu for his personal use. But, thanks to a shrewd knowledge of the public temper, he has not visited either the beach or his breeding estate since Pearl Harbor.

Moreover, the palace propagandists have carefully publicized the simple life the emperor leads: how he and his family lived for a day on the ordinary field rations used by Japanese units at the front, and how he has abandoned many of the elaborate old ceremonies. Hirohito also has shelved his fancy regalia and turned to ordinary and very simple field uniforms designed for comfort rather than show.

All of this is so much window dressing for the comfort of his harassed subjects. Hirohito's real role in the war is far more important than that. He is the ruler of Japan, and provably so. Three months before Pearl Harbor, on September 11, 1941, to be exact, Domei, the official government news agency, announced that a new general defense headquarters had been established in the Japanese War Office. It was to be under the emperor's direct command.

Emperor Hirohito was taking on the authority, and giving his Imperial sanction and blessing, for the events to come—specifically, Japan's war against the United States and Great Britain. Events in Japan since the Tripartite Pact with Germany and Italy clearly show that Hirohito is anything but a stooge for the military; that he should be hated and despised just as were Hitler and Mussolini, with whom he is equally guilty.

THE dramatic happenings of September 11, 1941, in Tokyo were only a logical prelude to the emperor's declaration of war and an inevitable expansion of the authority he gathered unto himself at the time of the Tripartite Pact.

More than a month before the pact was announced, Japan's leaders met with the emperor and Prince Fumimaro Konoye, then premier, to consider the three-power alliance with Italy and Germany. The pact was signed in Berlin on September 27, 1940. Hirohito may have inspired the evil alliance; certainly he agreed to it. I believe he urged the pact upon Japan, because on the day it was signed, the dignified and then peace-minded Prince Konoye quietly retired to his home and wept.

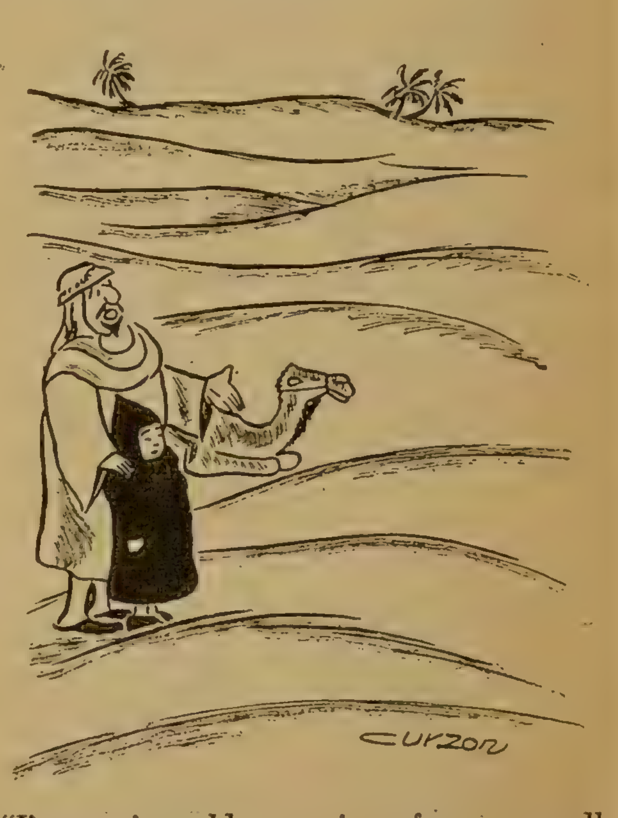
A week before Hirohito booted Prince Konoye out of public life it became evident that the Cabinet was going to fall, and that a general would replace Konoye, but little attention was paid to the long, earnest conversations Hirohito was having with Tojo, hard-boiled ringleader of the Kwantung Army gang. Almost everyone thought they were talking about the China war.

What actually happened was this: The emperor personally made Tojo premier, and he took office in mid-October, 1941. Tojo, the arrogant, vain, and ruthless symbol of Japan's rising tide of nationalism, the genius who built Japan's Army air power through personal control, who was to direct the attack on Pearl Harbor and the conquest of the South Pacific! And yet some of us still murmur, "Poor Hirohito! Just a helpless tool of his war lords."

Hirohito is all that holds a sagging Japan together. The institution of emperor worship and the blind, unquestioning devotion of his subjects are the only forces that keep the Japanese fighting.

This is the real significance behind the desperate slogan coined by Radio Tokyo: "This is the emperor's war!" The Japanese know that's true. It's time that we in America wake up and take the same realistic viewpoint.

THE END



"I'm getting old, son—in a few years all this will be yours."

THE FOXHOLE CIRCUIT

Continued from Page 35

Hardy, John Garfield, and accordionist Louis Polenski. This million-dollar cast blazed a 13,000-mile Caribbean circuit from Puerto Rico to British Guiana, and returned grimy, exhausted, and thrilled. Their welcome had been colossal, and G. I. Joe and his parents wrote in to thank the USO.

Four units of good old-fashioned vaudeville went out immediately to Newfoundland and outlying spots. Al Jolson and Joe E. Brown donned longies and toured Alaska; and in August, 1942, Jolson, Allen Jenkins, Frank McHugh, Patricia Morrison, and Merle Oberon invaded Northern Ireland and England, giving fifty performances to our expanding population in camp and hospital. General Eisenhower dropped the USO a note of thanks, and the Transatlantic (ETO) Circuit had begun.

But big-shot performers could work only between contracts, so the standard Variety Unit was formed. Consisting of a dancer, singer, em cee, magician, juggler, puppeteer, and accordionist, about 300 of these units are now vaudevilling the world over. Vaudeville, theoretically kaput, has magically reappeared from night clubs, movie houses, tab shows, carnivals, and retirement. The only requirements are that the act be clean and professional, the performer between eighteen and sixty and able to travel light, and that he or she will sign for a period.

Accepted, the performer squares himself with his draft board, is fingerprinted and cleared by the FBI. Then he or she is neatly uniformed, passported, insured, and inoculated against everything except housemaid's knee. He stands by for the USO.

One day the phone rings and he's asked: "Will you go offshore to a place we cannot name (because we do not know it) for from four weeks to six months?" The men ask a few questions, the women seldom more than one: "What clothes shall I take?"

AFTER welding his act with his unit's, the performer takes the Espionage Oath, buttons his lip. He is not told where he is going. He *is* told that the Army will feed him afield—when and if possible. He gets an APO number, is advised what to lug in his fifty-five pounds of baggage, plus a purse of normal size, an overcoat, and a book—not an encyclopedia. If he's a dame, he learns warm panties can be bought at most PXs abroad. Vocalist Martha Tilton found, however, that when she washed her pink things overseas, they'd always disappear from the line, only to turn up as the battle flag on a tank going into action. This trip Martha is toting two dozen panties, her name embroidered thereon. "The foundation of the Tilton Pantser Brigade," she explains.

The alerted one also studies the USO Guide Book. Gals are advised to remain brunette while away; peroxide is unobtainable on Okinawa—as are perfume, nylons, nail polish, and such feminicessities. These they should carry along with lots of civvies. (Always perform in costume.) Performers are warned not to gripe, wave the flag, give pep talks, oversympathize, or overstay their welcome. They mustn't play down to the G. I. or up to the officer, and mustn't gamble with the boys. (Some have been sent home for this.) They mustn't call the boys boys, since the Army has taken such pains to make them men. They must leave all racial gags to Tojo, and they mustn't bicker with each other. Since every gal abroad mirrors the G. I.'s womenfolk back home, they're told that the lass who makes with the wiggles and other whistle-pulling tricks won't get so many encores as the one in organdy who sings plain songs without undulation. No smut can creep into the act abroad under penalty—invoked several times, too—of being sent home. And, above all, no temperament must be displayed in the battle zone. There's no room for it there.

When the actor gets back he can talk—within Army Security limits. The files of the USO and the annals of our military history are jammed with the doings of the USOite abroad. Take Peggy Alexander, a pretty pint-sized dancer, singer, and mimic out of vaudeville via Brooklyn. She's the USO ideal—young, hardy, and willing. She's hit all seven USO circuits, has covered more ground than Patton, and has worked harder than an old joke on the radio. Once she was the only woman on Bougainville but never had felt safer in her life. During a performance there, a dog howled persistently. Afterward a young Seabee came up, leading a shepherd. He apologized: "You gotta excuse him, ma'am. He hasn't seen a woman in two years either!"

OR take Joe McKenna, a sort of junior Bob Hope from Teaneck, New Jersey. When war came, Joe was kicking his sister Jane around, and she was kicking him right back, in a funny act called Slappy and Slaphappy. One day in 1942 Joe and Jane did a show in a hospital, and afterward quit Jimmy Dorsey, with whom they were touring for substantial money. For the USO in 1943 Joe and Jane were buzzbombed in London. After London shows, Joe stood A. R. P. watches, put out incendiaries, dug for bodies in rubble.

His unit was one of the first to wade ashore in Normandy from an LST on July 23, 1944—the USO D Day. Joe & Co. were in grease paint, for they had done a show on the boat coming over. Within a few hours Joe was em-ceeing his unit atop a thirty-ton trailer with new plywood laid down for tap dancing. Men who had been in foxholes for forty-eight days went nuts about the twenty-six performers who waded ashore. Some soldiers walked two and three miles through sand to see it!

Joe & Co. played the Brest country during the hedgerow fighting, often so close to the action that Joe insists the snipers applauded. They dived for foxholes more than once, crawled out and picked up where they'd left off. Once Joe stopped the show during a dogfight overhead. "That," he said, "I can't compete with."

Joe became "Stinky" when he jumped from a truck into an open French cesspool in the blackout, and when water was unobtainable they washed their teeth in grapefruit juice. Biggest thrill came when Joe's unit became the first to cross the Rhine at Remagen. Joe, who had gone out for only six months, stayed seventeen, coming home only because of illness in the family. His hair had grayed.

Veteran Unit No. 99, all male, which arrived at a Naples airport while it was under attack, has been battered on several continents. It performed through hell and high water in the Near and Far East, then deliberately got "lost" for three months on the CBI Circuit so it could fly over the Hump to otherwise inaccessible posts. One night its members—Joe Tershay, magician; Jack Cavanagh, comic; and Basil Fomeen, squeeze-boxer—clambered 2,000 dizzy feet above the Ledo Road, awoke a sleeping antiaircraft battery in an eagle's perch, and by lantern light did their stuff to some astounded G. I.s who thought they must be dreaming.

Louise Buckley, with the Over 21 company, was one of the first white women to play a Broadway hit on Cape Gloucester on a twelve-by-twelve-foot stage lit entirely by flashlights—there being no electricity

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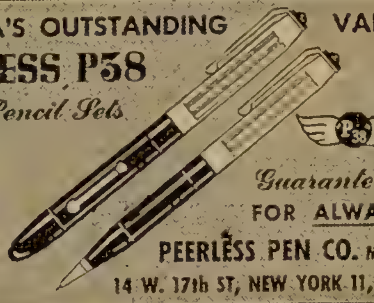

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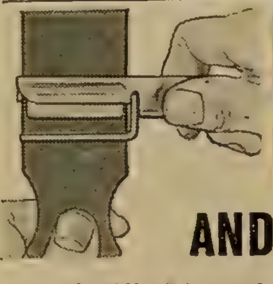

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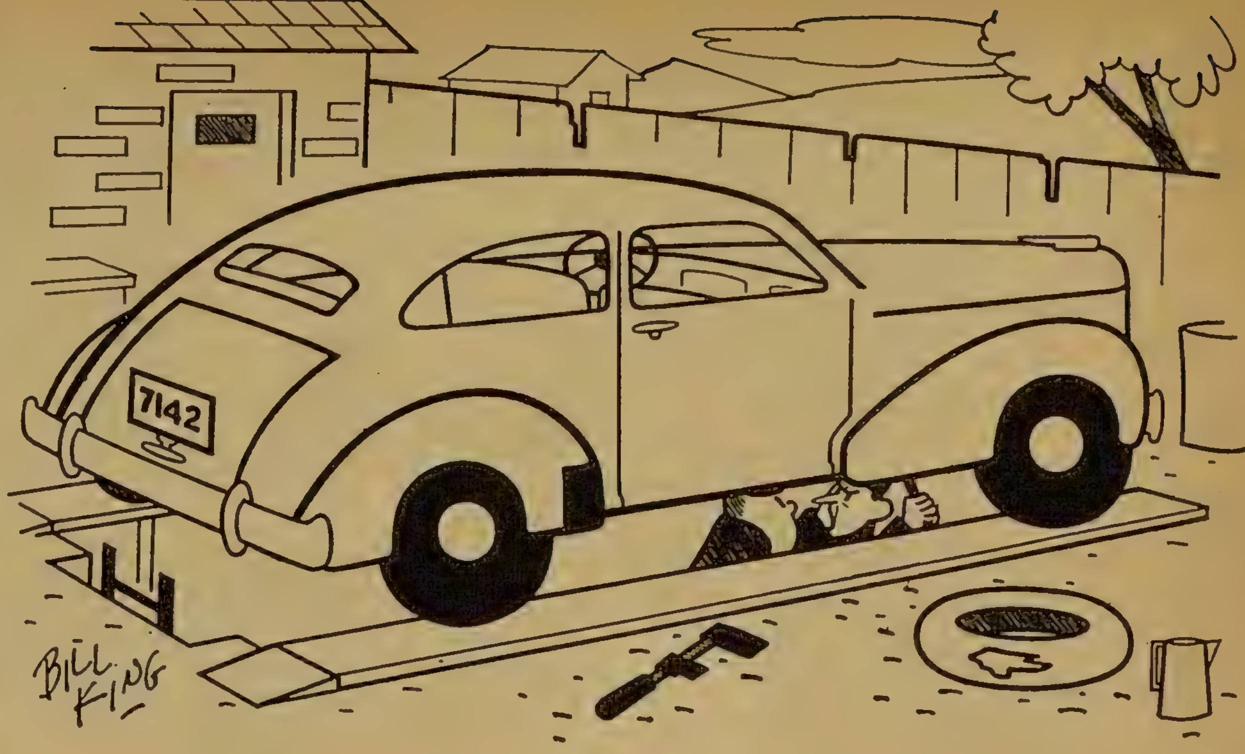

"You don't have to worry, Mrs. Wells—I'll do a thorough job!"

around. Louise has been baked black by the sun, then yellowed by atabrine; has performed with goats and three-inch insects contesting the stage, stepped around twenty-foot pythons, been awakened by a rat scampering across her face. She's ridden in jeeps, M8s, LSTVs, weapon carriers; has flown over Jap-held territory in bombers, and been discreetly escorted to the powder room by a captain who then stood guard. Toughest part of this journey was walking down a street of tents—aware that every G. I. knew her destination. She learned that every woman in the Pacific wears a halo. "I've heard a girl swear," she wrote home, "and you could feel a roomful of men freeze instantly."

No USOers have been killed under fire, but near misses are as common as Göring's medals. Pianos have been blown up while the pianists lurked in near-by foxholes; Martha Raye's baggage was rubbleized at her bivouac while she was out at an African camp doing a show. A USO field official has been wounded by shrapnel; another has lost a leg. Maxine March, tap dancer, Christine Street, singer and accordionist, and Adelaide Joy, singing comedienne, lost their lives in an R. C. A. F. plane crash near Vancouver a couple of years ago; and Tamara, the singer, and Roy Rognan, comedian and dancer, died in the Clipper crash at Lisbon. In the same unit Gypsy Markoff, the singer and accordionist, got a broken leg and head; Jane Froman also was seriously hurt. Both are back in action. Yvette Harris and Grace Drysdale of the same troupe got a bad dunking in the Tagus River. Exhibiting true trouper spirit, Grace immediately started diving for her puppets; and Yvette's first act when pulled out of the river was to cable Cordell Hull, then Secretary of State, to get in touch with her ma and have her send some evening gowns—but fast. Yvette knew what G. I.s liked.

BESIDES splendid all-colored units which dispense boogie-woogie, and sport celebs who ripple muscles for the boys, the war's biggest surprise is the Long-Haired Unit, run by Gini Baldini. Though the Army figured only 2 per cent of the boys loved Beethoven, early in the war Baldini boldly took the entire Philharmonic out to Camp Joyce Kilmer and gave a going-away concert to about 2,000 soldiers, 90 per cent of whom had never seen a live serious musician. There wasn't a single walkout, and when it was over the entire front row swarmed over Mr. Schuster, the first cellist. "Mistuh," cried one, obviously from the Ozarks, "you-all plays mighty fahn! When this war is over, Ah'm gittin' me one of them sittin'-down fiddles and learn to play like you-all!"

Encouraged, Baldini in a month had sent out forty-five concert units with Elman, Iturbi, Vivien della Chiesa, Heifetz, and other very long-hairs. They played the toughest boot camps in the Second Service Command—to audiences of from 500 to 3,000. I saw a careful Army report of an Elman G. I. concert. One thousand and forty had attended, 3,000 couldn't get in. The program was solid, serious, no jive, no intermissions, two and a half hours long. No walkouts.

Baldini—a concert booker in prewar days—counted his audiences for a year: 2,579,990. "If this is two per cent of the Army," he cried, "I'm satisfied!"

SINCE then, Szigeti and Heifetz have lugged their fiddles abroad and sawed away in competition with the bombing planes. Lily Pons and husband Kostelanetz have tootled around the world. In Coblenz the engineers hung a canvas over a yawning shell hole in the rear of the Opera House and Leetle Leelee sang the Bell Song from Lakmé with the artillery behind the canvas serving as metronome.

Last Christmas, Baldini got a call from N'Orleans for a Bach specialist. Baldini dispatched one comely young Constance Keene, pianist, to the camp for a tentative run of one concert. Connie stayed a week, gave fourteen full concerts in the territory, playing Bach toccatas and fugues. They loved it and telegraphed frantically for permission to keep her there longer.

USO No. 475 was the first long-hair unit to arrive on Bougainville. Eight thousand Seabees, many fresh from finishing an air strip under fire, gathered to absorb culture. They hadn't seen white women for some time, and as they faced the rude platform set on gas drums they chanted, "Bring on the girls! Bring on the girls!"

Baritone Rand Smith trotted out and tried to get things going. He retreated before a barrage of Bronx cheers. One Anne Buckley, however, had come a long way to do her work. She walked up to the mike and, amid the continuing berries, said firmly, "Men, let us all join in singing the Lord's Prayer!" The audience shut up and sang. A cloudburst interrupted. The men singers stripped to shorts, the women donned ponchos G. I.s flung up to them, and the concert continued. The fame of

475 spread around the islands. It has been cited and commended many times since.

Cunningly, Baldini has created a taste for the ballet among the military, who had long considered the stuff sissy. He has included a ballet dancer in each long-hair outfit, to toss her cultured hips around in a ballet called The Date—a G. I. from the audience obliging as the latter. Somewhere on the global circuits Baldini's Foxhole Ballet is entre-chating right now, and for a time he had a permanent ballet stationed at Capri. During the Italian campaign it was a part of a rest cure to send exhausted airmen there to see it.

In the hospital several Baldini string quartets play for the wounded; psychiatrists have found there's healing power in Mozart. "There are more uses for G strings than in burlesque," says Baldini happily.

THE least publicized USOer is the Tabloid Trouper. A miniature vaudeville show, the TT gets in where the airplane can't, seeing to it that there are no stepsons of Uncle Sam. "One stormy night," says a Trouper, "I had my smallest audience—just one soldier who was guarding a bridge somewhere in Texas and couldn't get to see the show. They drove me out to his hut and I played and sang to him." Eight and nine shows a day aren't unusual for the TTs. One unit has done as many as eighteen, some on a piece of canvas spread on desert sand lit by jeep lights.

"If you've watched the faces of the men light up," says a performer, "while you're giving them everything you've got on a rough board stage in the middle of nowhere—then yours is the power and the glory forever."

Ella Logan, the Holler Girl from the Hielands, was making a little speech in a great Naples theater, expressing the hope that she'd been able to bring the boys their wives, sweethearts, and mothers. A tall blond G. I. climbed on the stage. He grabbed the mike. "Miss Logan," he said, "you don't look like anybody's sweetheart, you don't look like anybody's wife, and God knows you don't look like anybody's mother." He lifted Ella's face, kissed her on the forehead. "You look like an angel!" Then he ran out of the theater.

Don Rice, veteran USOer, was playing at a British airfield and some fliers asked him if he could hold the show till they got back from a raid over Germany; they'd be back by nine—they hoped. The entertainers waited in a control tower, listening to the radio. Over Germany the going got tough, but above the sound of the ack-ack came the voice of a pilot talking to a fellow bomber: "Wonder if that camp show will wait for us!"

The hospital circuit brings heartaches. Singing Ave Maria to a dying soldier is not easy. It's also tough to hear a blinded lad say, "You know, I saw your show the other night. I didn't know then that it would be the last show I'd ever see." It's also tough to walk into a ward of amputation cases and hear the sound of plaster casts tapping on the wall. That's the kind of applause even an actor can't take.

Charles de Loache, a booming baritone, sang an Indian ballad to a pain-clutched, full-blooded Indian in a Pacific field hospital—and saw releasing tears of recognition pour down the soldier's face. Alec Templeton brings hope to the blind: a polio-crippled singer named Charles Caruso from Highland Falls, New York, brings hope to the disabled. Caruso, on his jungle tours, has to be carried and has been sniped at often. Even the handshaking tours of Hollywood celebs serve a purpose. "Now I don't want to die!" a G. I. cried after seeing Betty Grable's legs twinkle down a ward corridor.

THE END

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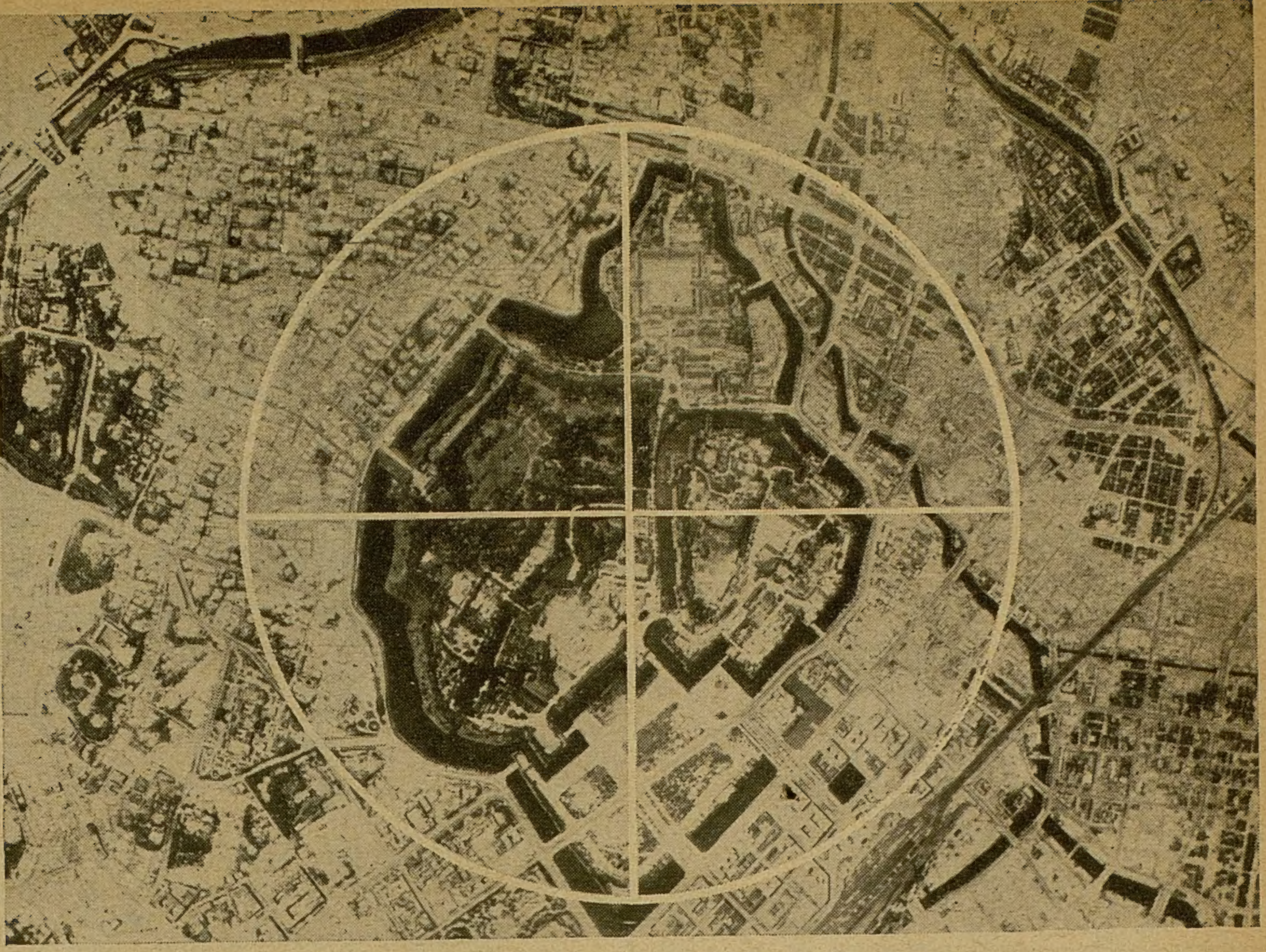

This is Hirohito's Palace in Tokyo. It should be our No. 1 target.

SHOULD WE BOMB HIROHITO?

MAX HILL, author of the lead article this week, was head of the Associated Press Bureau in Tokyo at the time of Pearl Harbor. Having lived among the Japs for many years, he knows them all. As Mr. Hill points out in his article, the duration of Jap resistance depends upon one man—Hirohito, the emperor. At his behest the Japs will keep fighting till all of them are dead. However, by imperial edict, Hirohito can call the whole thing off and admonish the Japanese people to forsake the making and shooting of firearms and turn their energies instead to painting flowers and building little wooden bridges.

It is a peculiar fact that in the American mind Hirohito is surrounded by almost as much mystery as he is in the minds of the Japanese. We seem unable to decide whether he should be regarded as man, god, or devil. We have a vague notion he is unaware of what cooks in the world and that he is under the influence of Japanese big-business men or militarists, or both. But, as Hill points out, Hirohito is not so dumb as he looks. He himself is both big-business man and militarist. The war is being waged at his imperial behest. He knows what cooks, all right. As a matter of fact, he's the chief cook in the Jap kitchen. His people will continue to fight and die for their emperor as long as Hirohito wills it that way. Far from being a figurehead, with no voice in decision, he has supreme authority and uses it.

Perhaps the belief that Hirohito alone among the Japanese can bring the war to an end accounts for his being spared not only physical attack but also denunciation and castigation. To destroy him would leave a vacuum in Japan both political and religious. Nature abhors a physical vacuum, but hardly less so than some of our diplomats abhor a political vacuum. It is a condition out of which the unpredictable is likely to come, and diplomats do not like to deal with the unpredictable.

However, nature, abhoring a physical vacuum, immediately fills it up. The nature of people, even the Japanese, abhoring a political and religious vacuum also would fill it up. True, we don't know with what, but certainly it can be no less desirable from our point of view than what they have at present.

There is at least an even chance that dropping a block buster on the Japanese god-man would cause Jap resistance to disintegrate rapidly. It is a well-proven fact the Japanese die readily and willingly out of devotion to their emperor and what they believe him to be. By removing him, we may remove their reason for self-annihilation. Dropping a few bombs on Hirohito might have far-reaching results, and seems a chance well worth taking.

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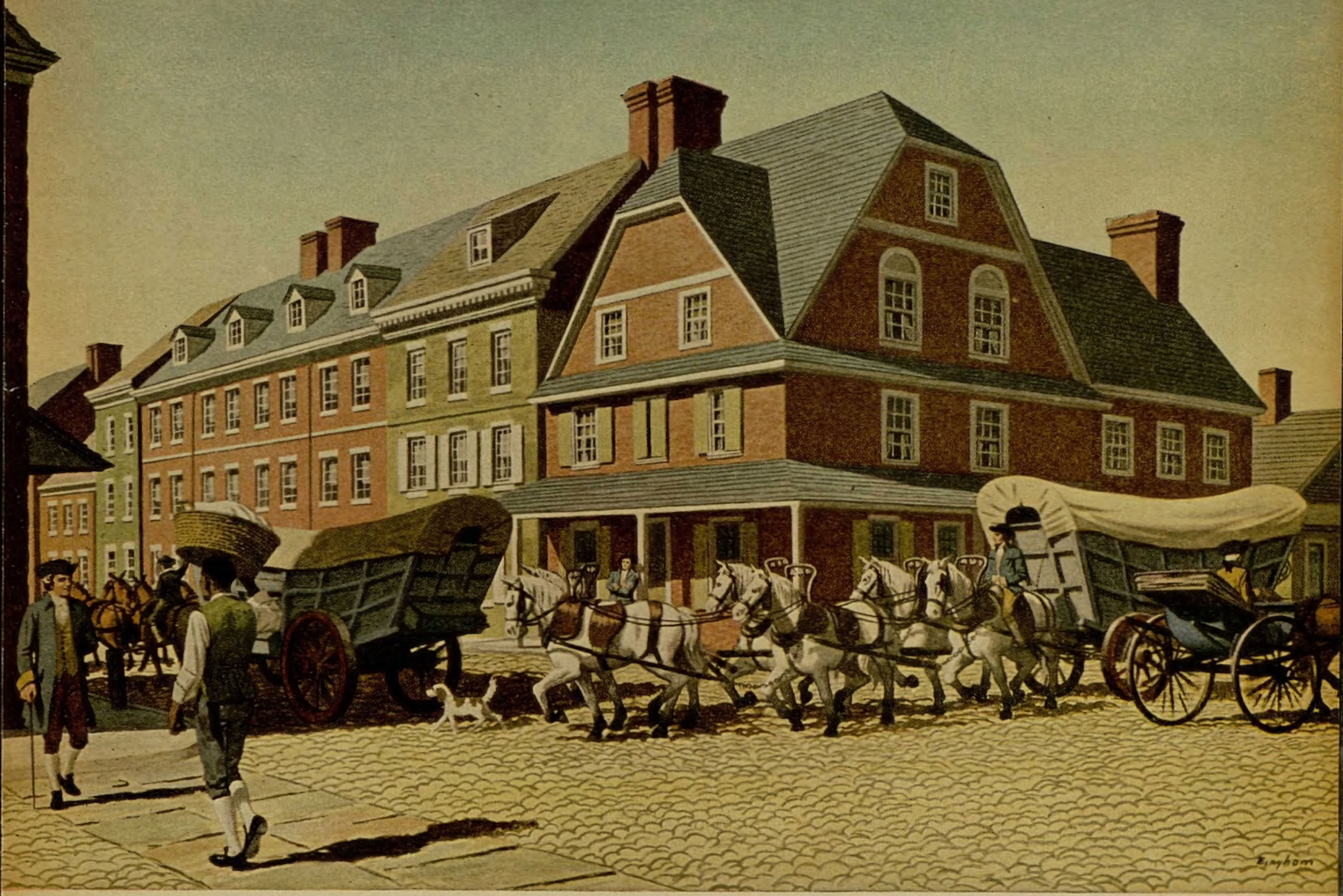

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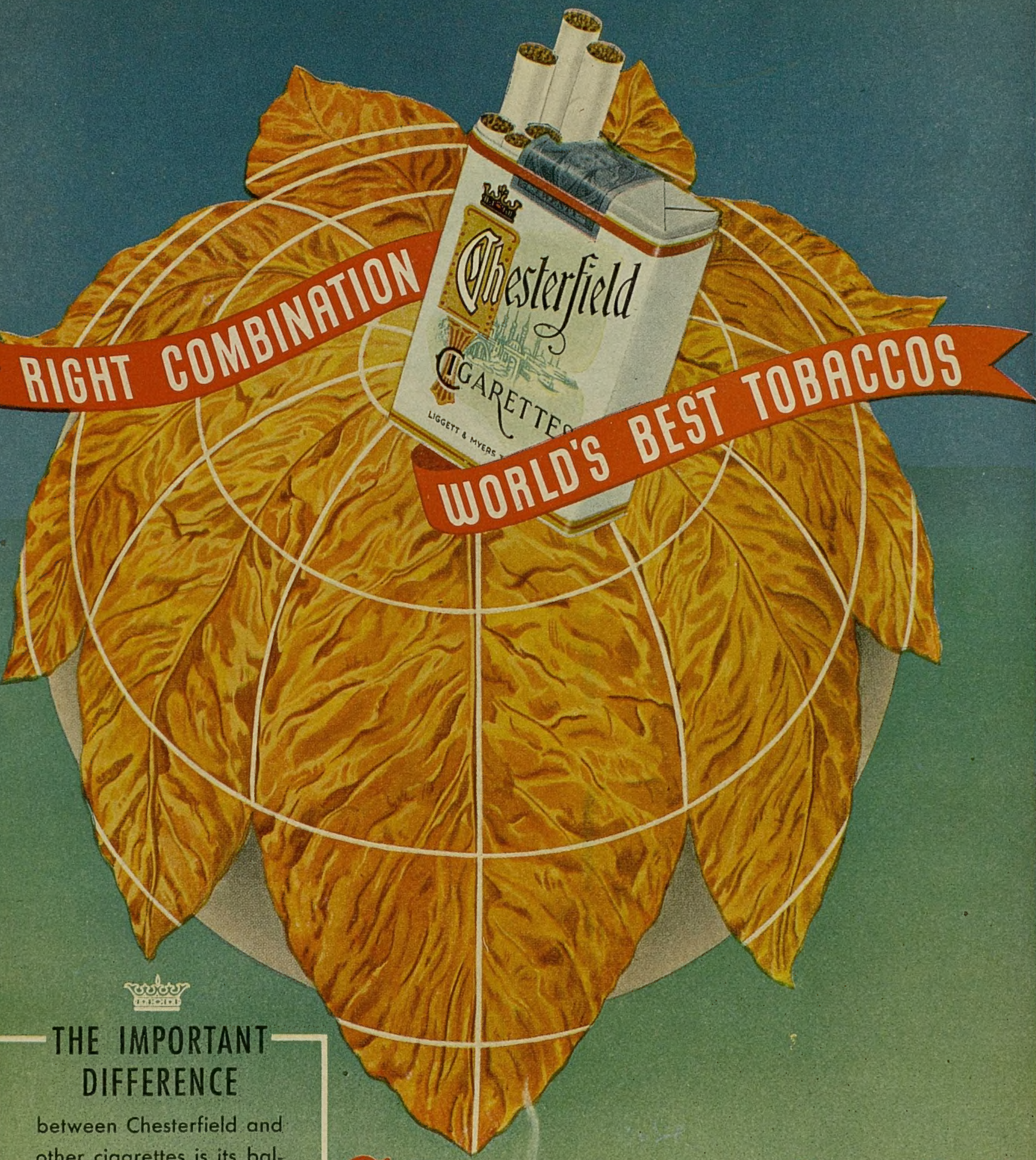
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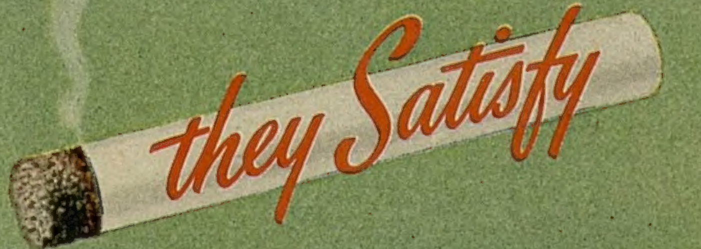
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